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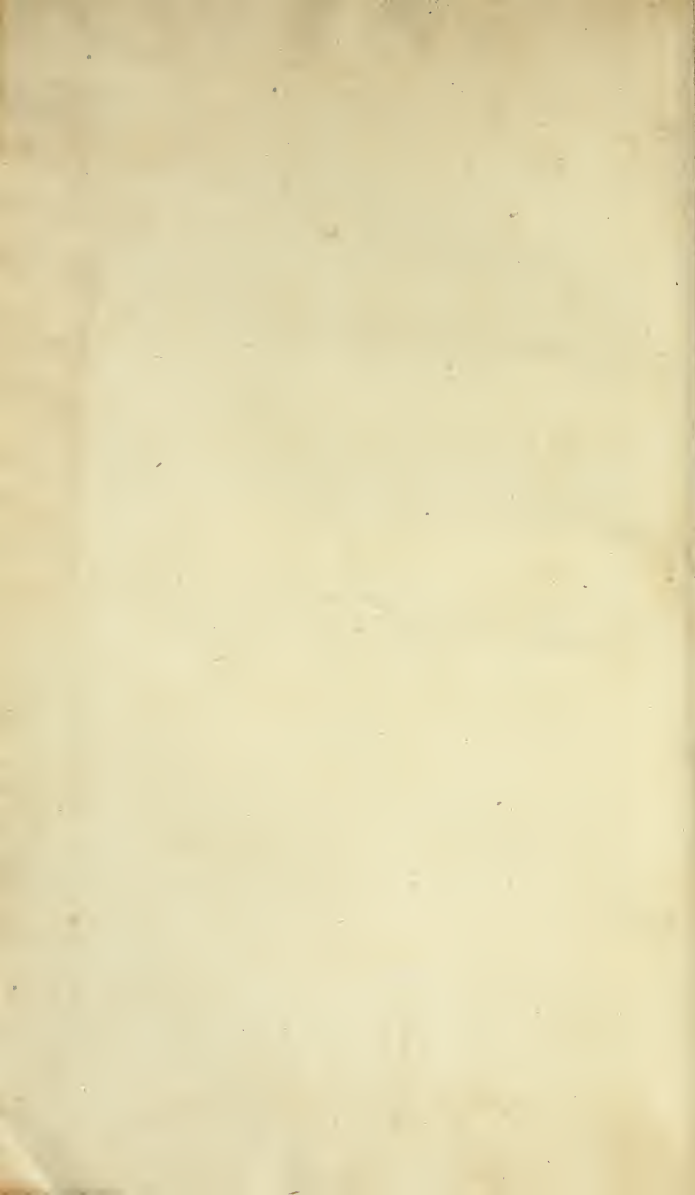
THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.



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T H E

C H A R M E R:

A COLLECTION OF

S O N G S,

CHIEFLY SUCH AS ARE EMINENT FOR

P O E T I C A L M E R I T;

AMONG WHICH ARE MANY ORIGINALS, AND OTHERS THAT
WERE NEVER BEFORE PRINTED IN A SONG-BOOK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

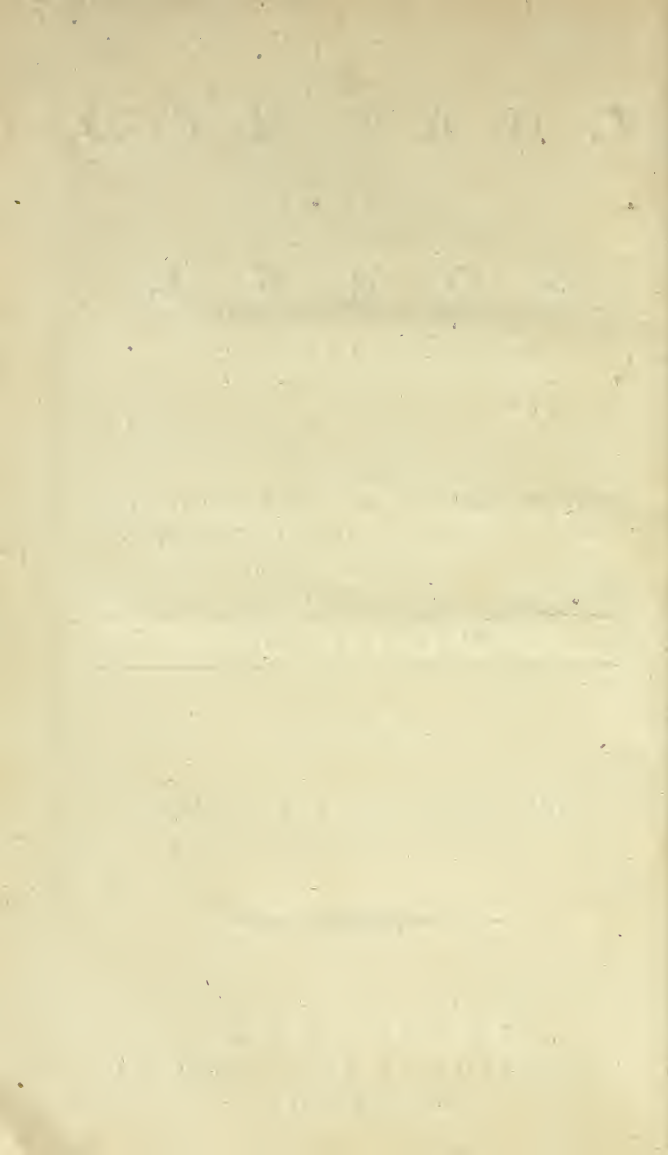
V O L. II.

AN ENTIRE NEW COLLECTION.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for J. SIBBALD, PARLIAMENT-SQUARE.

M D C C L X X X I I .



TO THE
S U B S C R I B E R S

T O

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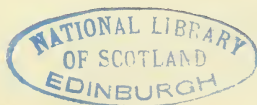


TABLE of Original TUNES.

The Songs having figures prefixed in the Index, when the Tunes are not known, may be sung to any of those under the corresponding figure in this Table; and the nature of the Song will lead to a proper choice of the movement.

Class

- 1 The world, my dear Myra—Yellow hair'd laddie—
Apron, deary—A cobbler there was—Langoole—
Sing tantararara
- 2 Braes of Ballenden—If love's a sweet passion—Ye
mortals whom fancies—Dear Tom, this brown
jug—Which way shall I turn me
- 3 Ye frolicksome sparks—Can love be controll'd—
Tweedside—My banks they are furnish'd
- 4 Roslin castle—Birks of Invermay—The fields were
green, the hills were gay—I'll range around the
shady bow'rs
- 5 Wandering sailor—Gently touch—What care I for
affairs of state—To daunt me—Highland queen
- 6 Sweet are the charms—Blow, ye bleak winds—
On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove
- 7 Lovely Peggy—Stand by, clear the way—An thou
wert my ain thing—Rural clown—Dainty Davy
—Tullochgorum
- 8 Lovely nymph—Love's a gentle—Happy hours—
Cease, rude Boreas—Jolly mortals
- 9 Broom of Cowdenknows—Gilderoy—Kitty, beau-
tiful and young—In infancy—William and Mar-
garet
- 10 Banks of Bana—Bush aboon Traquair—Katharine
Ogie—Bessy Bell—First time at the looking-
glass—Tinkler

Glass

- 11 Lads of Patie's mill—Polwart on the green
- 12 O Nancy wilt thou go with me—Wat ye wha I met
yestreen—Fy gae rub her o'er wi' strae—Etrick
banks—Tak your auld cloak about ye—Jockey
and his grey breeks
- 13 Last time I came o'er the muir—Nancy's to the
green-wood gane—Ye gods, ye gave to me a
wife—Maggy Lauder
- 14 My lodging is on the cold ground—Ye belles and
ye flirts—Gods of the Greeks—The hounds are
all out
- 15 All in the downs
- 16 Ye cheerful virgins, have ye seen—Hark, hark! the
joy-inspiring horn—Young Dorilas, an artless
swain
- 17 Young I am and fore afraid—Ev'ry blifs that heav'n
can give—By the gayly circling glass—Willie was
a wanton wag
- 18 Grammachree—Auld Robin Gray—By the deli-
cious warmness of thy mouth
- 19 Bachelor Bluff—Here's to the maiden

C O N.

C O N T E N T S.

	<i>Page</i>
ELEGIAC AND PASTORAL,	1
PASSIONATE AND DESCRIPTIVE,	113
COMIC AND HUMOROUS,	234
ANACREONTIC AND JOVIAL,	329

COLLECTION OF SONGS.

ELEGIAC AND PASTORAL.

TWAS at the solemn midnight-hour,
 Before the first cock's crowing,
 That westlin winds shook Stirling tow'r,
 With hollow murmurs blowing,

Fanny the fair, all wo-begone,
 Sad on her bed was lying,
 When thro' the mournful tow'r she heard
 The boding screech-owl crying.

Oh woful night! she said, and wept;
 Oh night foreboding sorrow!
 Oh woful night! she said, and wept;
 Yet more I dread to-morrow.

And now she heard the massy gates
 Harsh on their hinges turning;
 And now thro' all the castle heard
 The woful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading;
 Oh speak! she said, my father's slain;
 I see, I see him bleeding!

A pale corse on the sullen shore
 This morn, fair maid, I left him;
 Ev'n at the threshold of his door
 The foes of life bereft him.

Full in the battle's front he fell,
 With many a wound deformed :
 A braver knight, a better man,
 This fair land ne'er adorned.

While yet he spoke, a deadly swoon
 This fair maid's form invaded ;
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the news, sad was the fight,
 And sad was the complaining ;
 But O for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining !

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of aught but play,
 Poor Flora slept away,
 Sad'ning, to Mora ;
 Loose flow'd her coal-black hair,
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare ;
 Whilst to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

‘ Loud howls the northern blast,
 ‘ Bleak on yon dreary waste ;
 ‘ Haste then, oh Donald, haste,
 ‘ Haste to thy Flora !
 ‘ Twice twelve long months are o'er
 ‘ Since on a foreign shore
 ‘ You promis'd to fight no more,
 ‘ But meet me in Mora.
 ‘ Where now is Donald dear ?
 ‘ Maids cry with taunting sneer ;
 ‘ Say, Is he still sincere
 ‘ To his lov'd Flora ?
 ‘ Parents upbraid my moan ;
 ‘ Each heart is turn'd to stone.
 ‘ Flora, thou'rt now alone
 ‘ Friendless, in Mora !

‘ Donald,

‘ Donald, then, come away !
 ‘ Haste, and no longer stay !
 ‘ Where can my rover stray
 ‘ From his lov’d Flora ?
 ‘ Sure he can never be
 ‘ False to his vows and me :
 ‘ Ah heav’ns !—is not yonder he
 ‘ Bounding in Mora ?

‘ Never, ah wretched fair !
 ‘ (Sigh’d the sad messenger)
 ‘ Never shall Donald mair
 ‘ Meet his lov’d Flora.
 ‘ Cold, cold, beyond the main
 ‘ Donald, thy love, lies slain ;
 ‘ He sent me to soothe thy pain,
 ‘ Weeping in Mora.

‘ Well fought our gallant men,
 ‘ Headed by brave Burgoyne,
 ‘ Our heroes were thrice led on
 ‘ To British glory.
 ‘ But tho’ our foes did flee,
 ‘ Sad was the loss to thee ;
 ‘ While ev’ry fresh victory
 ‘ Drown’d us in sorrow.

“ Here take this trusty blade,
 “ (Donald expiring said),
 “ Give it to yon dear maid
 “ Weeping in Mora.
 “ Tell her, oh Allan ! tell,
 “ Donald thus bravely fell,
 “ And in his last farewell
 “ Thought on his Flora.”

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Frantic with wild despair ;
 Then, beating her bosom bare,
 Sigh’d out poor Flora :
 “ Ah Donald ! ah well-aday !”
 No more her fond heart could say ;

And the found died away
Feebly in Mora.

FAIR Cynthia scarce had reach'd the hill
That rises o'er the source of Dee,
Clear on an eastern bank she shone
Far o'er the top of every tree,
When Mary laid her down to sleep ;
But scarcely yet had clos'd her e'e,
She thought she heard a trembling voice
Say, Mary ! weep nae mair for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to see what this might be ;
She saw her Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and languid e'e.
My dearest maid ! cold as the clay,
I lie beyond the stormy sea,
Far from Britannia's friendly shore :
Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me.

Then, dearest maid ! lament nae mair :
Soon shall we come to yonder shore,
And there our loves shall be enlarg'd,
And thou and I shall part no more.
Loud crew the cock ; at once he stopt.
Na mair her Sandy might she see ;
He quickly left the fainting maid,
With, " Mary, weep nae mair for me ! "

BEhold the fatal hour arrive !
Nicé, my Nicé, ah farewell !
Sever'd from thee, can I survive ?
From thee whom I have lov'd so well !
Endless and deep shall be my woes,
No ray of comfort shall I see ;
And yet who knows, alas ! who knows,
If thou wilt e'er remember me !

Permit me, while in eager chace
 Of lost tranquillity I rove ;
 Permit my restless thought to trace
 The footsteps of my absent love.

Of Nicé, wherefoe'er she goes,
 The fond attendant I shall be ;
 And yet who knows, alas ! who knows,
 If she will e'er remember me !

Along the solitary shore
 I'll wander, pensive and alone ;
 And wild re-echoing rocks implore,
 To tell me where my nymph is gone.

From early morn to ev'ning's close
 My voice shall ceaseless call on thee ;
 And yet who knows, alas ! who knows,
 If thou wilt e'er remember me !

Oft times I shall to meads and bow'rs,
 To groves, my former haunts, repair ;
 Delightful haunts, where once my hours
 Glided in joy, for thou wert there.

Painful remembrance oft shall dwell
 On scenes of pleasure, which with thee
 Quick pass'd—Yet who, alas ! can tell
 If thou wilt e'er remember me !

There flows the fountain, shall I cry,
 Where, blushing, scornful she would stand ;
 Then look with softly pitying eye,
 And let me seize her yielding hand.

How many youths wilt thou behold
 Around thy new abode repair ?
 What tales of love shall there be told ?
 What vows of truth be offer'd there ?

O heav'ns ! amid such tender vows,
 Such soothing tales, if I might be ;
 O heav'n !—and yet, alas ! who knows
 If thou wilt e'er remember me !

O think what sweet tormenting smart
 Thy poor forlorn Fileno proves !
 O think how faithful is his heart,
 Who has no hope, yet hopeless loves !

Think on the silent sad farewell
 Of him, divided far from thee ;
 O think !—yet who, alas ! can tell,
 If thou wilt e'er remember me !

YE rivers so limpid and clear,
 Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
 All the beauties that vary the year,
 All the flow'rs on your margins that grow !
 How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Melissa the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the fair !

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze
 As far as the view can extend !
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
 Whose tops so majestic ascend !
 Your landscape what joy to survey,
 Were Melissa with me to admire !
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,
 How majestic the mountains aspire !

In pensive regret, whilst I rove,
 The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale ;
 Or watch from the pastures and grove,
 Each music that floats on the gale :
 Alas ! the delusion how vain !
 Nor odours nor harmony please
 A heart agonizing with pain,
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
 Or the languor of absence to cheer,
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear.

To cheat my despair of its prey,
 What object her charms can assume!
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
 How insipid the rose's perfume!

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
 Ye sun-beams around her that play,
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care?
 Does she number the hours of my stay?
 First perish ambition and wealth,
 First perish all else that is dear,
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more
 This desolate bosom surprise?
 Ye fates! the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes;
 When, with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show;
 But the more that we strove to impart,
 We felt it more ardently glow.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain.
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his wo,
 The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow:
 Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain;
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!
 Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight—
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' all changes in vain relief I pursue,
 All, all, but conspire my grief to renew.
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air:

But

But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon all clouded retires ;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires ;
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind ;
Ah wretch ! how can life thus merit thy care ?
Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair.

NOW ev'ning had ting'd the gay landscape with gold,
The swains were retir'd, and their flocks in the fold,
When Delia complain'd in the woodland alone :
Loud echoes retain'd, and reply'd to her moan ;
The warblers sat list'ning around on the spray,
And the gale stole in, murmurs as soft as her lay.

Ah, my Strephon ! ('twas thus the fair mourner begun)
How cruel to leave me thus lost and undone !
Your vows like the wind you forget or despise,
You slight my complaints, and are deaf to my cries ;
The frown once so dreadful, ah ! where is its pow'r ?
The voice heard with transport, gives transport no more.

Tho' the sylvans to please me exert all their pow'rs,
Tho' the swains crown my head with a garland of flow'rs,
Tho' they swear that my eyes like the morning are gay,
That my song is more sweet than the nightingale's lay ;
Yet while Strephon is absent, dejected, dismay'd,
I droop like a flow'r that repines in the shade.

O return, gentle shepherd, return to my pray'r !
Ah think how I sigh in unpity'd despair !—
But in vain all my hopes ! all my wishes are vain !
While the streams and the breezes thus hear me complain,
While the birds to my anguish reply from the bough,
He flies from my arms, and regards not my wo.

Ah ! too easy to trust all the oaths that he swore,
When he vow'd that no nymph had e'er charm'd him
before.

Be warn'd, then, ye fair, nor too rashly believe;
 Think the men, when they flatter, but want to deceive;
 That the fond easy promise was ne'er meant to bind;
 And believe, when they swear, that their oaths are all
 wind.

A Wake, my fair! the morning springs,
 The dew-drops glance around;
 The heifer lows, the blackbird sings,
 The echoing vales resound.

Each dew-drop glist'ning on the thorn,
 And trembling to its fall,
 Each blush that paints the cheek of morn,
 In fancy's ear shall call:

“ O ye in youth and beauty's pride
 Who lightly dance along;
 While laughter frolics at your side,
 And rapture tunes your song;

What tho' each grace around you play,
 Each beauty bloom for you,
 Warm as the blush of rising day,
 And sparkling as the dew?

The blush that glows so gaily now,
 But glows to disappear;
 And, quiv'ring from the bending bough,
 Soon breaks the pearly tear!

So pass the beauties of your prime,
 That e'en in blooming die;
 So, shrinking at the blast of time,
 The treach'rous graces fly.”

Let those, my Stella, flight the strain
 Who fear to find it true!

Each fair of transient beauty vain,
 And youth as transient too!

With charms that win beyond the sight,
 And hold the willing heart,

My

My Stella shall await their flight,
Nor sigh when they depart.

Still graces shall remain behind,
And beauties still controul;
The graces of the polish'd mind,
And beauties of the soul.

THE pride of ev'ry grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flow'rs she wore along the day;
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at ev'ning, when she found
Their colours lost, their odours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear
As any muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour; pr'ythee, tell,
That falling tear, what does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely mor'lif said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May
 And that of beauty are but one :
 At noon both flourish, bright and gay ;
 Both fade at ev'ning, pale and gone.
 At dawn, poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
 The am'rous youth around her bow'd :
 At night, her fatal knell was rung ;
 I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.
 Such as she is, who dy'd to-day,
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
 Go, Damon, bid thy muse display
 The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

YE shepherds and nymphs of the plain,
 Your pastimes a moment forego,
 And kindly attend to my strain ;
 Your pity will soften my wo !
 Ye valleys ! where often I've stray'd
 To taste the mild breath of the morn,
 And raptur'd have met my chaste maid ;
 I leave you, no more to return.
 Sweet echo ! no more from thy bed
 I'll rouse thee to hail the new day ;
 Some happier swain in my stead
 Shall wake thee when I'm far away :
 And you, the sad cause of my wo,
 My parents ! who know all my plaint,
 Who force me reluctant to go ;
 Forbear, when I'm gone, to lament.
 But you, who can nature controul,
 And check the soft pulse of the heart,
 Can stifle the voice of the soul,
 And hear of my death without smart.
 Oh Laura ! a name ever dear,
 Which once could dispel ev'ry care,
 Now heavest the heart-throbbing tear,
 And wring'st my sad soul with despair.

By vows and by love thou art mine,
 O sweet and adorable maid !
 But tyranny bids me resign,
 And tyranny must be obey'd.

When far from thy fame I am drove,
 I'll tell the deaf waves of our wrong ;
 Each gale shall sigh deep with our love,
 Till hoary death silence my tongue.

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew,
 A breast so good, so kind, so true,
 Reason and taste approv'd :
 Pleas'd to indulge so pure a flame,
 I call'd it by too soft a name,
 And fondly thought I lov'd ;

Till Chloris came. With sad surprise,
 I felt the lightning of her eyes
 Thro' all my senses run ;
 All glowing with resistless charms,
 She fill'd my breast with new alarms ;
 I saw, and was undone.

O Celia ! dear unhappy maid,
 Forbear the weakness to upbraid,
 Which ought your scorn to move :
 I know this beauty false and vain,
 I know she triumphs in my pain ;
 Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
 Nor can thy softest friendship ease
 The torments I endure ;
 Think what that wounded breast must feel
 Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
 Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
 And wish again thy milder reign
 With long and vain regret :

All that I can, to thee I give ;
 And could I still to reason live,
 I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild, impetuous sea,
 Hurries me far from peace and thee,
 'Twere vain to struggle more :
 Thus the poor sailor slumb'ring lies,
 While swelling tides around him rise,
 And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
 His pitying friends with fond alarms
 In vain deplore his state ;
 Still far and farther from the coast,
 On the high surge his bark is tost,
 And foundering yields to fate.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be
 That boasts to love as well as me,
 And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
 Come hither and thy flame approve ;
 I'll teach thee what it is to love,
 And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bath'd in tears,
 To live upon a smile for years,
 To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet ;
 To kneel, to languish, and implore,
 And still, tho' she disdain, adore ;
 It is to do all this, and think thy suff'rings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
 With eager joy and fond surprise,
 Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
 As wretches feel who wait their doom ;
 Nor must one ruder thought presume,
 Tho' but in whispers breath'd, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,
 Tho' heav'n and earth thy passion cost ;

Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,
 And thou the least and meanest swain
 That folds his flock upon the plain ;
 Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
 To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears ;
 If pangs of jealousy, thou hast not prov'd,
 Tho' she were fonder and more true
 Than any nymph old poets drew,
 O never dream again that thou hast lov'd.

If, when the darling maid is gone,
 Thou dost not seek to be alone,
 Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender wo ;
 And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
 Feeding thy fancy on her charms ;
 Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
 But those which love has planted there,
 Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
 Thou never yet his power hast known ;
 Love sits on a despotic throne,
 And reigns a tyrant, if he reigns at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
 Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
 And prove whose patience longest can endure ;
 We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
 In dreams of fondest passion most ;
 For if thou thus hast lov'd, oh ! never hope a cure.

AS near a weeping spring reclin'd,
 The beauteous Araminta pin'd,
 And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth ;
 While dying echoes caught the sound,
 And spread the soft complaints around
 Of broken vows and alter'd truth ;
 An aged shepherd heard her moan,
 And thus in pity's kindest tone

Address'd

Address'd the lost, despairing maid :
 Cease, cease, unhappy fair, to grieve ;
 For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve
 A breaking heart by love betray'd.

Why should'st thou waste such precious show'rs,
 That fall like dew on wither'd flow'rs,
 But dying passion ne'er restor'd ?
 In beauty's empire is no mean,
 And woman, either slave or queen,
 Is quickly scorn'd when not ador'd.

Those liquid pearls from either eye,
 Which might an eastern empire buy,
 Unvalued here and fruitless fall ;
 No art the season can renew
 When love was young, and Damon true,
 No tears a wand'ring heart recall.

Cease, cease to grieve, thy tears are vain,
 Should those fair orbs in drops of rain
 Vie with a weeping southern sky :
 For hearts o'ercome with love and grief
 All nature yields but one relief ;
 Die, hapless Araminta, die.

IN the dark and lonely bow'r,
 At the silent midnight-hour,
 Let me, let me, all alone,
 Ruminatè on pleasures gone ;
 Ah days of bliss, delightful days !
 Could I these days of bliss restore,
 When sick with love, and vain with praise,
 I sighing heard whate'er he swore.

Sadly solemn be the strain,
 Suited to a heart in pain ;
 Mirth and pleasure I forego,
 Welcome sorrow, welcome wo :
 Too long in folly's court I stray'd,
 A fond and witless maid I ween ;

Ah faithless swain ! how oft he said,
No nymph so fair he e'er had seen.

Beauty fades, and youth retires,
And mirth's airy train expires.
Wiping tears from pity's eye,
Waiting loves are hovering nigh ;
Let virgin-hands fresh flow'rs supply,
To strew a hapless virgin's bier :
Ah perjur'd swain ! can you deny
To drop a sad relenting tear ?

Farewel, ye green fields and sweet groves !
Where Strephon engag'd my poor heart ;
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is drest without art.
No pleasures ye now can afford,
No music can soothe me to rest ;
For Strephon proves false to his word,
And Phyllis can never be blest.

When the dove by his cooing has show'd
The softness, the joy, of his mind ;
False Strephon has sworn, and has vow'd,
Like him, he'd be constant and kind.
The birds, as if pleas'd with his truth,
With harmony fill'd all the grove ;
Whilst he, with the raptures of youth,
Entic'd me, and press'd me to love.

Oft-times by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear,
Gay Strephon of Phyllis would sing ;
For Phyllis was all he held dear.
But no sooner he found, by my eyes,
The passion that glow'd in my breast,
When he, to my grief and surprise,
Prov'd all he had said was in jest.

Tho' love in his tender alarms
Brings pleasure with ev'ry new day,

Like

Like roses and lilies our charms
 Are doom'd to a speedy decay.
 The lily, the rose, and the maid,
 Their various beauties dispense;
 But, soon as they're blasted, they fade,
 Grow ugly, and please not the sense.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those which are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast.
 Beware then, each maid, how you trust
 The fool who to love makes pretence;
 For Strephon to love had been just,
 If heav'n had blest him with sense.

YE nymphs of the plain who once saw me so gay,
 You ask why in sorrow I spend the whole day:
 'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray:
 Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
 The bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this cheek;
 My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce speak;
 My heart, too, so flutters, I fear it will break:
 Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.

Ye lovers so true, that attend on my bier,
 And think that my fortune has prov'd too severe;
 Ah! curb not the sigh, nor refuse the kind tear;
 Then strew all the place round with willow.
 Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its side,
 " Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was deny'd;
 " She strove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd:"
 Then shade it with cypress and willow.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
 Come, Lucy, it cries, come away;
 The grave of thy Colin has room
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.

I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;
 Ye friends and companions adieu !
 I haste to my Colin's dark home,
 To die in his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight-bell rung
 When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,
 And forth to the green turf she sprung,
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose :
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground ;
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin ! she cry'd,
 How long must thy Lucy complain ?
 How long shall the grave my love hide ?
 How long ere it join us again ?
 For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
 With thee o'er the world would she fly ;
 For thee she had sorrow'd and griev'd ;
 For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas ! what avails it how dear
 Thy Lucy was once to her swain ?
 Her face like the lily so fair,
 And eyes that gave light to the plain ?
 The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 That face and those eyes charm no more ;
 And Lucy, forgot and alone,
 To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echo around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground :
 I hear the kind call, and obey ;
 Ah Colin ! receive me, she cry'd :
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and dy'd.

THE pendent forest seem'd to nod,
 In drowsy fetters bound ;
 And fairy elves in circles trod
 The daisy-painted ground :
 When Thyrsis fought the conscious grove,
 Of slighted vows to tell ;
 And thus (to soothe neglected love)
 Invok'd sad Philomel :

“ The stars their silver radiance shed,
 “ And silence charms the plain ;
 “ But where's my Philomela fled
 “ To sing her love-lorn strain ?
 “ Hither, ah gentle bird ! in haste,
 “ Direct thy hov'ring wing :
 “ The vernal green's a dreary waste,
 “ Till you vouchsafe to sing.
 “ So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
 “ (Thy warbling song distrust !)
 “ The tear that tells the lover's wo
 “ Falls cold upon my breast.
 “ To hear sad Philomel complain
 “ Will soften my despair ;
 “ Then quickly swell the melting strain,
 “ And soothe a lover's care.”

Give up all hopes, unhappy swain !
 A list'ning sage reply'd ;
 For what can constancy obtain
 From unrelenting pride ?
 The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant death
 Had seiz'd his trembling frame ;
 He bow'd, and with departing breath
 Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

AH! what is't to me that the grasshopper sings ?
 Or what that the meadows are fair ?
 That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)
 The butterflies flaunt it in air ?

Ye

Ye birds! I'll no longer attend to a lay;
 Your haunts in the forests resign:
 Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
 Whilst I am divided from mine?

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite,
 We twist'd a blooming alcove;
 And oft has my Damon, with smiles of delight,
 Declar'd it the *Mantle of Love*.
 The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
 And rested among the sweet boughs,
 Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less;
 For Damon is false to his vows.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd,
 We call it—the *king of the grove*;
 He swore, a light breeze should its centre divide
 When he was not true to his love:
 Come, come, gentle zephyr, in justice descend,
 His falsehood you're bound to display;
 This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
 For Damon has left me—a day.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick tree,
 Prepar'd to make Phillida blest;
 And clasping the maid, from an heart full of glee,
 The cause of his absence confess'd:
 High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
 Too often repeated, would cloy;
 And RESPITES—he found, were the means to improve
 And lengthen the moments of joy.

W Here the fond zephyr through the woodbine plays,
 And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
 Near to *that* grove my lovely bridegroom stays
 Impatient,—for 'tis past—the promis'd hour.

Lend me thy light, O ever sparkling star!
 Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
 Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
 And beam protection on a wand'ring maid!

'Tis

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
 And pass, unnotic'd, from malignant sight,
 This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,
 And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

The moon has slipt behind an envious cloud,
 Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view ;
 Let her remain behind *that* envious shroud,
My hopes, bright Hesperus ! depend on you.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast ;
 I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee :
 Hear, then, what Love and Innocence request,
 And shed your kindest influence on *me*.

Thee—Venus loves—First twinkler of the sky,
 Thou art *her* star—in golden radiance gay !
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye,
 Assist me—for, alas ! I've lost my way.

I see the darling of my soul——my love !
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell :
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove :
 Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell.

HER sheep had in clusters kept close by the grove,
 To hide from the rigours of day ;
 And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
 Among the fresh violets lay :

A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
 ('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot),
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
 Arrive at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
 He saw the sweet maid with surprise ;
 “ Ye gods ! if so killing,” he cry'd, “ when she sleeps,
 “ I'm lost when she opens her eyes !
 “ To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 “ I'll onwards my lambkins to trace :”

In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
 For love had him nail'd to the place.

Hush,

" Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they keep!
 " (He cry'd), you're too loud on the spray;
 " Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep!
 " You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day:
 " How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
 " Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
 " I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
 " My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:

" Kind shepherd," she said, " you mistake;
 " I laid myself down just to rest me a while;
 " But, trust me, have still been awake."
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
 He plac'd himself close by her side;
 And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
 Her glossy plumage laves,
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves:

The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be!
 But not so sweet—blyth Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,
 And still the pendent nest she view'd
 That held her callow young:

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
 The genial brood must be;
 But not so dear (the thousandth part!)
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
 Were natives of the dale!

Searce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale !

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If, luckless, torn from thee ;
For what the root is to the rose
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair !
The birds on Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair !

When, in their chaste, connubial love,
My secret with she'll see ;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly thro' the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kifs reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep !
('Tis where you've seldom been),
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With KATE of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As KATE of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love :
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green :

Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

Now lightfome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love :
For see the rosy May draws nigh ;
She claims a virgin queen :
And, hark ! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

I Said,—on the banks by the stream,
I've pip'd for the shepherds too long :
Oh grant me, ye Muses, a theme
Where glory may brighten my song !

But Pan bade me stick to my strain,
Nor lessons too lofty rehearse ;
Ambition befits not a swain,
And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phillis's bloom ;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume.

The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
That loose on the violet lies,
Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
Its freshness with her's to compare ;
And foolishly thought (till I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.

How, Corydon, could you mistake ?
Your fault be with sorrow confest ;
You said the white swans on the lake
For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along :
 Ye poets, I covet no bays,
 She smil'd,——a reward for my song !

I find the god Pan's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair one's applause !
 And Cupid must crown with delight
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
 Soft maids and village-hinds shall bring
 Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
 And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
 To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;
 But shepherd-lads assemble here,
 And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
 No goblins lead their nightly crew ;
 But female fays shall haunt the green,
 And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
 Shall kindly lend his little aid,
 With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs
 To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
 In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
 Or midst the chace upon the plain,
 The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lovely scene shall thee restore,
 For thee the tear be duly shed ;
 Belov'd till life could charm no more,
 And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

BOW the head, thou lily fair !
 Bow the head in mournful guise ;
 Sickly turn thy shining white ;
 Bend thy stalk, and never rise.

Shed thy leaves, thou lovely rose !
 Shed thy leaves so sweet and gay ;
 Spread them wide on the cold earth,
 Quickly let them fade away.

Fragrant woodbine all untwine,
 All untwine from yonder bow'r ;
 Drag thy branches on the ground,
 Stain with dust each tender flow'r.

For, wo is me ! the gentle knot,
 That did in willing durance bind
 My Emma and her happy swain,
 By cruel death is now untwin'd.

Her head with dim half-closed eyes
 Is bow'd upon her breast of snow ;
 And cold and faded are those cheeks
 That wont with cheerful red to glow.

And mute is that harmonious voice
 That wont to breathe the sounds of love ;
 And lifeless are those beauteous limbs
 That with such ease and grace did move.

And I, of all my bliss bereft,
 Lonely and sad must ever moan ;
 Dead to each joy the world can give,
 Alive to memory alone.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd ;
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid !
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run ;
 In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun !
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !

Yes,

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains,
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my pains :
 How many soft moments I spent in this grove !
 How fair was my nymph ! and how fervent my love !
 Be still though, my heart ! thine emotion give o'er ;
 Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs,
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs !
 Then, breathless with ardour, my fair one pursu'd,
 And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd !
 But be still, my fond heart ! this emotion give o'er ;
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs
 Erewhile I pass'd the day !

Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs ?

Were ever flow'rs so gay ?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,

And all the landscape round !

The river gliding down the dale !

The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,

I speed to meet my dear,

That hill and stream my zeal oppose,

And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,

Their wonted charms I see :

That verdant hill and silver stream

Divide my love and me.

YE birds ! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lay salute my love ;
 My Daphne with your notes detain,
 Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flow'rs ! before her footsteps rise ;

Display at once your brightest dyes ;

That she your op'ning charms may see :
Or what were all your charms to me ?

Kind Zephyr ! brush each fragrant flow'r,
And shed its odours round my bow'r ;
Or never more, O gentle wind !
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

Ye streams ! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur soothe my fair !
Or, oh ! 'twill deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot ! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

NO more the festive train I'll join :
Adieu ! ye rural sports, adieu !
For what, alas ! have griefs like mine
With pastimes or delights to do ?
Let hearts at ease such pleasures prove ;
But I am all despair and love.

Ah, well-a-day ! how chang'd am I !—
When late I seiz'd the rural reed,
So soft my strains, the herds hard by
Stood gazing, and forgot to feed :
But now my strains no longer move ;
They're discord all, despair, and love.

Behold around my straggling sheep,
The fairest once upon the lea ;
No swain to guide, no dog to keep,
Unshorn they stray, nor mark'd by me.
The shepherds mourn to see them rove :
They ask the cause ; I answer, love.

Neglected love first taught my eyes
With tears of anguish to o'erflow ;

'Tis

'Tis that which fill'd my breast with sighs,
 And tun'd my pipe to notes of wo :
 Love has occasion'd all my smart,
 Dispers'd my flock, and broke my heart.

'TWAS at the cool and fragrant hour
 When ev'ning steals upon the sky,
 That Lucy sought a woodbine grove,
 And Colin taught the grove to sigh :
 The sweetest damsel she on all the plains,
 The softest lover he of all the swains.

He took her by the lily-hand,
 Which oft had made the milk look pale ;
 Her cheeks with modest roses glow'd,
 As thus he breath'd his tender tale :
 The list'ning streams a while forgot to flow,
 The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.

O smile, my love ! thy dimply smiles
 Shall lengthen on the setting ray.
 Thus let us pass the hours in bliss,
 Thus sweetly languish life away :
 Thus sigh our souls into each other's breast,
 As true as turtles, and as turtles blest !

Too long my erring eyes had rov'd
 On city-dames in scarlet dress ;
 And scorn'd the charming village-maid,
 In innocence and program blest.
 Since Lucy's native graces fill'd my sight,
 The painted city-dames no more delight.

The living purple, when you blush,
 Outglows the scarlet's deepest dye ;
 No diamonds tremble on thy hair,
 But brighter sparkle in thine eye :
 Not e'er is found, on all the British plain,
 A maid so lovely, or so kind a swain.

Thy lips with streams of honey flow,
 And beauteous swell with healing dews ;

More sweets are blended in thy breath
 Than all thy father's fields diffuse :
 Tho' thousand flow'rs adorn each blooming field,
 Thy lovely cheeks more blooming beauties yield.

The tuneful linnet's warbling notes
 Are grateful to the shepherd-swain ;
 To drooping plants and thirsty fields,
 The silver drops of kindly rain ;
 To blossoms dews, as blossoms to the bee :
 And thou, my Lucy, only art to me.

But mark, my love, yon western clouds,
 With liquid gold they seem to burn ;
 The ev'ning-star will soon appear,
 And overflow his silver urn :
 Soft stillness now approaching shades invite,
 To taste the balmy blessings of the night.

Yet, ere we part, one boon I crave,
 One tender boon ! nor this deny ;
 O promise that you still will love !
 O promise this, or else I die !
 Death else my only remedy must prove :
 I'll cease to live whene'er you cease to love.

She sigh'd, and blush'd a sweet consent ;
 Joyous he thank'd her on his knee,
 And warmly press'd her virgin-lip :
 Was ever youth so blest as he !
 The moon, to light the lovers homeward, rose ;
 And Philomela lull'd them to repose.

YE winds, to whom Colin complains
 In ditties so sad and so sweet,
 Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
 He's wretched, to shew he has wit.
 No charmer like Colin can move,
 And this is some pretty new art ;
 Ah ! Colin's a juggler in love,
 And likes to play tricks with my heart.

When

When he will, he can figh and look pale,
 Seem doleful, and alter his face ;
 Can tremble, and breathe out his tale :
 Ah ! Colin has every pace.
 The willow my rover prefers
 To the breasts where he once begg'd to lie ;
 And the streams that he swells with his tears
 Are rivals belov'd more than I.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
 And my heart would soon beat him to rest :
 Let the swain that is slighted despair ;
 But Colin is only in jest.
 No death the deceiver designs,
 Let the maid that is ruin'd despair ;
 For Colin but dies in his lines,
 And gives himself that modish air.

Can shepherds, bred far from the court,
 So wittily talk of their flame ?
 But Colin makes passion his sport ;
 Beware of so fatal a game.
 My voice of no music can boast,
 Nor my person of aught that is fine ;
 But Colin may find, to his cost,
 A face that is fairer than mine.

Ah ! then will I break my lov'd crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep ;
 And die in the much favour'd brook,
 Where thou but pretendest to weep.
 Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
 In sonnets so smooth and divine ;
 Perhaps I may rise from my grave
 To hear such soft music as thine.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
 The heart's-ease, the lily, and pink,
 Let thy fingers a garland compose,
 And crown'd by the rivulet's brink :
 How oft, my dear swain, did I swear,
 How much my fond soul did admire

Thy

Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
 Tho' deck'd in thy rural attire !

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
 That all your small subjects obey'd ;
 And still you reign'd king of this heart,
 Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
 How often, my swain, have I said,
 That thy arms were a palace to me ;
 And how well I could live in a shade,
 Tho' adorned with nothing but thee ?

Oh ! what are the sparks of the town,
 Tho' ever so fine and so gay ?
 I freely would leave beds of down
 For thy breast and a bed of new hay.
 Then, Colin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in love ;
 Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
 And as constant a nymph I will prove.

WHERE now is that sun of repose
 That once us'd to smile on this breast,
 On the morn that so genially rose,
 And at eve set so kindly in rest ?

Alas ! all withdrawn from my sight,
 On the morning no longer it beams ;
 And, instead of contentment at night,
 Spreads horror alone in my dreams.

O Belmour ! why e'er did I hear
 What I knew must be death to believe ;
 Or drink up a strain with my ear,
 When I saw it was meant to deceive ?

To whom, tell me now, can I speak,
 That will not reproach and exclaim ;
 And read thro' the blush on this cheek,
 That guilt is the parent of shame ?

In vain the dark grove do I try,
 Some respite from censure to find;
 But, oh! from a world I may fly,
 Yet cannot escape from my mind.

In the thickest recess of the shade,
 My conscience cries, Flavia, see there,
 What a wretch a fond father is made,
 What a mother is plung'd in despair!

The zephyr's most innocent gale
 Now seems at my conduct to roar;
 And the stream, as it winds thro' the dale,
 Says, Flavia is spotless no more.

'Tis just—and I cannot upbraid,
 For Belmour yet swells in the eye;
 And this bosom, tho' basely betray'd,
 Still heaves with too tender a sigh.

In spite of religion's pure breath,
 The softest ideas will rise;
 And I doat to distraction and death,
 While I labour to hate and despise.

Come grave then, thou best of reliefs,
 Regardless of season or time,
 At once give an end to my griefs,
 And a Lethe to wash o'er my crime.

Yet cease not, ye tears, still to flow
 From the fount of contrition or love;
 So th' excess of my sorrows below
 May purchase my pardon above.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,
 And revel to night's awful noon;
 O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
 All by the pale light of the moon?
 My passion I seek not to screen,
 Then can I refuse you your boon?

I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
All by the pale light of the moon.

The nightingale, perch'd on a thorn,
Then charms all the plains with her tune ;
And, glad of the absence of morn,
Salutes the pale light of the moon.
How sweet is the jessamine grove !
And sweet are the roses of June !
But sweeter the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.

Too slow rolls the chariot of day,
Unwilling to grant me my boon :
Away, envious sunshine, away !
Give place to the light of the moon.
But say, will you never deceive
The last whom you conquer'd too soon ;
And leave a soft maiden to grieve,
Alone, by the light of the moon ?

The planets shall start from their spheres
Ere I prove so fickle a loon ;
Believe me, I'll banish thy fears,
Dear maid, by the light of the moon.
Our loves when the shepherds shall view,
To us they their pipes shall attune ;
While we our soft pleasures renew
Each night by the light of the moon.

THE sun in virgin-lustre shone,
May-morning put its beauties on ;
The warblers sung in livelier strains,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains ;
When love, a soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd, To the nymph away !
For this is nature's holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste ;
The painted mead he instant pass'd ;

Where

And soon the happy cot he gain'd
 Where beauty slept, and silence reign'd :
 Awake, my fair ! (the shepherd cries),
 To new-born pleasure ope thine eyes ;
 Arise, my Sylvia ! hail the May ;
 For this is nature's holiday.

Forth came the maid, in beauty bright
 As Phœbus in meridian light :
 Entranc'd in rapture, all confest,
 The shepherd clasp'd her to his breast ;
 Then gazing with a speaking eye,
 He snatch'd a kiss, and heav'd a sigh,
 A melting sigh, and seem'd to say,
 Consider youth's our holiday.

Ah soft, (she said), for pity's sake !
 What ! kiss one ere I'm well awake ?
 For this so early came you here ?
 And hail you thus the rising year ?
 Sweet innocence ! forbear to chide,
 We'll haste to joy, (the swain reply'd) ;
 In pleasure's flow'ry fields we'll stray ;
 And this shall be love's holiday.

A crimson glow warm'd o'er her cheek,
 She look'd the thing she dar'd not speak ;
 Consent own'd nature's soft command,
 And Damon seiz'd her trembling hand :
 His dancing heart in transports play'd,
 To church he led the blushing maid ;
 Then bless'd the happy morn of May :
 And now their life's all holiday.

YE verdant woods, and crystal streams,
 By whose enamell'd side
 I shar'd the sun's refreshing beams,
 While Jockey was my guide !
 No more your shades or murmurs please
 Poor Sylvia's love-sick mind ;

No rural scenes can give her ease,
Since Jockey proves unkind.

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the sky
With clouds of darkeſt hue ;
Wither, ye plants—ye flow'rets, die !
Uncheer'd with balmy dew.
Ye ſweetly warbling birds ! no more
Your ſongs can footh the my mind ;
My hours of joy, alas ! are o'er,
Since Jockey proves unkind.

I'll hie me to ſome dreary grove,
For fighting ſorrow made,
Where nought but plaintive ſtrains of love
Reſound thro' ev'ry ſhade ;
Where the ſad turtle's melting grief,
With Philomela's join'd,
Alone ſhall yield my heart relief,
Since Jockey proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids,
And ſhun the ſoft deceit ;
Tho' love's own eloquence perſuades,
'Tis all a dang'rous cheat.
Fly quickly, fly the faithleſs ſwain,
His treach'rous arts deſpiſe ;
So ſhall you live exempt from pain,
While hapleſs Sylvia dies.

WHERE the jeſſamine ſweetens the bow'r,
And cowſlips adorn the gay green,
The roſes, reſreſh'd by the ſhow'r,
Contribute to brighten the ſcene.
In a cottage, retired, there live
Young Colin and Phebe the fair :
The bleſſings each other receive
In mutual enjoyments they ſhare ;
And the lads and the laſſes that dwell on the plain
Sing in praiſe of fair Phebe and Colin her ſwain.
The

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendour and grandeur of pride ;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride ;
 He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on the lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phebe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay :
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin who lives in the dale.

If delighted her lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss :
 She despises the artful deceit
 That is practis'd in city and court ;
 Thinks happiness no-where complete
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort :
 And the lads tell the lasses they die in despair,
 Unless they are kind as Phebe the fair.

Ye youths who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey :
 Ye nymphs who with beauty are blest,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace ;
 The charms of the mind, when possesst,
 Will dignify those of the face :
 And ye lads and ye lasses whom Hymen has join'd,
 Like Colin be constant, like Phebe be kind.

AS Thyrsis, reclin'd by her side he lov'd best,
 With a sigh her soft hand to his bosom he prest,
 While his passion he breath'd in the grove :
 As the bird to his nest still returns for repose,
 As back to the fountain the constant stream flows,
 So true and unchang'd is my love.

If e'er this heart roves or revolts from its chains,
 May Ceres, in rage, quit the valleys and plains !

May Pan his protection deny !

In vain wou'd young Phillis and Laura be kind ;

On the lips of another no rapture I find ;

With thee as I've liv'd, so I'll die.

More still had he swore ; but the queen of the May,
 Young Jenny the wanton, by chance pass'd that way,

And fought sweet repose in the shade :

With sorrow, young lovers, I tell the sad tale,

The lass was alluring, the shepherd was frail,

And forgot ev'ry vow he had made.

To comfort the nymph, and her loss to supply,

In the form of Alexis young Cupid drew nigh ;

Of shepherds the envy and pride :

Ah ! blame not the maid, if, o'ercome by his truth,

Her hand and her heart she bestow'd on the youth ;

And the next morn beheld her his bride.

Learn rather from Sylvia's example, ye fair,

That a pleasing revenge should take place of despair.

Give sorrow and care to the wind :

If faithful the swain, to his passion be true ;

If false, seek redress from a lover that's new ;

And pay each inconstant in kind.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd,

One evening in May,

The little birds in blytheft notes

Made vocal ev'ry spray :

They sung their little tales of love,

They sung them o'er and o'er.

Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge, ma Molly Ashtore !

The daisy pied, and all the sweets

The dawn of nature yields ;

The primrose pale, the violet blue,

Lay scatt'ed o'er the fields :

Such

Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate :

How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core ?

Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear ;
Ah ! why did I believe ?

Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive ?

That love was all I ask'd on earth ;
Nay, heav'n could give no more.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green pasture fill ;
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough ;
I envied not their happiness,
To see them bill and coo :
Such fondness once for me she shew'd ;
But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loss I e'er shall mourn ;
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone :
Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee
Its choicest blessings pour !

Ah Gramachree, &c.

'TWAS in that season of the year
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning-ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay :
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and Dales with Nanny rung ;
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse ! the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;
 Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song :
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay ;
 O bid her haste and come away !
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love ! on ev'ry spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay :
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise ;
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love ! thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away !
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine :
 O hither haste ! and with thee bring
 That beauty, blooming like the spring ;
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

'TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree ;
 At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
 I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow

Flow on, lovely Dee ! flow on, thou sweet river !
 Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
 Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels ; for valiant is he :
 And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth ! o'er the rude roaring billows,
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
 And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him ;
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me :
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

WHere the light cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees,
 With my fair-one as blooming as May,
 Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
 Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
 For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
 And see the rays dance as inverted he shines.
 On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme),
 Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to lowe, and the lambkins to bleat,
 When she sings me some amorous strain ;

All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us light,
Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move ;
And let no single thought be express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost ;
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost :
While the peasant, inactive, stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
And the innocent flocks run for ease to their fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow :

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And they send forth their breath like a steam ;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :
When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as a rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides ;
And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides :

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met ;
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

When

When the birds to the barn come hov'ring for food,
 Or they silently sit on the spray ;
 And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
 Lest her footsteps her course should betray :

Heav'n grant in this season it may prove my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire !
 When, in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
 We may live, and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

COME, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear ;
 In your holiday-suits with your lasses appear :
 The happiest folks are the guileless and free ;
 And who are so guileless, so happy as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
 What we think in our hearts, you may read in our eyes ;
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

The giant, Ambition, we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head :
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door ;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal ;
 Like the flocks that we feed, are the passions we feel :
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers run murmuring by,
 I heard the soft vows that she made :

What swain was so happy as I ?
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told ;

I thought myself richer by far
Than he that had mountains of gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
Her vows have prov'd empty and vain ;
The kisses I once thought my own
Are bestow'd on a happier swain :
But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
That her vows shall be constant and true ;
They're as false as a midsummer-dream,
As fickle as midsummer-dew.

O Phillis ! so fickle and fair,
Why did you my love then approve ?
Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair
I soon had forgotten to love :
You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
You spoke, and your words were so kind,
I could not suspect the deceit,
But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When tempests the ocean deform,
And billows so mountainous roar,
The pilot, secur'd from the storm,
Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore ;
As soon as soft breezes arise,
And smiles the false face of the sea,
His art he too credulous tries,
And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

AS o'er the mountain's grassy side
Brave Fingal chac'd the flying deer,
One at the tomb of Ryno dy'd ;
The hero paus'd, and wip'd a tear.

He lean'd upon the moss-grown stone :
“ Once foremost in the chase,” he said ;
“ Thy sports are ended now, my son !
“ At rest, in the dark house thou’rt laid.

“ Now, when th’ enliv’ning shell goes round,
“ Amongst the brave in Cromla’s hall,

“ My

“ My boy shall there no more be found,

“ Nor answer his old father’s call !

“ Thy conquests all, alas ! are o’er :

“ No more thou’lt face the haughty foe ;

“ Nor, when he flies, pursue him more :

“ The strong-limb’d warrior is laid low.

“ Thy stone, soon hid amongst the grass,

“ (Ev’n as the grass remembrance dies),

“ The feeble careless o’er shall pass,

“ Nor know that there the mighty lies !”

The hero spoke—and, with a sigh,

Retiring, mourn’d the hapless brave ;

Who like the mean inglorious lie,

No more remember’d in the grave.

THE noontide-sun the fields had gilded o’er,
And drain’d the dew-drops with his fervid beams ;
To crop the herbage cattle had forbore,
And sought refreshment from the shaded streams :

The glowing void around was all serene,
And silence exercis’d a lonesome sway,
Save where the whisp’ring grasshoppers, unseen,
Enjoy’d with ecstasy the golden day :

When to a fragrant myrtle-grove withdrew
The fond Palemon—hapless shepherd-swain !
His languid limbs upon the ground he threw,
And in these artless lays express’d his pain :

Must I, devoid of hope, for ever pine
The destined prey of unrelenting love ?
O Amaryllis ! can a breast like thine
So kind and gentle—yet so cruel prove ?

What tho’ my coffers hide no precious ore,
Nor gilded canopies o’erhang my head ?
With Amaryllis I request no more ;
Yon cot my palace, and my court—this shade.

But

But see, my love, to heighten our delight,
 The scented shrubs their flow'rets fair display ;
 The jessamine, in sparkling beauty bright,
 Pour forth fresh fragrance on the smiling day.

The myrtle also and the laurel, join'd
 With ev'ry shining flow'r that decks the grove,
 In curious wreathings artfully entwin'd,
 Shall form a charming garland for my love.

And when the ruddy sun descends the skies,
 To yield his empire to the starry train ;
 When ev'ning's gale in softest murmur sighs,
 And drops of dew impearl the shadowy plain :

Then hand in hand we'll hie us to the shade,
 Together on the verdant bank recline ;
 While chaste desires our ardent souls pervade ;
 And thou dost gaze—and sigh, and call me thine.

Where roams my fancy ?—'Tis a dream, fond swain !
 For Amaryllis scorns thy rural store :
 She bids thee languish in unpitied pain,
 And never taste the sweets of comfort more.

HOW wretched the maiden who loves
 A shepherd unworthy her care !
 From fair-one to fair-one who roves,
 And whose promise is lighter than air !

Such the sorrows which poor Phillis knew,
 Who Colin too rashly believ'd ;
 His aim was to triumph o'er you,
 Ah ! Phillis, unkindly deceiv'd !——

Beneath the dark cypress she lay,
 And sigh'd her complaint to the wind,
 “ That her Colin had wander'd away,
 “ And left her despairing behind.”

All cold, and stretch'd out in the shade
 By the virgins pale Phillis was found ;

And

And a scroll on her bosom was laid,
 Declaring, that love gave the wound.——

The shepherds still speak of her truth
 As they point out her grave with a sigh,
 And upbraid thy inconstancy, youth!
 Who could suffer such beauty to die.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves,
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
 So fair on Cowden-knows;
 For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
 Oh! how I blest'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowden-knows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare;
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
 At e'en among the broom.

Ye pow'rs, that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed and Teviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray,
 When Colin met me in the grove,
 And told me tender tales of love!
 Was ever swain so blithe as he,
 So kind, so faithful, and so free?
 In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away!

Whene'er he trips the mead along,
 He sweetly joins the woodlark's song;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blithe as Colin seen:
 If he's but by, I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care:
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away!

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
 And seems surpris'd I quit my home;
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love;
 Full well I know the gen'rous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain:
 Then, spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

TO Celia thus fond Damon said,
 Here's a mossy carpet laid;
 And then her hand he prest:
 Free from the world's intruding eye,
 Here lurks, my dear, no busy spy:
 He look'd, and sigh'd the rest.

She

She started with a feign'd surprise,
 While pleasure sparkl'd in her eyes;
 Sure Damon does not mean —
 The shepherd stopp'd her with a kiss,
 And clasp'd her panting breast to his;
 My dear, we are not seen.

Then by a thousand kisses more,
 A thousand tender oaths he swore,
 His love shou'd never end.
 She call'd on all the pow'rs above,
 None heard her but the god of love;
 And he was Damon's friend.

And is there then no help, she said,
 By Damon thus to be betray'd?
 Then hung her head, and blush'd.
 O Damon! will you yet be good?
 The shepherd smil'd, and said he would:
 She sigh'd, and all was hush'd.

I AM a poor shepherd undone,
 And cannot be cured by art;
 For a nymph, as bright as the sun,
 Has stole away my heart;
 And how to get it again
 There's none but she can tell,
 To cure me of my pain,
 By saying she loves me well.
 And alas, poor shepherd! and alack, and a well-a-day!
 Before I was in love, oh! every month was May.

She ask'd me of my estate:
 I told her a flock of sheep;
 The grass whereon they graze,
 Where she and I might sleep;
 Besides a good ten pound,
 In old king Harry's groats,
 With hooks and crooks abound,
 And birds of fundry notes.
 And alas, &c.

If to love she should not incline,
 I told her I'd die in an hour.
 To die, says she, 'tis in thine;
 But to love, 'tis not in my pow'r.
 I ask'd her the reason why
 She could not of me approve;
 She said 'twas a task too hard
 To give any reason for love.
 And alas, poor shepherd! and alack, and a-well-a-day!
 Before I was in love, oh! every month was May.

AT Polwart on the green,
 If you'll meet me the morn,
 Where lasses do conven
 To dance about the thorn;
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dorty dames say na,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs nae to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
 At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To take a part of mine.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsom marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
 Busk, and go to the braes of Yarrow :
 There will we sport, and gather dew,
 Dancing while lavrocks sing i' the morning ;
 There learn frae turtles to prove true ;
 O Bell ! ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And while the beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastilie they flow to Tweed,
 And pour their sweetness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee ;
 With free consent my fears repel,
 I'll with my love and care reward thee.
 Thus sang I sweetly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting.
 O queen of smiles ! I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

“ **T**HY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream !
 “ When first on them I met my lover ;
 “ Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
 “ When now thy waves his body cover !
 “ For ever now, O Yarrow stream !
 “ Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
 “ For never on thy banks shall I
 “ Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.
 “ He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
 “ To bear me to his father's bowers ;
 “ He promis'd me a little page,
 “ To 'squire me to his father's towers ;

- " He promis'd me a wedding-ring, —
 " The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ; —
 " Now he is wedded to his grave,
 " Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !
- " Sweet were his words when last we met ;
 " My passion I as freely told him :
 " Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 " That I should never more behold him !
 " Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
 " It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
 " Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 " And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.
- " His mother from the window look'd,
 " With all the longing of a mother ;
 " His little sister weeping walk'd
 " The green-wood path to meet her brother :
 " They sought him east, they sought him west,
 " They sought him all the forest thorough ;
 " They only saw the cloud of night,
 " They only heard the roar of Yarrow !
- " No longer from thy window look,
 " Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
 " No longer walk, thou lovely maid !
 " Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
 " No longer seek him east or west,
 " And search no more the forest thorough ;
 " For, wandering in the night so dark,
 " He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.
- " The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 " No other youth shall be my marrow ;
 " I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 " And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
- The tear did never leave her cheek,
 No other youth became her marrow ;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

THE day is departed, and round from the cloud
 The moon in her beauty appears ;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
 The music of love in our ears :
 Maria, appear ! now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune ;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
 I sigh — Can a lover do more ?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.
 Maria, my love ! Do you long for the grove ?
 Do you sigh for an interview soon ?
 Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow ;
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' mine ear,
 My heart thrills — my eyes overflow.
 Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine
 Indulge a fond lover his boon ?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon ?

O Waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly yon burn side,
 Where my love and I were wont to gae.
 I lean'd my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trusty tree,
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
 Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly gin love be bonny,
 A little while whan it is new ;
 But whan 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like the morning dew.

O wherefore shou'd I busk my head ?
 O wherefore shou'd I kame my hair ?
 For my true love has me forfook,
 And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-feat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 St Anton's well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves off the tree ?
 O gentle death, when wilt thou come ?
 For of my life I am wearie.

THE morn was fair, soft was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing ;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing :
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie fang his marrow ;
 Nae bonnier lasfs e'er trod the grass
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where ev'ry grace
 In heav'nly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mein,
 That nae perfection wanted !
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But blefs my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O bonny lasfs ! have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye :
 But if ye're kind, with joyfu' mind,
 I'll study to delight ye ;
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow :
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom :
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

WHAT shepherd, or nymph of the grove,
 Can blame me for dropping a tear,
 Or lamenting aloud as I rove,
 Since Phœbe no longer is here ?
 My flocks, if at random they stray,
 What wonder, if she's from the plains ?
 Her hands they were wont to obey,
 She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
 To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
 To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
 Or the river that runs by the mill ?
 There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
 And heard the fond stories I told,
 How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
 Or the bleating of lambs from the fold !

How oft wou'd I spy out a charm,
 Which before had been hid from my view !
 And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
 My lips to her lips how they grew !

How

How long the sweet contest would last!
 'Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place or of time,
 I felt when my fair-one was near;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year:
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask,
 She had all the kind gods could impart;
 She was Nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest;
 For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

THE bosom of earth is all cover'd with leaves,
 And the honours of autumn decay;
 Brown Ceres no longer exhibits her sheaves
 To the silver-ey'd monarch of day.
 With the murd'ring gun hills and valleys resound,
 And the swains thro' the coppices rove;
 The patridges bleed on the arable ground,
 And the pheasants lie dead in the grove.
 To others such barbarous sport I resign,
 And repose in my Florimel's arms.
 My fair one, O come, let me call thee but mine,
 And I'll worship the sun of thy charms;
 O come, while the coats of the hedges look green,
 Ere the swallows relinquish the mead;
 Ere winter approaches with horrible mien,
 When the flower gives place to the weed.

Together,

Together, while youth mantles high in our veins,
 Let us live in the union of love ;
 For 'tis love, gentle love, that assuages our pains,
 And allies us to angels above.
 When age has impos'd his cold hand on our brow,
 Even then shall our constancy last,
 And if we can't relish the feats we act now,
 We'll reflect on the pleasure that's past.

WHen the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
 And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
 The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me for his bride;
 But saving a crown he had naething beside :
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gae'd to sea ;
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had na been away a twelmonth and a day,
 Whan my father brak his arm, and our cow was stoun away;
 My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
 When auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My heart it said, Na ; and I look'd for Jamie back :
 But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wrack ;
 The ship it was a wrack—why did na Jenny dee ?
 O why was she spar'd to cry, Wae's me ?

My father cou'd na work, and my mother dought na spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win ;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi tears in his ee,
 Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me !

My father argu'd fair ; and my mother did na speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break
 Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the sea ;
 And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I had na been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,

I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and little did we say;
We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to dee:
How lang shall I live to cry, O waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na think to spin;
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a fin;
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

'TWAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gilt the meadows fair;
Young Jockey, early in the morn,
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat he had put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.—For Jenny, &c.

The cheerful parish-bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung
Which shepherds us'd to wear:
He tapt the window, "Haste, my dear;"
Jenny impatient, cry'd "Who's there?"
"'Tis I, my love, and no one near;
"Step gently down, you've nought to fear
"With Jockey at the fair."——Step gently, &c.

"My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
"My brother's up and with the sheep;
"And will you still your promise keep
"Which I have heard you swear?"
"And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the pow'rs above,
"And ne'er deceive my charming dove;

"Dispel

“ Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
 “ With Jockey to the fair.”——Dispel, &c.

“ Behold the ring,” the shepherd cry’d ;

“ Will Jenny be my charming bride ?

“ Let Cupid be our happy guide,
 “ And Hymen meet us there.”

Then Jockey did his vows renew,

He wou’d be constant and be true :

His word was pledg’d ; away she flew

O’er cowslips tipt with balmy dew,

With Jockey to the fair.——O’er cowslips, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,

Their gay companions, blythe and young :

Each joins the dance, each joins the throng,

To hail the happy pair.

And now there’s none so fond as they ;

They bless the kind propitious day,

The smiling morn of blooming May,

When lovely Jenny run away

With Jockey to the fair.——When lovely, &c.

SHE came from the hills of the west,

A smile of contentment she wore ;

Her heart was a garden of rest ;

But, ah ! the sweet season is o’er.

How oft by the streams in the wood,

Delighted, she’d ramble and rove !

And while she stood marking the flood,

Would tune up a stanza of love.

Her dress was a garment of green,

Set off with a border of white ;

And all the day long might be seen

Like a bird that is always in plight.

In rural diversion and play

The summers glid smoothly along ;

And

And her winters pass'd briskly away,
Cheer'd up with a tale or a song.

At length a destroyer came by,
A youth of more person than parts,
Well skill'd in the arts of the eye,
The conquest and havock of hearts.

He led her by fountains and streams,
He woo'd her with sonnets and books ;
He told her his tales and his dreams,
And mark'd their effect in her looks.

He taught her by midnight to roam
Where spirits and spectres affright ;
For passions increase with the gloom,
And caution expires with the light.

At length, like a rose from the spray,
Like a lily just pluckt from the stem,
She droop'd, and she faded away,
Thrown by and neglected like them.

IT chanc'd of late a shepherd-swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face ;
Her careless arms abroad were cast ;
Her quiver had her pillow's place ;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill ;
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say ;
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see ;
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There

There come, he steals her shafts away,
 And puts his own into their place ;
 Nor dares he any longer stay,
 But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone but she awakes,
 And spies the shepherd standing by :
 Her bended bow in haste she takes,
 And at the simple swain lets fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
 That to the ground he fell with pain :
 Yet up again forthwith he start,
 And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
 She shot, and shot, but all in vain ;
 The more his wounds, the more his might,
 Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
 She blames her hand, she blames her skill ;
 The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
 And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft,
 Each little touch will pierce thy heart :
 Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft ;
 Revenge is joy ; the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare ;
 Her hands were glov'd ; but next to hand
 Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
 That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd ; and through that breast
 Love found an entry to her heart ;
 At feeling of this new-come guest,
 Lord ! how this gentle nymph did start !

She runs not now ; she shoots no more ;
 Away she throws both shaft and bow :
 She seeks for what she shun'd before ;
 She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may :
 What other lovers do, did they.
 The god of love sat on a tree,
 And laugh'd that pleasant sight to see.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd,
 Young Bryan thought the boat's-crew slow,
 And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart long held in thrall ;
 And who so his impatience blames,
 I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land,
 Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
 Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blythsome roll'd his een ;
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung ;
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
 That grac'd his mistress true :
 Such charms the old world seldom saw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck
 Like tendrils of the vine ;
 Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck ;
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
 She cast her weeds away ;
 And to the palmy shore she hied
 All in her best array.

In sea-green filk so neatly clad,
 She there impatient stood :

The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave :
Well pleas'd, the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing, crowd the strand ;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste
To clasp her lovely swain ;
When, ah ! a shark bit through his waste ;
His heart's blood dy'd the main.

He shriek'd ! his half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore ;
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah ! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring :
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew ;
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

GEntle herdsman, tell to me,
Of courtesy, I thee pray,
Unto the town of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way ?

“ Unto the town of Walsingham
“ The way is hard for to be gone ;
“ And very crooked are those paths
“ For you to find out all alone.”

Were the miles doubled thrice,
 And the way never so ill,
 It were not enough for mine offence,
 It is so grievous and so ill.

"Thy years are young, thy face is fair,
 "Thy wits are weak, thy thoughts are green;
 "Time hath not given thee leave as yet
 "For to commit so great a sin."

Yes, herdsman, yes; so wou'dst thou say,
 If thou knewest so much as I:
 My wits, and thoughts, and all the rest,
 Have well deserved for to die.

I am not what I seem to be;
 My cloaths and sex do differ far:
 I am a woman, wo is me!
 Born to grief and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
 My wayward cruelty could kill;
 And tho' my tears will nought avail,
 Most dearly I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
 None ever more sincere could be;
 Of comely mien and shape he was,
 And tenderly he loved me.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
 I grew so proud his pain to see,
 That I, who did not know my selfe,
 Thought scorn of such a youth as he;

And grew so coy and nice to please,
 As womens looks are often so,
 He might not kifs nor hand, forsooth,
 Unless I willed him so to do.

Thus being wearied with delays
 To see I pitied not his grief,
 He got him to a secret place,
 And there he died without relief.

And for his sake these weeds I wear;
 And sacrifice my tender age;
 And every day I'll beg my bread,
 To undergo this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
 And ever will do till I die;
 And get me to some secret place;
 For so did he, and so will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, ask no more,
 But keep my secrets, I thee pray;
 Unto the town of Walsingham
 Show me the right and ready way.

"Now go thy ways, and God before;
 "For he must ever guide thee still:
 "Turn down that dale the right-hand path;
 "And so, fair pilgrim, fare thee well!"

TO silent groves, where weeping yew
 With sadly mournful cypress join'd,
 Poor Damon from the plain withdrew,
 To ease with plaints his love-sick mind;
 Pale willow into mystic wreaths he wove,
 And thus lamented his forsaken love.

How often Celia, faithless maid!
 With arms entwined did we walk
 Beneath the close unpierced shade,
 Beguiling time with am'rous talk!
 But that, alas! is past; and I must prove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

But think not, Celia, I will bear
 With dull submission all the smart:
 No; I'll at once drive out despair,
 And thy lov'd image from my heart.
 All arts, all charms, I'll practise to remove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

Bacchus, with greenest ivy crown'd,
 Hither repair with all thy train;
 And chace the jovial goblet round;
 For Celia triumphs in my pain.
 With gen'rous wine assist me to remove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

Cou'd reason be so drown'd in wine
 As never to revive again;
 How happy were this heart of mine,
 Reliev'd at once from all its pain!
 But reason still with love returns, to prove
 The torments lasting of forsaken love.

Bring me the nymph, whose gen'rous soul
 Kindles at the circling bowl;
 Whose sparkling eye with wanton fire
 Shoots through my blood a fierce desire;
 For ev'ry art I'll practise to remove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

And what is all this transient flame?
 'Tis but a blaze, and seen no more;
 A blaze that lights us to our shame,
 And robs us of a gay fourscore:
 Reason again with love returns, to prove
 The torment lasting of forsaken love.

Hark! how the jolly huntsman's cries,
 In concert with the op'ning hounds,
 Rend the wide concave of the skies,
 And tire dull Echo with their sounds.
 Thou, Phœbe, goddess of the chace! remove:
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

Ah me! the sprightly bounding doe,
 The chace, and ev'ry thing I view,
 Still to my mind recal my wo:
 So Celia flies, so I pursue.
 So rooted here, no arts can e'er remove
 The pangs attending on forsaken love.

Then

Then back, poor Damon, to thy grove :
 Since nought avails to ease thy pain,
 Let constancy thy flame improve,
 And patience answer her disdain.
 So gratitude may Celia's bosom move,
 To pity and reward thy constant love.

THE rising sun through all the grove
 Effus'd a gladsome ray :
 My Lucy smil'd, and talk'd of love,
 And ev'ry thing look'd gay.

But oh ! the fatal hour was come
 That forc'd me from my dear ;
 My Lucy then through grief was dumb,
 Or spoke but by a tear.

Now far from her and blifs I roam,
 All nature wears a change :
 The azure sky seems wrapt in gloom,
 And every place looks strange.

Those flow'ry fields, this verdant scene,
 Yon larks that tow'ring sing,
 With sad contrast increase my spleen,
 And make me loath the spring.

My books that wont to soothe my mind
 No longer now can please :
 There only those amusement find
 That have a mind at ease.

Nay, life itself is tasteless grown,
 From Lucy whilst I stray :
 Sick of the world, I muse alone,
 And sigh the live-long day.

HOW easy was Colin, how blithe and how gay !
 Ere he met the fair Chloris, how sprightly his lay !
 So

So graceful her form, so accomplish'd her mind,
Sure pity, he thought, with such charms must be join'd.

Whenever she danc'd, or whenever she sung,
How just was her motion, how sweet was her tongue !
And when the youth told her his passionate flame,
She allow'd him to fancy her heart felt the same.

With ardour he press'd her to think him sincere ;
But, alas ! she redoubled each hope and each fear :
She wou'd not deny, nor she wou'd not approve ;
And she neither refus'd him, nor gave him her love.

Now cheer'd by complacence, now froze by disdain,
He languish'd for freedom, but languish'd in vain ;
'Till Thyrsis, who pity'd so helpless a slave,
Eas'd his heart of its pain by the counsel he gave.

Forfake her, said he, and reject her awhile ;
If she love you, she soon will return with a smile :
You can judge of her passion by absence alone,
And by absence will conquer her heart or—your own.

This advice he pursu'd ; but the remedy prov'd
Too fatal, alas ! to the fair-one he lov'd ;
Which cur'd his own passion, but left her in vain
To sigh for a heart she could never regain.

AS Chloe on flowers reclin'd o'er the stream,
She sigh'd to the breeze, and made Colin her theme ;
Tho' pleasant the stream, and tho' cooling the breeze,
And the flowers tho' fragrant, she panted for ease.

The stream it was fickle, and hasted away ;
It kiss'd the sweet banks, but no longer could stay :
Tho' beauteous, inconstant ; and faithless, tho' fair :
Ah ! Colin, look in, and behold thyself there.

The breeze that so sweet on its bosom did play,
Now rose to a tempest, and darken'd the day :
As sweet as the breeze, and as loud as the wind ;
Such Colin when angry, and Colin when kind.

The

The flowers when gather'd, so beauteous and sweet,
 Now fade on her bosom, and die at her feet ;
 So fair in their bloom, and so foul in decay ;
 Such Colin when present, and Colin away.

In rage and despair from the ground she arose,
 And from her the flowers so faded she throws :
 She weeps in the stream, and she sighs to the wind,
 And resolves to drive Colin quite out of her mind.

But what her resolves when her Colin appear'd ?
 The stream it stood still, and no tempest was heard ;
 The flowers recover'd their beautiful hue :
 She found he was kind, and believ'd he was true.

Sweet Annie slowly left the shore
 Where Damon climb'd the vessel's side :
 Alas ! my heart knows home no more,
 Since Damon's tofs'd along the tide.
 Yet shall my heart still faithful prove ;
 For faithful ever is my swain :
 Absent, he thinks on Annie's love,
 And foreign beauties charm in vain.

His gold let wealthy Strephon show,
 And the smooth arts of flattery try ;
 And praise the polish of my brow,
 And praise the lustre of mine eye.
 What tho', to distant regions borne,
 My lover rides the awful deep ?
 I'll wait, and hope for his return,
 And all my heart for Damon keep.

No more, false Corydon, no more
 For Annie frame the luring lay ;
 Your Damon would be troubled sore
 Did you his confidence betray.
 Your luring lays are all in vain ;
 Your false designs disgrace your art :
 But melting sweet is Damon's strain,
 His strain bespeaks the faithful heart.

O smile, ye skies, around my love ;
 Gently, ye prosp'rous breezes, blow ;
 Far off, ye savage storms, remove,
 Nor cloud my future days with wo.
 Full long, alas ! will be his stay ;
 But let me not at fate repine :
 I'll keep my heart, and wait the day
 When Damon shall again be mine.

THere was ance a May, and she lo'ed na men,
 She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen ;
 But now she cries dool ! and a well-a-day !
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.
 But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young Johny came o'er the sea,
 He said he saw naething fae lovely as me ;
 He hecht me baith rings and mony bra things ;
 And were na my heart light I wad die.
 He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loed na me,
 Because I was twice as bonny as she ;
 She rais'd tick a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
 That were na my heart light I wad die.
 She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be ;
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die ;
 She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
 Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
 She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree ;
 Said, What had he to do with the like of me !
 Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny :
 And were na my heart light I wad die.
 Albeit I was bonny, &c.

They said I had neither cow nor caff,
 Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,

Nor

Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-ee :
 And were na my heart light I wad dee.
 Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and flee ;
 She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee ;
 And then she ran in, and made a loud din,
 Believe your ain een, an ye trou na me.
 And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow ;
 His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new :
 But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
 And casts himself dowie upo' the corn-bing.
 But now he, &c.

And now he gaes drooping about the dykes,
 And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes :
 The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee ;
 And were na my heart light I wad dee.
 The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
 We shou'd hae been gallopping down on yon green,
 And linking it on the lily-white lee ;
 And wow gin I were but young for thee.
 And linking, &c.

FOrsaken my pipe and my crook,
 Why will you solicit my lay ?
 No longer I fit by the brook,
 And carol my sorrows away :
 Say, Laura, what theme shall I chuse ?
 Your praises I must not proclaim ;
 And friendship's too cold for my muse,
 And love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor simple swain,
 Whose flocks and whose herds are but small ;
 And my cottage, tho' neat on the plain,
 Is cover'd with thatch, and that's all :

And

And Laura is blooming and young,
 Ah! would that I too were the same;
 My heart then might hint to my tongue
 What now I'm forbidden to name.

Yet deny'd my fond wish to impart,
 My wishes from you shall not swerve,
 That the shepherd who sues for your heart,
 By his own may your virtues deserve:
 With the charms which no time can destroy,
 With the worth which no breath can defame,
 May you taste of that permanent joy,
 Which now I'm forbidden to name.

AS at noon Dulcinea rested
 In her sweet and shady bow'r,
 Came a shepherd, and requested
 In her lap to sleep an hour.
 But from her look
 An wound he took,
 So deep, that for a further boon
 The nymph he prays;
 Whereto she says,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.
 But in vain she did conjure him
 To depart her presence so;
 Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
 And but one to bid him go.
 Where lips invite,
 And eyes delight,
 And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,
 Persuade delay:
 What boots to say,
 Forego me now, come to me soon?
 He demands, What time for pleasure
 Can there be more fit than now?
 She says, Night gives love that leisure,
 Which the day doth not allow.

He says the fight
 Improves delight :
 Which she denies. Night's mirkic noon,
 In Venus' plays,
 Makes bold, she says.
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

How at last agreed these lovers ?
 She was fair, and he was young :
 The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers ;
 Joys unseen are never sung.
 Did she consent,
 Or he relent ?
 Accepts he night, or grants she noon ?
 Left he her a maid
 Or not ? she said,
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

ON the bank of a river so deep,
 Whose waters glide silently on,
 Sad Rosalind sat down to weep ;
 For Damon her lover was gone.
 The fairest and faithfullest she
 Of all that tripp'd over the plains ;
 But, alas ! the most fickle was he
 Among all the shepherds and swains.

Down each cheek ran her tears in a stream :
 All his vows are forgotten, she cries ;
 Regarded no more than a dream,
 Tho' for him his fond shepherdess dies.
 He's gone ; the false creature is gone,
 To deceive other nymphs of the plain ;
 Whose fate will, like mine, be to moan
 The loss of a perjured swain.

Beware, O ye maidens ! beware,
 If my treacherous shepherd you meet ;
 For, alas ! he's bewitchingly fair ;
 When he speaks, there's no music so sweet :

As the spring he is blooming and gay ;
 As the summer delightful and kind ;
 But believe not one word he can say,
 For he's false as the wavering wind.

Foolish maid ! whilst I thought he was true,
 I sent up no look to the skies ;
 All the sunshine or gloom that I knew,
 Was the gloom or the shine of his eyes.
 He alone was my joy and my care,
 I wish'd for no heaven above ;
 No sorrow, no pain, cou'd I fear,
 Nor aught but the loss of his love.

How fondly endearing was he,
 'Till I granted whate'er he desir'd !
 But, you virgins, take warning by me,
 For his flame from that moment expir'd.
 Now I ne'er shall embrace him again ;
 He, ungrateful, is flown from my arms
 Far away o'er the flowery plain,
 And despises these sullied charms.

Sure the gods have some vengeance in store
 For the breach of those vows which he made ;
 Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
 Than the wretch who by them was betray'd.
 But forgive him, ye powers above !
 Tho' he's false, bring no harm on his head ;
 But crown him with beauty and love
 Long after poor Rosalind's dead.

Thus she mourn'd : what a scene all around !
 The birds flag their wings at her sighs ;
 The valleys her sorrows resound,
 And the stream shews her blubbered eyes :
 All nature takes part in her wo ;
 A black cloud o'er the heaven is spread ;
 The winds have forgotten to blow,
 And the willows bend over her head.

WHEN western breezes fan the shore,
 And gently swell the azure wave ;
 I yield unto the soft'ning pow'r :
 (The muse's transports then would grieve).

When loud the thick'ning tempests fly,
 Enrage, and dash the foaming floods ;
 From the rude scene I trembling hie,
 And plunge into the safer woods.

Nor sea, nor deaf'ning din, is there,
 The stormy fury straight does please ;
 I hear it sounding from afar ;
 It sings or murmurs through the trees.

A fisherman I would not live,
 Who labours in the pathless deep ;
 Whose cruel art is to deceive,
 Whose dwelling is a brittle ship.

Let me my bleating ewes attend,
 (Harmless myself, and bless'd as they) ;
 With them my morning-steps I'll bend,
 With them I'll wait the closing day.

Now underneath a plane-tree laid,
 Or careless by a lulling stream,
 Let me enjoy the cooling shade,
 Or sweetly sink into a dream.

WHAT cheerful sounds salute our ears,
 And echo o'er the lawn !
 Behold ! the loaded car appears,
 In joyful triumph drawn.
 The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,
 Still shouting as they come,
 With rustic instruments in hand,
 Proclaim the harvest-home.

The golden-sheaves, pil'd up on high,
 Within the barn are stor'd ;

The careful hind, with secret joy
 Exulting, views his hoard.
 His labours past, he counts his gains ;
 And, freed from anxious care,
 His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains
 His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent ;
 All ply the flowing bowl ;
 And jests and harmless merriment
 Expand the artless soul.
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
 Who still reap'd by his side ;
 And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, through circling years,
 Their toilsome task they tend :
 The hind successive labours bears,
 In prospect of the end ;
 In spring, or winter, sows his seed,
 Manures, or tills the soil ;
 In summer various cares succeed ;
 But harvest crowns his toil.

WHilst the children of fortune with int'rested praise,
 To the joys in possession still tune their fond lays ;
 The son of affliction, unbrib'd, will deplore
 Those joys, and those charms, which now are no more.
 For the sweetest of maids was my Betty ;
 And the joy of all hearts was my Betty.

Her looks were more pleasing than the bloom of sweet May,
 And her eyes were the sun that enlighten'd my day ;
 Her accents could torture, or passion beguile ;
 But who'll sing the rapture that hung on her smile ?
 For, &c.

All nature around me is joyful and gay,—
 The trees shoot their buds, and the flow'rs deck their May ;
 No

No void in creation's bright space is descried,
 Save that which the life of my soul once supplied.
 For, &c.

But the sunshine of life now for ever is flown;
 Unpitied my grief, and unblest is my moan;
 In sorrow and darkness I pass the long day,
 Whilst anguish new-tunes the sad voice of each lay.
 For, &c.

Thus discolour'd and jaundic'd all objects appear;
 He hates joy in others who's lost all that's dear:
 Like the shades of the hapless, I seek the still night,
 And haunt in the gloom each past scene of delight.
 For the sweetest of maids was my Betty;
 And the joy of all hearts was my Betty.

AS on a summer's day,
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way:

And as she pass'd by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 What a shame, quoth she,
 For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to lie?

And dost thou nothing heed
 What Pan our god has decreed;
 What a prize to-day
 Shall be given away
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
 Of all this fruitful plain,
 But, with hopes and fears,
 Now busily prepares
 The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
 In brighter array than thine?
 Up, up, dull swain,
 Tune thy pipe once again,
 And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cry'd,
 What avails this courtly pride?
 Since thy dear desert
 Is written in my heart,
 What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay
 In this homely ruffet grey,
 Than the nymphs of our green,
 So trim and so sheen,
 Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
 And deny thee a filken gown;
 My own dear maid,
 Be content with this shade,
 And a shepherd all thy own.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The sultry heat of day:

When from a hazel's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden ev'ry grove:

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Elham's dale:

And

And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide ;
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little Halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Here shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair ;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found ;
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Shou'd form a nymph so sweet !
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she wou'd ne'er incline ;
Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good-will ;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
 None once was so watchful as I :
 I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire ;
 What it is to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.
 Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;
 Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
 I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine ;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are past, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?

They

They tell me my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown;
 Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart!
 Yet I thought, but it might not be so,
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;
 My path I cou'd hardly discern;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far-distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relick away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft hope is the relick I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold;
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow:
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow!
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
 For he ne'er cou'd be true, she averr'd,
 Who cou'd rob a poor bird of its young;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to a dove;
 That it ever attended the bold;
 And she call'd it the sister of love:
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she say,
 Methinks I shou'd love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
 Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs?
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 These plains and this valley despise?
 Dear regions of silence and shade!
 Soft scenes of contentment and ease!

Where

Where I cou'd have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence cou'd please.

But where does my Phillida stray?
And where are her grotts and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

WHY will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?

Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I cou'd lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay, on him let not Phillida frown;
But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is be-studded around;
And his pipe—oh may Phillis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,

How

How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold :
 How the nightingales labour the strain
 With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet ;
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phillis's feet.
 O Phillis, he whispers, more fair,
 More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r !
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?
 What is eglantine, after a show'r ?

Then the lily no longer is white ;
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;
 Then the violets die with despight,
 And the woodbines give up their perfume.
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
 Yet I never shou'd envy the song,
 Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phillis the trophy despise ;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
 Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep :
 They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do, but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair, and my passion begun :

She

She smil'd, and I cou'd not but love ;
 She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete wou'd be fought
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire ;
 It banishes wisdom the while :
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone :
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes ?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain :
 The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
 High transports are shewn to the sight ;
 But we are not to find them our own :
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
 To your deepest recesses I fly :
 I wou'd hide with the beasts of the chace ;
 I wou'd vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I cou'd not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

YOUNG Dorilas, an artless swain,
 And Daphne, pride of western plain,
 Their flocks together drove :
 Gay youth sat blooming on his face ;
 She no less shone with ev'ry grace ;
 Yet neither thought of love.

With equal joy each morn they meet ;
 At mid-day seek the same retreat,
 And shelter in one grove ;
 At ev'ning haunt the self-same walk,
 Together innocently talk ;
 But not a word of love.

Hence mutual friendship firmly grew,
 Till heart to heart spontaneous flew,
 Like bill to bill of dove :
 Both feel the flame which both conceal ;
 Both wish the other would reveal ;
 Yet neither speaks of love.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense ;
 He doated on her innocence :
 Thus each did each approve.
 Each vow'd—whilst each the vow observ'd :
 The maid was true ; the swain ne'er swerv'd ;
 Then ev'ry word was love.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae haff sae sweet as thee.
 O Marion's a bonny lass,
 And the blyth blinks in her ee ;

And

And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey;
I'll gie them a' to my Marion
Just on her bridal-day :
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown ;
And wow but ye will be vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm yotng and stout, my Marion ;
Nane dance like me on the green :
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramalie ;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
But O they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike that gracefu' mien
And manly looks of my highland laddie !
O my bonny bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heaven still guard, and love reward,
Our lawland lads and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he is but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and dady;
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in his highland plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass:
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie;
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him; which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But oft they're sour and unco sawcy;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind
 Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
 O my bonny bonny highland lassie,
 My hearty-smiling highland lassie;
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Than ony lass in burrow's-town,
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie,
 I'd take my Katy butt a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie;

Happy

Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flightering heart gangs pittie-pattie.
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll stien,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my las on dishes dainty.
 O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
 O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
 O my bonny, &c.

Beneath a beech's grateful shade
 Young Colin lay complaining ;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining.
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief :
 Tho' pity cannot move thee ;
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief ;
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him !
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain ;
 For thee that only slights me.
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh ! wou'd thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.
 That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over ;
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! tho' it shou'd ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee ;
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

A Lafs that was laden with care
 Sat heavily under yon thorn ;
 I listen'd a while to hear
 When thus she began to mourn :
 Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,
 The birds did melodiously sing ;
 And cold nipping winter did wear
 A face that resembled the spring.
 Sae merry as we twa hae been ;
 Sae merry as we twa hae been ;
 My heart it is like for to break,
 When I think on the days we have seen,
 Our flocks feeding close by his side,
 He gently pressing my hand,
 I view'd the wide world in its pride,
 And laugh'd at the pomp of command !
 My dear, he wou'd oft to me say,
 What makes you hard-hearted to me ?
 Oh ! why do you thus turn away
 From him who is dying for thee ?
 Sae merry, &c.

But

But now he is far from my sight,
 And perhaps a deceiver may prove ;
 Which makes me lament day and night,
 That ever I granted my love.
 At eve, when the rest of the folk
 Are merrily seated to spin,
 I set myself under an oak,
 And heavily sigh for him.
 Sae merry, &c.

I Had a heart, but now I heartless gae ;
 I had a mind, but daily was oppress'd ;
 I had a friend that's now become my fae ;
 I had a will that now has freedom lost :
 What have I now ? naithing I trow,
 But grief where I had joy :
 What am I than ? a heartless man ;
 Cou'd love me thus destroy ?
 I love, I serve ane whom I much regard ;
 Yet for my love disdain is my reward.
 Where shall I gang to hide my weary face ?
 Where shall I find a place for my defence ?
 Where my true love remains, the fittest place,
 Of all the earth that is my confidence.
 She has my heart 'till I depart :
 Let her do what she list,
 I cannot mend, but still depend,
 And daily to insist
 To purchase love, if love my love deserve ;
 If not for love, let love my body starve.
 O lady fair ! whom I do honour most,
 Your name and fame within my breast I have ;
 Let not my love and labour thus be lost,
 But still in mind I pray thee to engrave,
 That I am true, and fall not rue
 Ae word that I have said :
 I am your man, do what you can,
 When all these plays are play'd.

Then

Then save your ship unbroken on the sand,
 Since man and goods are all at your command.

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green plains,
 And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay ;
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring swains
 Sing merrily round me where-ever I stray :

But Sandy nae mair returns to my view ;

Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can charm ;
 He's gane ! and, I fear me, for ever : adieu !

Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm !

O Alloa-house ! how much art thou chang'd !

How silent, how dull to me is each grove !

Alane I here wander where ance we baith rang'd,

Alas ! where to please me my Sandy ance strove !

Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld ;

Here listen'd too fond whenever you sung ;

Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd could ?

Or, foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,

And Shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress ;

For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear swain,

Who heard, and wi' rapture his Nelly address :

My Nelly ! my fair, I come ; O my love !

Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms ;

And, Nelly, nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,

Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,

And will you, my love, be true ? she replied :

And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?

Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride ?

O Nelly ! I live to find thee still kind ;

Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :

Then adieu to a' sorrow ; what soul is so blind,

As not to live happy for ever with you ?

I With I were where Helen lies !
 Night and day on me she cries
 To bear her company.

O wou'd that in her darksome bed
 My weary frame to rest were laid
 From love and anguish free !

I hear, I hear the welcome sound
 Break slowly from the trembling mound
 That ever calls on me :

Oh blessed virgin ! cou'd my pow'r
 Vie with my wish, this very hour
 I'd sleep death's sleep with thee !

A lover's sigh, a lover's tear,
 Attended on thy timeless bier :
 What more can fate require ?

I hear, I hear the welcome sound—
 Yes, I will seek the sacred ground,
 And on thy grave expire.

The worm now tastes that rosy mouth,
 Where glow'd, short time, the smiles of youth ;
 And in my heart's dear home,

Her snowy bosom, loves to lie.—

I hear, I hear the welcome cry !

I come, my love ! I come.

O life, begone ! thy irksome scene
 Can bring no comfort to my pain :

Thy scenes my pain recall !

My joy is grief, my life is dead,
 Since she for whom I liv'd is fled ;

My love, my hope, my all.

Take, take me to thy lovely side,
 Of my lost youth thou only bride !

O take me to thy tomb !

I hear, I hear the welcome sound !

Yes, life can fly at sorrow's wound.

I come, I come, I come.

Since robb'd of all that charm'd my view,
 Of all my soul e'er fancied fair,
 Ye smiling native scenes adieu !
 With each delightful object there.

Ye vales, which to the raptur'd eye
 Disclos'd the flow'ry pride of May ;
 Ye circling hills, whose summits high
 Blush'd with the morning's earliest ray ;

Where, heedless oft how far I stray'd,
 And pleas'd my ruin to pursue,
 I sung my dear, my cruel maid :
 Adieu for ever ! ah adieu !

Ye dear associates of my breast,
 Whose hearts with speechless sorrow swell ;
 And thou, with hoary age oppress'd,
 Dear author of my life, farewell !

For me, alas ! thy fruitless tears,
 Far, far remote from friends and home,
 Shall blast thy venerable years,
 And bend thee pining to the tomb.

Sharp are the pangs by nature felt,
 From dear relations torn away ;
 Yet sharper pangs my vitals melt,
 To hopeless love a destin'd prey :

While she, as angry heav'n and main
 Deaf to the helpless sailor's pray'r,
 Enjoys my soul-consuming pain,
 And wantons with my deep despair.

Oft, in the pleasing toils of love,
 With ev'ry winning art I try'd
 To catch the coyly flutt'ring dove,
 With killing eyes, and plummy pride :

But, far on nimble pinions borne
 From love's warm gales and flow'ry plains,
 She fought the northern climes of scorn,
 Where ever-freezing winter reigns.

Ah me ! had heav'n and she prov'd kind ;
 Then full of age, and free from care,
 How blest had I my life resign'd,
 Where first I breath'd this vital air !

But, since no flatt'ring hope remains,
 Let me my wretched lot pursue :
 Adieu, dear friends, and native scenes !
 To all, but grief and love, adieu !

NEAR a smooth river's lonely side,
 Where tuneful Naiads gently glide,
 A secret grotto stands ;
 Within a rock's hard bosom made,
 Hid in the gloom of awful shade ;
 The work of Nature's hands.

This sweet retreat, that once had been,
 Of joy and love the chosen scene,
 Poor injur'd Flavia sought :
 But,—to complain of Damon's vow
 There made and broke,—she chose it now,
 With rage and sorrow fraught.

The hollow rock, where she reclin'd,
 She thought, was like false Damon's mind ;
 His dark design—the shade ;
 The deep smooth stream,—his tempting face ;
 Its sound,—his tongue's deluding grace,
 That won, and that betray'd.

Damon, one evening as he stray'd,
 To meet some other tender maid,
 O'erheard her mournful plaint :
 Her sighs, and tears, and soft despair,
 Infected all the neighbouring air,
 And forc'd him to relent.

And now she thinks, since Damon's kind,
 The steady rock still like his mind ;

His

His love the friendly shade ;
 The clear smooth stream,—his lovely face ;
 Its soothing sound,—the tongue's soft grace,
 That all her woes repaid.

“ No more be fear'd, then, fortune's powers !

“ 'Tis fancy all our bliss devours,

“ Or gives content, we find.

“ Men may be happy, if they please ;

“ We are ourselves our own disease ;

“ The fault is in the mind.”

THE sky was clear, the air was still,
 The sun had gilt the eastern hill ;
 The silver dews impearl'd the ground,
 And nature breath'd her fragrance round ;
 The wild musicians of the grove
 Attun'd their little souls to love ;
 And every throat, from ev'ry spray,
 With rapture hail'd the rising day :

When Will, with sadly-pensive tread,
 As up the hill his flock he led,
 Saw Sue advancing with her pail,
 And flew to meet her on the vale.
 Long had the youth in secret mourn'd,
 Nor told the flame with which he burn'd :
 Occasion call'd ; he blest'd the day,
 And thus began the rural lay :

Observe, my fair-one, all around
 What beauties deck the painted ground ;
 How sweet a smell the blossoms yield,
 How rich a verdure clothes the field ;
 The skies how clear ; how soft the breeze,
 That, panting, dies upon the trees :
 How mild the morn's ambrosial ray ;
 How lovely all the bloom of May !

Up yon green hill, whose wood-crown'd brow
 Hangs o'er the stream that brawls below,

Behold,

Behold, how gamesome on the grass
 The flocks their jocund minutes pass ;
 And hark ! how sweet from yonder bow'r
 The birds their artless sonnets pour.
 Love guides the sport ; love tunes the lay ;
 And all creation owns his sway.

Pass but a little while, and see
 How sad a change the fates decree !
 No more the tender flocks remain
 In sportive gambols on the plain ;
 No more, exulting on the wing,
 The birds their early carols sing :
 They hang their heads ; and all the gay,
 The bright appearance, melts away.

Stern winter walks abroad—and lo !
 All nature shudders at the blow :
 His icy hand deforms the scene,
 And mars the glories of the green ;
 Lays bare the hill's enamell'd side,
 And strips the meadow of its pride ;
 Thick clouds obscure the genial ray,
 And all things sicken to decay.

Thus too from life—or Wisdom lies—
 Each hour steals something as it flies :
 What pain to think ! That form of thine,
 That lovely form, shall soon decline :
 The roses from thy cheek shall fly ;
 The lightnings shall desert thine eye ;
 And all thy charms' assemblage gay
 Devouring time shall make his prey.

Learn then, my fair, nor think it wrong
 To learn, the moral of the song :
 The present hours do thou improve,
 And give, O give it all to love !
 'Time's on the wing ! Let us be wise,
 And catch the blessing ere it flies.
 Life's but a span ; and fages say,
 That youth's the morning of the day.

ONE ev'ning young Lucy walk'd forth to the wood,
 Sing high ho, ne'er say No,
 Youth shou'd be full of glee:
 The briar smell'd sweet, and the wood-pigeons coo'd.
 Sing high terittle howtle toutle
 Derry down dee.

With harebells and vi'lets a posy she made,
 Sing high ho, &c.
 For harmless young Lucy was nothing afraid.
 Sing high terittle, &c.

It chanc'd that way Willy came piping along,
 Sing high ho, &c.
 When, pleas'd, Lucy stopt for to listen to his song.
 Sing high terittle, &c.

The shepherd was gay when his Lucy he spied,
 Sing high ho, &c.
 Most luckily met, my dear charmer, he cried.
 Sing high terittle, &c.

Beneath yonder elms you will primroses find;
 Sing high ho, &c.
 'Tis shady, and there I can tell you my mind.
 Sing high terittle, &c.

Hand in hand then they went to the primrosy walk,
 Sing high ho, &c.
 The way was soon pass'd, for sweet love was their talk.
 Sing high terittle, &c.

Amidst yonder bushes perhaps there's a nest,
 Sing high ho, &c.
 Then urg'd her to go, whilst her soft lips he prest.
 Sing high terittle, &c.

What maid can refuse who so courteously begs,
 Sing high ho, &c.
 The bird's nest he found, and gave Lucy the eggs.
 Sing high terittle, &c.

The ev'ning was sweet, and he pleas'd the maid so,
 Sing high ho, &c.

That

That she promis'd again a birds-nesting to go.
Sing high terittle, &c.

WHILE frequent on Tweed and on Tay,
Their harps all the muses have strung,
Shou'd a river more limpid than they,
The wood-fringed Esk, flow unsung?
While Nelly and Nancy inspire
The poet with pastoral strains,
Why silent the voice of the lyre
On Mary, the pride of the plains?

Oh nature's most beautiful bloom
May flourish unseen and unknown;
And the shadows of solitude gloom
A form that might shine on a throne.
Through the wilderness blossoms the rose,
In sweetness retir'd from the sight;
And Philomel warbles her woes
Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid
Amid shades that her triumphs deny!
How often the hero forbid
From the path that conducts to the sky!
A Helen has pin'd in the grove;
A Homer has wanted his name:
Unseen in the circle of love,
Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the stream,
Where poet ne'er wander'd before;
Enamoured of Mary's sweet name,
How the echoes will spread to the shore!
If the voice of the muse be divine,
Thy beauties shall live in my lay;
While reflecting the forest so fine,
Sweet Esk o'er the valleys shall stray.

GO, Yarrow flow'r, thou shalt be blest,
 To lie on beauteous Mary's breast ;
 Go, Yarrow flow'r, so sweetly smelling,
 Is there on earth so soft a dwelling !

Go, lovely flow'r, thou prettiest flower,
 That ever smil'd in Yarrow bower ;
 Go, daughter of the dewy morning,
 With Alves' blush the fields adorning.

Go, lovely rose, what do'st thou here,
 Ling'ring away thy short-liv'd year ;
 Vainly shining, idly blooming,
 Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming ?

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
 No hand to pull, no eye to view :
 What are thy charms no heart desiring ?
 What profits beauty none admiring ?

Go, Yarrow flow'r, to Yarrow maid,
 And on her panting bosom laid ;
 There all thy native form confessing,
 The charm of beauty is possessing.

Come, Yarrow maid, from Yarrow field ;
 What pleasure can the desert yield ?
 Come to my breast, O all excelling !
 Is there on earth so kind a dwelling ?

Come, my dear maid ! thou prettiest maid
 That ever smil'd in Yarrow shade ;
 Come, sister of the dewy morning,
 With Alves' blush the dance adorning.

Come, lovely maid ! love calls thee here :
 Linger no more thy fleeting year ;
 Vainly shining, idly blooming,
 Thy unenjoyed sweets consuming,

Vain is thy radiant Garlies hue,
 No hand to press, no eye to view ;
 What are thy charms, no heart desiring ?
 What profits beauty, none admiring ?

Come,

Come, Yarrow maid, with Yarrow rose
 Thy maiden graces all disclose ;
 Come, blest by all, to all a blessing,
 The charm of beauty is possessing.

YE shepherds of this pleasant vale,
 Where Yarrow glides along,
 Forake your rural toils, and join
 In my triumphant song.
 She grants, she yields ; one heav'nly smile
 Attones her long delays ;
 One happy minute crowns the pains
 Of many suff'ring days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
 These suffering days are o'er ;
 Love satiates now his boundless wish
 From beauty's boundless store :
 No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
 This rising calm destroy ;
 Now every prospect smiles around
 All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
 That dear consenting hour ;
 Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
 New-colour'd every flow'r :
 The gales their gentle sighs with-held,
 No leaf was seen to move ;
 The hov'ring songsters round were mute,
 And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
 The lambkin's tender cry ;
 Without one murmur Yarrow stole
 In dimpling silence by :
 All nature seem'd in still repose
 Her voice alone to hear,
 That gently roll'd the tuneful wave ;
 She spoke and blest my ear :

" Take, take, whate'er of blefs or joy
 " You fondly fancy mine ;
 " Whate'er of joy or blefs I boast,
 " Love renders wholly thine."
 The woods struck up to the soft gale ;
 The leaves were feen to move ;
 The feather'd choir refum'd their voice,
 And wonder fill'd the grove.

The hills and dales again refound
 The lambkins tender cry ;
 With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
 The fong of triumph by.
 Above, beneath, around, all on
 Was verdure, beauty, fong ;
 I fnatch'd her to my trembling breast,
 All nature joy'd along.

Closely pent in thickfet arbour,
 Cooing like the mountain-dove,
 Colin gave to foftnefs harbour,
 And became the child of love.

Jenny, long in murmurs soothing,
 Sighing told her love-lorn tale ;
 Oft her native fpirit smoothing,
 Led her fwain to Buchan's dale.

Strolling by the trickling fountain,
 Prattling by her Colin's fide,
 Still her worth and charms recounting,
 Long ſhe ſtrove to be his bride.

Not the lily's vivid ſtaining,
 Not the roſe in budding grace,
 Cou'd their utmoſt beauties ſtraining,
 Equal lovely Jenny's face.

Sweetly did her warblings hover,
 Flutt'ring with enchanting art ;

Every

Every swain became her lover,
But the swain who stole her heart.

Deaf to every fond entreaty,
Beauty had not pow'r to move :
Colin's bosom wou'd not pity;
Colin was averse to love.

Ev'ry art that love cou'd teach her,
Practis'd Jenny on her swain :
Now she play'd the kind beseecher,
Now she tun'd the vocal strain.

Ev'ry art, however, failing,
Kindness meeting but disdain ;
Cupid saw, and mourn'd her ailing ;
And the urchin heal'd her pain.

Meeting Jenny on the mountain,
Wand'ring like the stranger lone ;
From his æry car dismounting,
Thus he spoke with simp'ring tone :

“ Lovely nymph, let me advise ye
“ How to cure your bosom's pain ;
“ If you wish the swain to prize ye,
“ Seem to hold him in disdain.

“ Fickle shepherds always scorn ye
“ When you melt within their arms ;
“ But with careless air adorn ye,
“ And they'll perish for your charms.”

Jenny sweetly Cupid thanking,
Quickly follow'd his advice ;
With disdain her bosom pranking,
Still she shunn'd her Colin's eyes.

Colin saw, and mourn'd her changing,
Nettled at her scornful air ;
And, with piteous visage cringing,
Strove to woo the alter'd fair.

Long

Long she held him at defiance,
 Paying all his former pride ;
 But at length, with fond compliance,
 She became her Colin's bride.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs :
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

IF that the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold ;
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yield :
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is Fancy's spring, but Sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In Folly ripe, in Reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

But cou'd youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
 Then those delights my mind might move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

IT was a friar of orders gray,
 Walk'd forth to tell his beads ;
 And he met with a lady fair,
 Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou rev'rend friar,
 I pray thee tell to me,
 If ever at yon holy shrine
 My true love thou didst see.

And how should I know your true love
 From many another one ?
 O by his cockle hat and staff,
 And by his sandal shoon :

But chiefly by his face and mien,
 That were so fair to view ;

His

His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone !
Lady, he's dead and gone !
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloysters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall ;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And did'st thou die for love of me !
Break, cruel heart of stone !

O weep not, lady ; weep not so ;
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas ! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh ;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain ;
For, violets pluck'd, the sweetest show'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
 Why then should sorrow last?
 Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
 Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
 I pray thee, say not so:
 For since my true-love died for me,
 'Tis meet my tears shou'd flow.

And will he never come again?
 Will he ne'er come again?
 Ah no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
 The comeliest youth was he:—
 But he is dead, and laid in his grave:
 Alas! and wo is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever:
 One foot on sea, and one on land,
 To one thing constant never.

Had'st thou been fond, he had been false,
 And left thee sad and heavy;
 For young men ever were fickle found,
 Since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar;
 I pray thee say not so:
 My love he had the truest heart;
 O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth!
 And didst thou die for me?
 Then farewell, home; for evermore
 A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true-love's grave
 My weary limbs I'll lay;
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
 That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady ; rest a while
 Beneath this cloyster-wall :
 See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
 And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
 O stay me not, I pray ;
 No drizzly rain that falls on me,
 Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears ;
 For see beneath this gown of grey
 Thy own true-love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I fought ;
 And here amid these lonely walls
 To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet pass'd away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer wou'd I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart ;
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

'TIS night ; and on the hill of storms
 Alone doth Colma stray ;
 While round her shriek fantastic forms
 Of ghosts, that hate the day.

O'er rocks the torrent roars amain,
 The whirlwind's voice is high :
 To save her from the wind and rain,
 No friendly shelter nigh !

Rise, moon ! kind stars, appear a while,
 And guide me to the place ;

Where rests my love, o'ercome with toil,
And wearied with the chace.

Some light ! direct me, helpless maid !

Where, sitting on the ground,
His bow unstrung is near him laid,
His panting dogs around.

Else by the rock, the stream beside,
I here must sit me down ;
While howls the wind, and roars the tide,
My lover's call to drown.

Ah ! why, my Salgar, this delay ?
Where stray thy ling'ring feet ?
Didst thou not promise in the day
Thy love at night to meet ?

Here is the rock, and here the tree ;
Thine own appointed spot :
Thy promise canst thou break with me ?
And is my love forgot ?

For thee I'd dare my brother's pride ;
My father's house wou'd fly :
For thee forsake my mother's side ;
With thee to live and die.

Kind moon ! thou giv'st a friendly light ;
And, lo ! the glassy stream,
And the grey rocks, through dusky night,
Reflect thy silver beam.

Yet I descry not Salgar's form ;
No dogs before him run.——
Shall I not perish by the storm,
Before to-morrow's sun ?

But what behold I on the heath ?
My love ! my brother ! laid ——
O speak, my friends ! nor hold your breath,
T' affright a trembling maid.

They answer not—they sleep—they're dead—

Alas ! the horrid fight ——

Here lie their angry swords, still red

And bleeding from the fight.

Ah ! wherefore lies, by Salgar slain,

My brother, bleeding here ?

Why Salgar murder'd on the plain,

By one to me so near ?

Friends of my choice ! how lov'd were both !

Who now your fame shall raise ?

Who sing my lover's plighted troth ?

My brother's song of praise ?

Of thousands lovely, Salgar's face

Was loveliest to the fight :

Renown'd my brother for the chase,

And terrible in fight.

Sons of my love ! speak, once again ——

Ah no !——to death a prey,

Silent they are, and must remain ;

For cold their breasts of clay.

Now raise, ye friends of these the dead,

On this sad spot their tomb ;

But close not up their narrow bed,

Till hapless Colma come.

For why behind them shou'd I stay,

Whose life is now a dream ?

Together here our corse lay

Beside the murm'ring stream.

So shall my shiv'ring ghost be seen,

Lamenting o'er the slain,

As homeward hies the hunter keen,

Benighted on the plain.

Yet shall he, fearless, pass along,

And lend his list'ning ear :

For sweet, tho' sad, shall be my song,

For friends I lov'd so dear.

WHY steals from my bosom the sigh?
 Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?
 Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
 To banish my cares with the sound.

'Twas taught by Lavinia's sweet smile,
 In the mirth-loving chorus to join:
 Ah me! how unweeting the while!
 Lavinia—can never be mine!

Another, more happy, the maid
 By fortune is destin'd to bless;
 Tho' the hope has forsook that betray'd,
 Yet why shou'd I love her the less?

Her beauties are bright as the morn;
 With rapture I counted them o'er:
 Such virtues those beauties adorn;
 I knew her, and prais'd them no more.

But why of her charms shou'd I tell,
 Ah me! whom her charms have undone?
 Yet I love the reflection too well,
 The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
 Who feast not on pleasure alone,
 Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
 To the sons of the world still unknown;

Ye know, tho' I cannot express,
 Why I foolishly doat on my pain;
 Nor will ye believe it the less,
 That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh;
 My friends the soft sadness condemn;
 Yet, methinks, tho' I cannot tell why,
 I shou'd hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn,
 Methought all the region look'd bright:
 Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
 For, methinks, I grow sad at the sight.

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
 There was mirth in the gurgling soft sound ;
 But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
 And the banks are all gloomy around !

I have laugh'd at the jest of a friend ;
 Now they laugh, and I know not the cause ;
 Tho' I seem with my looks to attend,
 How silly ! I ask what it was.

They sing the sweet song of the May ;
 They sing it with mirth and with glee :
 Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
 But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh ! give me the dubious light
 That gleams through the quivering shade ;
 Oh ! give me the horrors of night,
 By gloom and by silence array'd !

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
 Has pictur'd the moon on its breast ;
 Let me walk where the new-cover'd grave
 Allows the pale lover to rest !

When shall I in its peaceable womb
 Be laid with my sorrows asleep !
 Shou'd Lavinia but chance on my tomb—
 I cou'd die if I thought she wou'd weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
 Revisit these mansions of care,
 It may be my favourite trust,
 To watch o'er the fate of the fair :

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
 With rapture more favour'd to warm ;
 Perhaps, if with sorrow oppress'd,
 Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then ! then ! in the tenderest part,
 May I whisper, Poor Colin was true ;
 And mark if a heave of her heart
 The thought of her Colin pursue.

PASSIONATE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

SOFT invader of my soul,
 Love! who can thy pow'r controul?
 All that haunt earth, air, and sea,
 Own thy force, and bow to thee.

All the dear enchanting day,
 Celia steals my heart away;
 All the tedious lonely night,
 Celia swims before my sight.

All that temptingly beguiles,
 Sparkling eyes, and dimpling smiles;
 Every charm, and every grace,
 Shine in Celia's beauteous face.

Open, gen'rous, free from art,
 Virtue reigns within her heart;
 Modesty and truth combin'd,
 Suit her person to her mind.

Happy, happy were the swain,
 Who might such a prize obtain;
 Other joys he need not prove,
 Blest enough in Celia's love.

DELIA's smile is wealth to me,
 Wealth and rank and ancestry;
 She the noblest lineage proves,
 Sister of a thousand loves!

Eyes that languish, heart that glows,
 All the science Delia knows!
 Charms like these cou'd learning give?
 Love with wit can never live.

The kiss, the sigh, the tender look,
 Our language—all from nature's book !
 Our studies only to impart
 Mutual pleasures to the heart.

Her voice the soul's soft music plays;
 In one sweet word a thousand says :
 Her face, a flow'r of vernal morn,
 That opens, and a smile is born.

The regions of her beauteous breast
 Seem of two gentle souls possess'd :
 Advancing now with fond desire,
 They now with modesty retire.

OH that I were the new-blown flow'r,
 Which, in the morn, fair Polly crops,
 And on her breast spends ev'ry hour,
 'Till its delightful blossom drops.

Oh that I were the gentle breeze,
 Which cools her cheeks and waves her hair ;
 Which, for her charms, expires at ease,
 In spite of jealous Flora's care.

Oh that I were the warbling bird,
 Whose songs bright Polly sweetly loves ;
 Whose sweet harmonious notes, preferr'd,
 Make her forget to leave the groves.

Oh that I were the fountain clear,
 Which, when the sun displays his light,
 Receives, with joy, my lovely fair,
 Who seems, like Venus, ever bright.

Oh, gods ! were I that crystal stream,
 Soon wou'd my glowing waves inspire—
 Pardon, my love, my ardent flame,
 I wou'd be all that you desire.

WHEN

WHEN midnight reigns, old Care gives place
 In other breasts to rich repose ;
 The fiend from mine no pow'r can chace,
 Love and Matilda still my foes.

At morn, when Phœbus' rising ray
 Repels the sombre shades of night,
 Anguish inspires my love-lorn lay,
 And dims with tears my sick'ning sight.

At noon, amid the solar shine,
 'Tis anguish still that smites the lyre ;
 At evening, tho' the sun declines,
 She with the sun will not retire.

Alike to me or sun or shade,
 Or morn or eve, or noon or night ;
 By doubts depress'd, by fears dismay'd,
 I dread the dark, I loath the light.

Then hasten, hasten, gentle death ;
 O speed me to thy long repose !
 Gladly shall I resign my breath,
 Love and Matilda still my foes.

TO him that in an hour must die,
 Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
 Than slow the minutes seem to me,
 Which keep me from the sight of thee.

No more that trembling wretch wou'd give
 Another day or year to live,
 Than I to shorten what remains
 Of that long hour which thee detains.

O come to my impatient arms !
 O come, with all thy heav'nly charms !
 At once to justify and pay
 The pain I feel from this delay.

THE heavy hours are almost past
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you, in every look, declare
 Your heart is still the same ?
 And heal each idly anxious care
 Our fears in absence frame ?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
 When shortly we shall meet ;
 And try what yet remains, between,
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind,
 Shall false and groundless prove ;
 If I am doom'd, at length, to find
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of Venus ask is this,
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,
 To die, and think you mine.

GO, plaintive sounds ! and to the fair
 My secret wounds impart ;
 Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
 Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is list'ning now
 To some enchanting strain ;
 The smile that triumphs o'er her brow,
 Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds ! yet, yet delay,
 Howe'er my love repine ;
 Let that gay minute pass away,
 The next, perhaps, is thine.

Yes,

Yes, plaintive sounds ! no longer crost,
 Your griefs shall soon be o'er ;
 Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost
 The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds ! she now is yours ;
 'Tis now your time to move :
 Essay to soften all her pow'rs,
 And be that softness love.

Cease, plaintive sounds ! your task is done ;
 That anxious tender air
 Proves o'er her heart the conquest won ;
 I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles ! return again ;
 Return, each sprightly grace !
 I yield up to your charming reign
 All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amiss,
 Rove where they will, her eyes ;
 Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
 So she but hear my sighs.

IF ever thou didst joy to bind
 Two hearts in equal passion join'd,
 O son of Venus ! hear me now,
 And bid Florella bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me
 Thou in the leaves of fate should'st see ;
 If any white propitious hour,
 Pregnant with hoarded joys in store ;

Now, now the mighty treasure give,
 In her for whom alone I live :
 In sterling love pay all the sum,
 And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms,
 Yield her, relenting, to my arms :

Her

Her bosom touch with soft desires,
And let her feel what she inspires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain ;
If still with cold averted eyes
She dash my hopes, and scorn my sighs ;

O grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she !
But still with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish ;
Think not time can heal my anguish ;
Pity the woes which I endure ;
But never, never grant a cure.

WHEN first upon your tender cheek
I saw the morn of beauty break
With mild and cheering beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine ;
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
For beauty's boundless empire born,
And first confess'd your sway ;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Cou'd learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of ev'ry grace,
And gaz'd upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze ;
And fondly bless'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence cou'd harm
The peace of future days.

But now, despotic, o'er the plains,
The awful noon of beauty reigns,

And

And kneeling crowds adore :
 These charms arise too fiercely bright ;
 Danger and death attend the sight,
 And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising god of day
 Their early vows the Persians pay,
 And bless the spreading fire,
 Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
 Pours on their heads the burning noon ;
 They sicken and expire.

HOW oft, Louisa, hast thou said
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
 Thou wou'd'st not lose Anthonio's love,
 To reign the partner of a throne ?

And by those lips that spoke so kind ;
 And by this hand I press'd to mine ;
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I wou'd not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms cou'd not buy ?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen ;
 And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroul'd in mutual blefs,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

HAIL to the myrtle shade !
 All hail to the nymphs of the fields !
 Kings wou'd not here invade
 The pleasure that virtue yields.
 Beauty here opens her arms,
 To soften the languishing mind,
 And Phillis unlocks her charms :
 Ah Phillis ! oh why so unkind !

Phillis,

Phillis, thou soul of love!

Thou joy of the neighbouring swains!

Phillis, that crowns the grove,

And Phillis that gilds the plains:

Phillis, that ne'er had the skill

To paint, to patch, and be fine;

Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,

Whom nature hath made divine.

Phillis, whose charming song

Makes labour and pain a delight;

Phillis, that makes the day young,

And shortens the live-long night:

Phillis, whose lips like May

Still laugh at the sweets they bring;

Where love never knows decay,

But sits with eternal spring.

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?

Can silent glens have charms for thee,

The lowly cot and ruffet gown?

No longer drest in filken sheen,

No longer deck'd with jewels rare;

Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,

Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,

Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?

Say, canst thou face the parching ray,

Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien

Extremes of hardship learn to bear;

Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,

Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,

Through perils keen with me to go?

Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,

To share with him the pangs of wo?

Say,

Say, shou'd disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
 Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,
 When the dawn prevails on high,
 When, anon, some purple ray,
 Gives a sample of the day,
 When, anon, the lark on wing,
 Strives to soar, and strains to sing?

Have ye seen th' ethereal blue,
 Gently shedding silv'ry dew,
 Spangling o'er the silent green;
 While the nightingale, unseen,
 To the moon and stars full bright,
 Lonesome chants the hymn of night?

Have ye seen the broider'd May,
 All her scented bloom display;
 Breezes op'ning, ev'ry hour,
 This and that expecting flow'r;
 While the mingling birds prolong,
 From each bush, the vernal song?

Have ye seen the damask rose
 Her unsully'd blush disclose;
 Or the lily's dewy bell,
 In her glossy white excel;
 Or a garden vary'd o'er
 With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,
 Morning, evening, night, or day ;
 By the pleasures these excite,
 Endless sources of delight !
 Judge by them the joys I find,
 Since my Rosalind was kind ;
 Since she did herself resign
 To my vows, for ever mine.

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
 I bow before thine altar, Love ;
 I feel the soft resistless flame
 Glide swift through all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows ;
 Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
 And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing numbers to complain ;
 My tongue some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

SWEET are the banks when spring perfumes
 The verdant plants and laughing flow'rs ;
 Fragrant the violet as it blooms,
 And sweet the blossoms after show'rs ;
 Sweet is the soft, the sunny breeze,
 That fans the golden orange-grove ;
 But oh ! how sweeter far than these
 The kisses are of her I love,

Ye roses ! blushing in your beds,
 That with your odours scent the air ;
 Ye lilies chaste ! with silver heads,
 As my Cleora's bosom fair ;
 No more I court your balmy sweets :
 For I, and I alone, can prove,
 How sweeter, when each other meets,
 The kisses are of her I love.

Her tempting eyes my gaze inclin'd,
 Their pleasing lesson first I caught ;
 Her sense, her friendship, next confin'd
 The willing pupil she had taught.
 Shou'd fortune, stooping from the sky,
 Conduct me to her bright alcove ;
 Yet, like the turtle, I shou'd die,
 Denied the kifs of her I love.

Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when, and tell me where ;
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When we thus shall meet again ?
 When shall Strephon fondly see
 Beauties only found in thee ?
 Kifs thee, press thee, toy and play,
 All the happy live-long day.
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when, and tell me where ?

All the happy day, 'tis true,
 Bless'd, but only when with you ;
 Nightly Strephon sings alone,
 Sighs till Hymen makes us one.
 Tell me then, and ease my pain ;
 Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
 When the priest shall kindly join
 Kitty's trembling hand to mine ?
 Dearest Kitty, kind and fair,
 Tell me when—I care not where.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes, she did enslave me :
 But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart wou'd break
 Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Wounding pleasures, killing blisses ;
 She can dress her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses.
 Angels listen when she speaks ;
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
 But my jealous heart wou'd break
 Shou'd we live one day asunder.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover ;
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender glance, the redning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heav'nly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatally beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee ;
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then

Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heav'n.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my strain ;
 Amongst all your number a lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine :
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath ;
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies ;
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs.
 A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears :
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
 The fair sleeps in peace ; may she ever do so !
 And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire ;
 Nor think she shou'd love whom she cannot admire :
 Hush all thy complaining ; and, dying her slave,
 Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

PErhaps it is not love, said I,
 That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh :
 Where wit and sense like her's agree,
 One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
 It needs no lover's eye to find ;
 The hermit freezing in his cell
 Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love——averse to bear
 The servile chain that lovers wear,
 Let, let me all my fears remove,
 My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh ! when did wit so brightly shine
 In any form less fair than thine ?
 It is—it is love's subtle fire,
 And under friendship lurks desire.

BLOW, blow, thou summer's breeze,
 O gently fan the trees,
 That form yon fragrant bow'r ;
 Where Anna, loveliest maid !
 On nature's carpet laid,
 Enjoys the ev'ning hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
 The beetle, bat, and owl,
 The hagworm, newt, and toad ;
 But fairy elves, unseen,
 May gambol o'er the green,
 And circle her abode.

Shed, shed thy sweetest beams,
 In party-colour'd streams,
 Thou fount of heat and light :
 No, no ; withdraw thy ray ;
 Her eyes diffuse a day
 As kind, as warm, as bright.

Breathe, breathe thy incense, May ;
 Ye flow'rs, your homage pay,
 To one more fair and sweet :

Ye op'ning rose-buds, shed
Your fragrance round her head ;
Ye lilies, kiss her feet.

Flow, flow, thou crystal rill,
With tinkling gurgles fill
The mazes of the grove :
And shou'd thy murm'ring stream
Invite my love to dream,
O may she dream of love.

Sing, sing, ye feather'd choir,
And melt to fond desire
Her too obdurate breast :
Then, in that tender hour,
I'll steal into the bow'r
And teach her to be blest.

'TIS not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight ;
Nor those fair heav'nly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light :
'Tis not that hair which plays with ev'ry wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face ;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new-shorn sheep, equal and fair ;
Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile cou'd e'er compare :
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love ;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor aught below, nor aught above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh-blown rose, and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought :

But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
 So kindly answering my desire ;
 That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
 That thus have set my soul on fire.

WHEN charming Teraminta sings,
 Each new air new passion brings :
 Now I resolve, and now I fear ;
 Now I triumph, now despair :
 Frolic now, now faint I grow ;
 Now I freeze, and now I glow.
 The panting zephyrs round her play,
 And trembling on her lips wou'd stay ;
 Now wou'd listen, now wou'd kiss,
 Trembling with divided blifs ;
 Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
 And in low pleasing murmurs die.
 Nor do I ask that she wou'd give,
 By some new note, the pow'r to live ;
 I wou'd, expiring with the sound,
 Die on the lips that gave the wound.

ADIEU, ye streams, that smoothly flow ;
 Ye vernal airs, that softly blow ;
 Ye plains, by blooming spring array'd ;
 Ye birds, that warble through the shade :
 Unhurt from you my soul cou'd fly,
 Nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh ;
 But, forc'd from Delia's charms to part,
 All joy deserts my drooping heart.
 O fairer than the dewy morn,
 When flow'rs the verdant fields adorn ;
 Unfollied as the genial ray,
 That warms the balmy breeze of May,

Thy charms divinely bright appear,
 And add new splendour to the year;
 Improve the day with fresh delight,
 And gild with joy the dreary night.

THO' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere;
 I'll toast her in a bumper,
 If all the belles were here.

What tho' no diamonds sparkle
 Around her neck and waist,
 With ev'ry shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modest, plain apparel;
 No patches, paint, nor airs;
 In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears.

From gay coquettes, high-finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules;
 Nor envies them their conquests,
 The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own;
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one.

Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
 The gifts you most approve;
 And Chloe, charming Chloe!
 Will bless me with her love.

BY Love too long depriv'd of rest,
 Fell tyrant of the human breast!
 His vassal long, and worn with pain,
 Indignant late I spurn'd the chain.

In

In verse, in prose, I sung and swore
 No charms shou'd e'er enslave me more ;
 Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
 Again shou'd force one tender sigh.

Then freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
 With freedom's praise the valleys rung,
 And every night, and every day,
 My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay :
 " My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
 " My breast regains its wonted peace;
 " And joy and hope returning prove,
 " That reason is too strong for love."

Such was my boast ; but, ah how vain !
 How short was reason's vaunted reign !
 The firm resolve I form'd a while,
 How weak, oppos'd to Clara's smile !
 Chang'd is the strain ; the valleys round
 With freedom's praise no more resound ;
 But every night and every day,
 My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
 Are dress'd in all the pride of May ;
 The birds around in every vale,
 Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.

But, ah ! Miranda, without thee,
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me !
 All lonely in the secret shade,
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid !

O soft as love ! as honour fair !
 More gently sweet than vernal air ;
 Come to my arms, for you alone
 Can all my anguish past atone !

O come ! and to my bleeding heart
 Th' ambrosial balm of love impart !
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring.

IF wine and music have the pow'r
 To ease the sickness of the soul,
 Let Phœbus every string explore,
 And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
 Let them their friendly aid employ
 To make my Chloe's absence light,
 And seek for pleasure, to destroy
 The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she to-morrow will return :
 Venus, be thou to-morrow great ;
 Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn,
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
 Kind goddesses ! to no other pow'rs
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own ;
 The darling loves shall guide the hours,
 And all the day be thine alone.

THE topfails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea ;
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.
 Shou'd landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales !
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales :
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves ;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves :
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These

These are our cares : but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'r of France and Spain.
 Now England's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu !

AH me ! how heavy, and how slow,
 Does the dull vessel move !
 Blow, blow, ye gentle breezes, blow,
 And bear me to my love.
 Absent from her my soul esteems
 'Bove all on earth that's dear ;
 How long each tedious minute seems
 That keeps me ling'ring here !

Blow, blow, ye gentle breezes, then,
 That curl the waving sea ;
 O blow ! and bear me home again
 To her so dear to me.
 Alas ! nor blows the fresh'ning gales,
 Nor curls the waving sea ;
 Anxious I view the slack'ned sails ;
 My Delia's far from me !

When shall we, Delia, meet again ?
 The thought my bosom warms :
 Blow fresher yet, ye breezes, then,
 And bear me to her arms.
 But tedious tho' my time now move,
 Yet when again we meet,
 Delia, with smiles, will crown my love,
 And make my joy complete.

COME all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled,
 By cruel beauty's pride ;
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrow's hide :

But

But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love ;
And see, when your complaints you join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrows knew ;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew :
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as heav'n, whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

WHEN your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky ;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye !
But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart ;
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein ;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart ;
Then I know you're a woman again.
There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she reply'd,
And thus, might I gratify both, wou'd I do ;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But yet be a woman to you.

TELL me not I my time mispend,
'Tis time lost to reprove me ;
Pursue thou thine, I have my end,
So Chloris only love me.

Tell me not others flocks are full,
Mine poor ; let them despise me

I

M

Who

Who more abound in milk and wool,
So Chloris only prize me.

Tire others easier ears with these
Unappertaining stories ;
He never feels the worlds disease
Who cares not for her glories.

For pity, thou that wiser art,
Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone with my own heart,
And I'll ne'er envy thine.

Nor blame him, who'er blames my wit,
That seeks no higher prize,
Than in unenvy'd shades to sit,
And sing of Chloris' eyes.

COME Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure girl never gave ;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have ?
I'm not to be flinted in pleasure,
Then, pray thee, my charmer, be kind ;
For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flow'rs that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks that on Tempé are straying,
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields ;
Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore ;
When so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be craving for more,

To a heart full of love let me hold thee ;
To a heart which, dear Chloe, is thine :
With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy limbs like a vine.

What

What joy can be greater than this is !

My life on thy lips shall be spent ;
But the wretch that can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

WHILE in the bow'r with beauty blest

The lov'd Amintor lies ;
While sinking on Zelinda's breast
He fondly kiss'd her eyes ;

A waking nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song
And warbling through the glade.

Melodious songstrefs, cried the swain,
To shades less happy go ;
Or if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear thy tuneful wo.

While in Zelinda's arms I lie,
To song I am not free ;
On her soft bosom while I sigh,
I discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect joys ;
Then cease thy fond intrusion ;
Be silent, music now is noise,
Variety confusion.

FAIR and soft, and gay and young,
All charm ! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung ;
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care cou'd guard the lover's heart.
Ah ! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone)
Was so much sweetness made for one ?

But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care :
 She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
 Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
 My joys cou'd but be known by guess !
 Ah fool ! said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew ;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once cou'd faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me :
 He, too, will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-long summer's day,
 Till we were almost spoil'd,
 At making of the hay.
 Her kerchy was of holland clear,
 Ty'd to her bonny brow :
 I whisper'd something in her ear ;
 But what is that to you ?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
 And tight as ony filk ;
 O, sic a leg was never seen !
 Her skin was white as milk.
 Her hair was black as ane cou'd wish ;
 And sweet, sweet was her mou !
 Ah ! Jeany daintily can kiss ;
 But what is that to you ?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair :
 There is nae benison like mine,
 I have amais't nae care.

But

But when another swain, my fair,
 Shall say you're fair to view ;
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
 Pray what is that to you ?

O Lovely maid, how dear thy pow'r !
 At once I love, at once adore :
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine :
 These eyes with Strephon's passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine ;
 Poor as it is, this heart of mine
 Was never in another's pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by love before.
 In thee I've treasur'd up my joy ;
 Thou canst give bliss, or bliss destroy :
 And thus I've bound myself to love,
 While bliss or misery can move.

Oh, shou'd I ne'er possess thy charms !
 Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms !
 Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone,
 Still wou'd I love, love thee alone :
 But, like some discontented shade,
 That wanders where its body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
 For ever exil'd from my fair.

THoughtless of all but love and you,
 From place to place I range ;
 But still no happiness I know,
 Nor pleasure, by the change.

The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,
 The plain, the shady grove,
 Alike to me, no pleasure yield,
 When absent from my love.

Yet if my Delia but appears,
 How chang'd is all the scene !
 Nature a gayer liv'ry wears,
 And I forget my pain,

The murm'ring stream, the fruitful field,
 The plain, the shady grove,
 Alike to me, all pleasure yield,
 When blest with her I love.

JENNY is a charming creature,
 Rich in all the gifts of nature :
 Had she those of fortune too,
 Powder'd slaves wou'd then attend her ;
 She might sigh in state and splendour,
 With a wretchedness in view.

But since Jenny has no dower,
 Some poor bee shall sip the flower,
 Butterflies still soar above :
 Corydon with joy shall take her,
 And shall reap, from one small acre,
 More content than landlords prove.

Since, gallants, 'tis gold must win ye,
 And the most deserving Jenny
 Wants the reconciling pence ;
 Call not fortune blind, nor Cupid :
 Sparks are selfish, false, and stupid ;
 Merit is above their sense.

CUPID, god of love and joy,
 Wanton rosy-winged boy,

Guard

Guard her heart from all alarms,
 Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
 Blushing, panting, to my arms.

All the heav'n I ask below,
 Is to use thy darts and bow ;
 Cou'd I have them in my pow'r,
 One sweet smiling happy hour,
 One sweet woman I'd secure.

She's the first which Venus made,
 With her graces full array'd :
 When she treads the velvet ground,
 We feel the zone with which she's bound ;
 All is paradise around.

THE nymph whom I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
 And sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May ;
 Her temper was smooth as the down on the doves,
 And her face was as fair as the mother of love's :
 Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds
 And receives gentle odours from flowery beds ;
 Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
 And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,
 And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow ;
 As clear as the stream, and as deep as the flood ;
 She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good :
 The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
 She cull'd, as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r ;
 Which, treasur'd for me, O how happy was I !
 For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
 I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
 I dwell on her praises wherever I go ;
 They say I'm in love ; but I answer, No, no.

At

At ev'ning, oft-times, with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !
 But say not 'tis love ; for I answer, No, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;
 Again, I cry, Jenny ; sweet Jenny, again.
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I cou'd grow :
 But say not 'tis love ; for I answer, No, no.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee :
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
 My shoulder she taps, and she bids me think so ;
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no.

Shou'd prudence advise or compel me to fly
 From such beauty and wit, how shou'd I comply ?
 Thy bounty, O fortune ! haste then to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

NO more, ye swains, no more upbraid.
 A youth by love unhappy made :
 Your rural sports are all in vain,
 To soothe my care, or ease my pain :
 Nor shade of trees, nor sweets of flow'rs,
 Can e'er redeem my happy hours :
 When ease forsakes the tortur'd mind,
 What pleasure can a lover find ?

Yet, if again you wish to see
 Your Damon still restor'd and free,
 Go try to move the cruel fair,
 And gain the scornful Celia's ear.
 But, oh ! forbear with too much art
 To touch that dear relentless heart,
 Left rivals to my tears you prove,
 And jealousy succeed to love.

SINCE

SINCE Emma caught my roving eye,
 Since Emma fix'd my wav'ring heart,
 I long to smile, I scorn to sigh,

But nature triumphs over art.
 If such the hapless moments prove,
 Ah! who wou'd give his heart to love?

If frowns and sighs, and cold disdain,

Be meet return for love like mine;

If cruel Emma scoffs my pain,

And archly wonders why I pine:

If such, &c.

But shou'd the lovely girl relent;

Oh!—when I wish, and sigh, and vow,

Shou'd she, with blushes, smile consent,

And heart for heart, well pleas'd, bestow;

Shou'd such the blissful moments prove,

Who wou'd not give his heart to love?

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,

Believe the heart you've won;

Believe my vows to you sincere,

Or, Peggy, I'm undone.

You say I'm fickle, apt to change

At ev'ry face that's new;

Of all the girls I ever saw

I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was once a flake of ice,

Till thaw'd by your bright eyes;

Then warm'd and kindled in a trice

A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, and you'll find

A heart that's kind and true;

Of all the girls I ever saw,

I ne'er lov'd one like you.

NOT

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
 Which no real joys impart ;
 Nor on heaps of sordid treasure
 Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
 Did the fickle wand'rer bind ;
 Not her form, the boast of nature ;
 'Twas alone her spotless mind.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

Take, ye swains, the real blessing,
 That will joys for life ensure ;
 The virtuous mind alone possessing,
 Will your lasting bliss secure.
 Not on beauty's, &c.

ON pleasure's smooth wing how old time steals away,
 Ere love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray :
 My days, O ye swains ! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night :
 No care found a place in my cottage or breast,
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart cou'd ensnare,
 With voice, or with feature, with dress, or with air ;
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed the dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets without feeling the smart :
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee ;
 But still all my song was, I'll ever be free.

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield ;
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight ;
 If the nightingale sung, I cou'd listen all night ;
 With my reed I cou'd pipe to the tune of the stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas, what a change ! and how wretched am I !
 Adieu

Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade ;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade ;
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see ;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me :
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart :
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fixt on thee ;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggie, if thou die.

Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love so true to me ;
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray ;
 In dreary dreams the nights I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfections see ;
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my breast
 With Cupid's raving rage ;
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.

'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
 Gave joy to life and me ;
 And when its destin'd day is done,
 With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love,
 And in such pleasures share ;
 You, who its faithful flames approve,
 With pity view the fair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
 Those charms so dear to me ;
 Oh, never rob them from those arms,
 I'm lost if Peggy die.

WHILST a captive to your charms,
 I enfold you in my arms ;
 When I sigh, and swear I'm true—
 Think I love no girl but you.

When I say your face is fair,
 And all of you beyond compare ;
 Praise your mind and temper too—
 Love but him who loves but you.

Whilst I doat upon you more
 Than shepherd did on nymph before,
 Can you bid the world adieu ?
 Can you love as I love you ?

O'er lands and waves with you I'll fly,
 With you I'll live, with you I'll die ;
 Whate'er you'll have of me I'll do :
 Then think I none can love but you.

Whilst I breathe my ardent flame,
 Has your bosom caught the same ?
 Let me have, dear girl, my due ;
 Love him then, who loves but you.

Sweet your look, and fond your sigh,
 To my wishes now comply :
 Hymen claims to-day his due ;
 Love me then, as I love you.

Ah,

AH, dear Marcella ! maid divine,
 No more will I at fate repine,
 If I this day behold thee mine ;
 For dearly do I love thee.

Thy ease shall be my sweet employ,
 My constant care, my ev'ry joy :
 May then no chance my hopes destroy ;
 For dearly do I love thee.

Sweet is the woodbine to the bee,
 The rising sun to ev'ry tree :
 But sweeter far art thou to me ;
 For dearly do I love thee.

And let me but behold thee mine,
 No more will I at fate repine ;
 But while I live, thou maid divine !
 With rapture will I love thee.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient through the sky
 To nurse her callow brood.
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms,
 And sickens for her darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness, with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires ;
 Now forc'd to leave the fair behind,
 The queen of my desires.
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
 For heaven and joy divine ;

The faint is not with rapture fir'd
 More pure, more warm, than mine.
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me !
 And yet, I'll swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel ;
 'Tis not her shape, for their the fates
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common ;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman.
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;
 'Twas both, perhaps, or neither :
 In short, 'twas that provoking charm
 Of Celia altogether.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Celia, who can paint my bliss ?
 Who the transports I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss ?
 Ev'ry look with love inspires me ;
 Ev'ry touch my bosom warms ;
 Ev'ry melting transport fires me ;
 Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.
 Those dear eyes, how soft they languish !
 Feel my heart with raptures beat ;
 Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
 When the transport is so great.

Look not so divinely on me ;
 Celia, I shall die with bliss :
 Yet ! yet ! turn those eyes upon me ;
 Who'd not die a death like this ?

WHY shou'd I now, my love, complain,
 That toil awaits thy cheerful swain ;
 Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
 Which lazy splendour never knows ?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
 The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth ;
 And spreads those blushes o'er the face,
 Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of drefs, the pomp of show,
 Are trappings, oft, that cover wo ;
 But we, whose wishes never roam,
 Shall taste of real joys at home.

HOW oft, my Clara, hast thou said,
 (The fondness of the heart to prove),
 That Strephon was thy dearest friend,
 Nor wou'd'st thou seek another love.
 And by those lips that sweetly swore,
 And by those eyes that shine so bright,
 I ne'er lov'd woman so before ;
 For Clara is my soul's delight.

Then let me press those ruby lips,
 And on that lovely breast repose ;
 Exhaling fragrance from thy breath,
 Fragrance that far excels the rose.
 Thus let us spend the live-long day,
 And thus the tedious night beguile ;
 The cares of state I shall not feel,
 So Clara sing, and Clara smile.

MY roving heart has oft, with pride,
 Dissolv'd love's silken chains ;
 The wanton deity defy'd,
 And scorn'd his sharpest pains.

But from thy form, resistless, stream
 Such charms as must controul ;
 In thee the fairest features beam,
 The noblest, brightest soul.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,
 Life's sand unheeded runs ;
 With thee I'd hail the rising ray,
 And talk down summer-suns.

Our loves congenial still the same,
 With equal force shall shine ;
 No cloy'd desires shall damp the flame
 Which friendship will refine.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am,
 Or truer than the rest ;
 For I wou'd change each hour, like them,
 Were it my interest.

But I'm so fix'd alone to thee
 By every thought I have,
 That shou'd you now my heart set free,
 'Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
 In thy dear self I find ;
 For the whole sex can but afford
 The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
 This constancy is due ;
 When change itself can give no more,
 'Tis easy to be true.

THE fragrant lily of the vale,
 So elegantly fair ;
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare.
 What though on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide ?
 Its sweetness far outvies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain :
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain.
 See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head ;
 And, to preserve the charming flow'r,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace !
 Enraptur'd, how its owner stands
 To view its lovely face !
 But pray, my Chloe, now observe
 The inference of my tale ;
 May I the florist be, and thou
 The lily of the vale.

WHY, cruel creature ! why so bent
 To vex a tender heart ?
 To gold and title you relent ;
 Love throws in vain his dart.
 Let glitt'ring fools in courts be great,
 For pay let armies move ;
 Beauty shou'd have no other bait
 But gentle vows and love.
 If on those endless charms you lay
 The value that's their due ;
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
 A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
 Without disguise or art ;
 Ah, Celia ! if true love's your price,
 Behold it in my heart.

TELL me, Delia, charming fair !
 Why I hope, or why despair ?
 Why I'm blest when thou art by,
 Or, whilst absent, steals the sigh ?
 Ease my breast, my doubts remove ;
 Is it friendship ? is it love ?

Friendship's privilege I claim,
 But I fear the lover's name ;
 Age and fortune both conspire
 To suppress each fond desire ;
 Reason too (but reason's vain)
 Bids me be myself again.

Still I struggle, still pursue
 Restless cares, and all for you :
 Then tell me, Delia, lovely fair !
 Why I hope, or why despair ?
 Thou canst each fond doubt remove ;
 Is it friendship ? is it love ?

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
 Ah me ! what meant my throbbing breast ?
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest,

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
 Tho' hopeless of a warm return ;
 Yet kill me not with cold despair,
 But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create ;
 And tho' you cannot love again,
 In pity, ah ! forbear to hate.

WHILST

WHILST on forbidden fruit I gaze,
 And look my heart away ;
 Behold my star of Venus blaze,
 And rise upon the day :
 Fair as the purple-blushing hours,
 That paint the morning eye ;
 Or cheek of ev'ning after show'rs,
 That flush the western sky.

I send a sigh with ev'ry glance,
 And drop a softer tear ;
 Hard fate ! no farther to advance,
 And yet to be so near :
 So Moses, from fair Pysga's height,
 The land of Canaan ey'd ;
 Survey'd the region of delight,
 He saw, came down, and dy'd.

THERE is one dark and fullen hour,
 Which fate decrees our lives shou'd know ;
 Else we shou'd slight th' Almighty pow'r,
 Wrapt in the joys we find below :
 'Tis past, dear Cynthia, now let frowns be gone ;
 A long, long penance I have done
 For crimes, alas ! to me unknown.

In each soft hour of silent night
 Your image in my dream appears ;
 I grasp the soul of my delight,
 Slumber in joys, but wake in tears :
 Ah ! faithless, charming faint, what will you do ?
 Let me not think I am, by you,
 Lov'd less for being true.

ASK not the cause why fullen spring
 So long delays her flow'rs to bear ;
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter-storms invert the year ?

Chloris

Chloris is gone, and fate provides
To make it spring where she resides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair !

She cast not back her pitying eye ;
But left her lover in despair,

To sigh, to languish, and to die.
Ah ! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure ?

Great god of love ! why hast thou made
A face that can all hearts command,
That all religions can invade,
And change the laws of ev'ry land ?
Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
Thou shou'd'st have made her mercy more.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
Adoring crowds before her fall ;
She can restore the dead from tombs,
And ev'ry life but mine recal :
I only am by love design'd
To be the victim for mankind.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes :
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity, and distinguish me ;
As I from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your face for conquest was design'd,
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind :
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns, to hear you speak ;
But when at once they hear and view,
Are loth to mount, and long to stay with you.

No graces can your form improve ;
But all are lost, unless you love :

While

While that sweet passion you disdain,
 Your wit and beauty are in vain.
 In pity then prevent my fate ;
 For, after dying, all reprieve's too late.

WHerever I am, and whatever I do,
 My Phillis is still in my mind ;
 When angry, I mean not to Phillis to go,
 My feet of themselves the way find :
 Unknown to myself, I am just at her door ;
 And when I wou'd rail, I can bring out no more,
 Than, Phillis too fair and unkind !

When Phillis I see, my heart burns in my breast,
 And the love I wou'd stifle is shown ;
 But, asleep or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from mine eyes Phillis is gone.
 Sometimes a sweet dream doth delude my sad mind ;
 But, alas ! when I wake, and no Phillis I find,
 Then I sigh to myself all alone.

Shou'd a king be my rival in her I adore,
 He shou'd offer his treasure in vain :
 O let me alone to be happy and poor,
 And give me my Phillis again.
 Let Phillis be mine, and but ever be kind,
 I cou'd to a desert with her be confin'd,
 And envy no monarch his reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my love ;
 And she too well knows her own pow'r :
 She makes me each day a new martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each hour.
 But let her each minute torment my poor mind ;
 I had rather love Phillis, both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her pow'r.

TAKE, oh take ! my fears away,
 Which thy cold disdain has bred ;

And

And grant me one auspicious ray,
 From thy morn of beauties shed.
 But thy killing beams restrain,
 Lest I be by beauty slain.

Spread, oh spread ! those orient twins,
 Which thy snowy bosom grace ;
 Where love in milk and roses swims,
 Blind with lustre of thy face.
 But let love thaw 'em first, lest I
 Do on those frozen mountains die.

DEjected as true converts die,
 But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd ;
 So, fairest ! at your feet I lie,
 Of all my sex's faults ashamed.

Too long, alas ! have I defy'd
 The force of love's almighty flame ;
 And often did aloud deride
 His godhead, as an empty name.

But since so freely I confess
 A crime, which may your scorn produce,
 Allow me now to make it less
 By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue ;
 Variety was all my bliss :
 But, ignorant of love and you,
 How cou'd I choose but do amiss ?

If ever now my wand'ring eyes
 Search out temptation, as before ;
 If once I look, but to despise
 Their charms, and value your's the more ;

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faithless me ;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all, in losing thee.

SIGHING

Sighing and languishing I lay,
 A stranger grown to all delight ;
 Passing in tedious thoughts the day,
 And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
 Was how my constant love to hide ;
 And, ever drooping with despair,
 Neglected all the world beside.

'Till, like some angel from above,
 Your mercy came to my relief ;
 And then I found the joys of love
 Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
 Might fail, if you cou'd prove unjust ;
 But promises from heav'n and you,
 Who is so impious to mistrust ?

Here all my doubts and troubles end ;
 That tender sigh my soul assures ;
 Nor am I vain, since I depend,
 Not on my own desert, but your's.

WHEN Celia dwells on Florio's charms,
 Commends his rosy neck and arms,
 With gloomy spleen I swell ;
 My pallid cheeks and silent tears,
 Confus'd replies and anxious fears,
 Too plain my anguish tell.

But when, o'erpower'd by gen'rous wine,
 His odious arms thy waist entwine,
 With shame and rage I burn ;
 Yet still I cannot cease to love :
 Vouchsafe, dear nymph, my flame t' approve,
 My constancy return.

Thrice happy they whom love unites
 In mutual bonds, in pure delights,

Unbroken

Unbroken by complaints ;
 Whose blifs nor anxious care nor strife
 Disturbs their latest hours of life,
 Or happiness e'er taints.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from my soul doth rise,
 Requires a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath ;
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope that there
 It wou'd not wither'd be :
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design,
 To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em in wine:
 I try'd it ; but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, but still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my reason, intreated her aid ;
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance weigh'd ;
 Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, replied I, I've no need to be taught ;
 I came for your counsel, to find out a fault :
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came ;
 To find fault with Hebe wou'd forfeit my name.

What

What hopes, then, alas! of relief from my pain,
 While, like light'ning, she darts thro' each throbbing vein?
 My senses, surpriz'd, in her favour took arms;
 And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

EV'RY bliss that heav'n can give,
 With dear Myra is to live,
 Hear her talk, and see her smile,
 Fondly gazing all the while;
 Constantly with raptures trace
 Ev'ry charm of mind and grace;
 Snatch her to my glowing breast,
 When with tenderness oppress'd.
 Ev'ry bliss, &c.

But of these, if once depriv'd,
 Long, too long, I shall have liv'd:
 Frankly I'd resign my breath;
 Myra lost, is worse than death.
 Ev'ry bliss, &c.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more;
 I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
 I say to my heart, Be at rest, and believe,
 That whom once she has chosen she never will leave.

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace,
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
 My heart beats again; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
 But doubts, caus'd by passion, you never can blame;
 For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,
 Sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
 Richer sweets does she disclose.
 Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 Soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 Till in one short fatal hour
 She depriv'd my soul of rest.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 From whose shafts I bleed and burn!
 Teach, O teach, the maid to languish!
 Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
 From that torment in her breast,
 Soon to pity she'll incline;
 And, to give her bosom rest,
 Kindly heal the wound in mine.

I Die your victim, cruel fair,
 And die without reprieve;
 If you can think your slave can bear
 Your cruelty and live.

Since all my hopes of ease are vain,
 To die I now submit;
 And, that you may not think I feign,
 It must be at your feet.

Yet when my bleeding heart you view,
 Bright nymph, forbear to grieve;
 For I had rather die for you,
 Than for another live.

In death and dark oblivion's grave,
 Oh let me lie forlorn;
 For my poor ghost wou'd pine and rave,
 Shou'd you relent and mourn.

YE cheerful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess' mine bow'r ?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade ?
 For sure you know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-blown flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,
 Join'd with the lily as it blows,
 Where each in sweetness vie ;
 Like dew-drops glitt'ning in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles cheerful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam :
 Her heart is blither than her song ;
 Her passions gently move along
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 Who poorly satisfy our eyes
 More with your number than your light,
 Like common people of the skies ;
 What are you when the moon doth rise ?

You violets, that first appear,
 By your fine purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the rose is blown ?

You warbling chanters of the wood,
 Who fill our ears with nature's lays,
 Thinking your passion's understood
 By meaner accents : what's your praise,
 When Philomel her voice doth raise ?

You glorious trifles of the east,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,

Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glitt'ring gems; what is your praise
 When the bright di'mond shews his rays?

So when my princess shall be seen
 In beauty of her face and mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a queen;
 Tell me, if she were not design'd,
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

The rose, the vi'let, the whole spring,
 Unto her breath for sweetness run;
 The di'mond's darken'd in the ring;
 If she appears, the moon's undone,
 As in the presence of the sun.

Aspasia rolls her sparkling eyes,
 And ev'ry bosom feels her pow'r;
 The Indians thus view Phœbus rise,
 And gaze in rapture, and adore.
 Quick to the soul the piercing splendors dart,
 Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.

Aspasia speaks; the listening croud
 Drink in the sound with greedy ears;
 Mute are the giddy and the loud,
 And self-admiring folly hears.
 Her wit secures the conquests of her face;
 Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

Aspasia moves; her well-turn'd limbs
 Glide stately with harmonious ease;
 Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,
 Like a tall bark o'er summer-seas:
 'Twas thus Æneas knew the queen of love,
 Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.

But, ah! how cruel is my lot,
 To doat on one so heavenly fair?
 For in my humble state forgot,
 Each charm but adds to my despair.

The tuneful swan thus faintly warbling lies,
Looks on his mate, and while he sings he dies.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few ;
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold :
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear ;
And is not Flavia then sincere ?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress :
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear ;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains ;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

THE lovely Delia smiles again ;
That killing frown has left her brow :
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow ?

Love is an April's doubtful day :
A while we see the tempest low'r ;
Anon the radiant heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting show'r.

The flow'rs, that hung their languid head,
 Are burnish'd by the transient rains ;
 The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
 And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
 Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
 In ev'ry raptur'd note express
 The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green,
 In all the pride of dress and mien ;
 Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
 The lofty rival of the day ;
 Methinks, to my enchanted eye,
 The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the fair
 Assumes a soft engaging air ;
 Mild as the op'ning morn of May,
 And as the feather'd warblers gay :
 The scene improves where'er she goes,
 More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

O lovely maid ! propitious hear,
 Nor think thy Damon insincere.
 Pity my wild delusive flame :
 For tho' the flow'rs are still the same,
 To me they languish, or improve,
 And plainly tell me that I love.

THE fatal hours are wond'rous near,
 That, from these fountains, bear my dear ;
 A little space is given ; in vain :
 She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
 My boundless flame, my endless love ;

And,

And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the live-long day ;
No eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loit'ring aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux,
In radiant bands, my fair enclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shun'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'Tis more than death to part from thee?

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the
I vow'd to the muses my time and my care, (rill;
Since neither could win me the smiles of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue ;
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd!
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of nature the charms I pursue,
 I still must my Delia's dear image renew :
 The graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
 And the muses are all in alliance with love.

THE pang that wounds the tortur'd breast,
 No mortal can conceive,
 Since Sylvia first destroy'd my rest,
 And taught me how to grieve.

No gentle slumbers close my eyes,
 Or mitigate my pain ;
 The night is only spent in sighs,
 And lengthen'd to complain.

Oh ! Sylvia, hear a doating youth,
 And pity his distress ;
 Oh ! hear him swear eternal truth,
 And bid him suffer less.

Who can behold a face so fair,
 And still his heart maintain ?
 Th' unequal task let all declare,
 And own the effort vain.

Who can withstand the nameless charm
 That dwells in sense refin'd ?
 Or who resist the faultless form
 That views the spotless mind.

Resistless maid ! whom heav'n has blest,
 Your own perfections see ;
 Behold your pow'r o'er every breast,
 And learn to pity me.

WHEN Chloe try'd her virgin fires,
 And first her shafts let fly ;
 She fill'd my breast with vague desires—
 —I thought it was her eye.

When

When melting strains fell from her mouth,
Which gods might wish to sip;
When all was harmony and truth,
—I thought it was her lip.

But when she danc'd ! such air, such grace,
What mortal could escape ?
I look'd no longer on her face,
I swore it was her shape.

When seen by chance, her breast bespoke
The purity within;
Her snowy arm—her iv'ry neck—
—'Twas then her lovely skin.

Nor eye, nor shape, nor neck, nor face,
My bosom did enthrall;
—'Twas sense I found, the happy grace,
That gave a charm to all.

YE happy birds, that sport and sing
These verdant groves among,
While zephyrs, from their balmy wing,
Dispense the sweetest breath of spring,
To waft your warbled song.

No vows despis'd, no faithless lads,
Chill your ecstatic strain:
No;—ye were born the happiness
Of love to prove, and chaunt. Alas !
I only prove its pain.

ENdu'd with all that could adorn,
Or bless, the first and fairest born !
A soul, that looks superior down,
Let giddy fortune smile or frown;
With age's wisdom, not her years,
Stella, all excellence appears:

Then

Then who can blame me, if I blend
The name of lover with the friend ?

Like Noah's dove, my busy breast
Has rov'd to find a place of rest ;
Some faithful bosom, to repose,
And hush, the family of woes.
Then, do I dream ? or, have I found
The fair and hospitable ground ?
Ah ! quit your sex's rules, and lend
A lover's wishes to the friend.

Absence I try'd,—but try'd in vain !
It heals not, but upbraids my pain.
For thee, I'd bear the reaper's toil ;
For thee, consume the midnight oil ;
Then to your judgment wou'd I owe
All that I read, and write, and know :
Can those who wish, like me, pretend
To part the lover and the friend ?

Come, then, and let us dare to prove
Disinterested sweets of love ;
For, gen'rous love no dwelling finds
In poor and mercenary minds :
Laugh at life's idle flutt'ring things ;
Look down with pity upon kings ;
Careless, who like, or discommend,
Blest in the lover and the friend !

Oh come ! and we'll together haste
O'er life's uncomfortable waste :
Bear the sharp thorn, to find the rose,
And smile at transitory woes ;
Keep the bright goal of hope in view,
Nor look behind, as others do ;
'Till death, and only death, shall end
At once the lover and the friend.

TELL me, pride of this creation,
Are thy passions all at rest ?

Feel'st

Feel'st thou one fond palpitation
 Like the panting in my breast,
 Too tender far to be exprest?
 Tell me, Celia, tell my fate,
 Do'st thou love, or do'st thou hate?
 Sweetly smile with approbation,
 Left thou kill with the relation—
 See me sighing, see me dying,
 To enjoy thy matchless charms;
 Take me, take me to thy arms!

Kindly, Celia, leave evasion;
 Why that blush, those down-cast eyes?
 Yield thee, love, to soft persuasion,
 On thy breast alone it lies,
 To love the wretch who fondly dies.
 Heav'n! what rapt'rous scenes appear;
 See the undissembled tear,
 Each dear nerve with tremor thrilling,
 And her eyes, how softly killing!
 Sweet confession, past expression,
 Grateful may I live, to prove,
 How much I doat, how much I love.

SWEET tyrant, love, oh hear me now,
 And help to ease a love-sick heart;
 Or rather aid my trembling vow,
 And teach me to reveal my smart.
 Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
 Whose looks have smil'd my peace away;
 Oh, whisper how she gives me pain,
 While undesigning, frank, and gay.
 'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
 Nor what the vulgar beauty call;
 'Tis not her cheek, her lip, her eye,
 But 'tis the soul that lights them all.
 For that I drop the tender tear,
 For that I make the artless moan;

Oh,

Oh, whisper love into her ear,
And make the bashful lover known.

WHEN Jessy smil'd, her lovely look
My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took,
And bound it with so strong a chain,
I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, Jessy, treat a captive true
With gentle usage—'tis its due;
It pants for thee alone:
Then take it kindly to thy breast,
And give the weary wand'rer rest,
And keep it near thy own.

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavilla was seen,
He slightly regarded her air and her mien;
The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
Not warm as a lover, but cool as a friend;
From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd as more she was known;
Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own;
Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd;
And O what dear virtues beam'd forth in her mind!
But still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the fair,
Grows dull to all pleasure but being with her:
He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,
And fear of offending forbids him to speak;
And wanders, a willing example to prove,
That friendship to woman is sister to love.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense;
His passion, nor wrinkles nor age can allay,
Since founded on that which can never decay;

And time, that will beauty's short empire remove,
Increasing her reason, increases his love.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment ?
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content ?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why shou'd I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate silence I make my love known :
But, oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the charms !
How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield ;
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

WHILE with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy transcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious soul essays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain :
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Those eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
Dispensing gladness, joy, and love,
In all their pomp assail my view,
Intent my bosom to subdue ;
My breast, by wary maxims steel'd,
Not all those charms shall force to yield.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
I see th'enlighten'd soul display'd ;

That soul so sensibly sedate
 Amid the storms of froward fate !
 Thy genius active, strong, and clear;
 Thy wit sublime, tho' not severe ;
 The social ardor void of art,
 That glows within thy candid heart :
 My spirits, sense, and strength decay,
 My resolution dies away,
 And ev'ry faculty oppress'd,
 Almighty love invades my breast.

To fix her—'twere a task as vain
 To count the April drops of rain,
 To sow in Afric's barren soil,
 Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
 False as the fowler's artful snare ;
 Inconstant as the passing wind,
 As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
 Its joys she'll neither share nor prove,
 Tho' hundreds of gallants await
 From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
 I sometimes strive to break her chain ;
 My reason summon to my aid,
 Resolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend ! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
 Dispell'd by one enchanting glance ;
 She need but look, and, I confess,
 Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
 Sure something more than human's there ;
 I must submit, for strife is vain ;
 'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

WHEN the rough North forgets to howl,
 And Ocean's billows cease to roll ;
 When Libyan sands are bound in frost,
 And cold to Nova-Zembla's loft ;
 When heav'nly bodies cease to move,
 My blue-ey'd Ann I'll cease to love.

No more shall flow'rs the meads adorn,
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,
 Nor parching heats the dog-star bring,
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
 When blue-ey'd Ann I cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,
 Nor pleasure dance their frolic round,
 Nor Love's light god inhabit earth,
 Nor beauty give the passion birth,
 Nor heat to summer sunshine cleave,
 When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,
 Inconstancy forgets to range ;
 When lavish May no more shall bloom,
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume ;
 When Nature from her sphere shall start,
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy ?
 Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest ;
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour ;
 Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue ;
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew :

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
 A while in silence o'er my fate repine :
 Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest ?
 Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie easy on my breast ?

WHENCE comes my love, O hearte, disclose.
 'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose ;
 From lips that spoyle the ruby's prayse ;
 From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
 Whence comes my woe, as freely owne ;
 Ah me ! 'twas from a hearte lyke stone.

The blushynge cheek speakes modest mynde,
 The lipps besitting wordes mooste kynde ;
 The eye does tempte to love's desyre,
 And seems to say, 'tis Cupid's fire ;
 Yet all so faire, but speake my moane,
 Syth noughte dothe saye the hearte of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake
 Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeke,
 Yet not a hearte to save my paine ?
 O Venus ! take thy giftes again ;
 Make not so fair to cause our moane,
 Or make a hearte that's lyke our owne,

WHEN clouds that angel face deform,
 Anxious I view the growing storm ;

When

When angry lightnings arm thine eye,
 And tell the gathering tempest nigh ;
 I curse the sex, and bid adieu
 To female friendship, love, and you.

But when soft passions rule your breast,
 And each kind look some love has drest ;
 When cloudless smiles around you play,
 And give the world a holiday ;
 I bless the hour when first I knew
 Dear female friendship, love, and you.

MY soul is ravish'd with delight
 When you I think upon ;
 All griefs and sorrows take their flight,
 And hastily are gone ;
 The fair resemblance of your face
 So fills this breast of mine,
 No fate nor force can it displace,
 For auld-lang-syne.

Since thoughts of you doth banish grief
 When I'm from you remov'd ;
 And if in them I find relief,
 When with sad cares I'm mov'd ;
 How doth your presence me affect
 With ecstasies divine !
 Especially when I reflect
 On auld-lang-syne.

Since thou hast robb'd me of my heart
 By those resistless pow'rs
 Which madam Nature doth impart
 To those fair eyes of your's,
 With honour it doth not consist
 To hold a slave in pyne ;
 Pray let your rigour then desist
 For auld-lang-syne.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave
 By deprecating pains ;

Sure liberty he would not have
 Who glories in his chains :
 But this I wish, The gods would move
 That noble soul of thine,
 To pity, since thou cannot love
 For auld-lang-syne.

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
 So very kind, and yet so shy ?
 Why does that cold forbidding air
 Give damps of sorrow and despair ?
 Or why that smile my soul subdue,
 And kindle up my flames anew ?

In vain you strive, with all your art,
 By turns to freeze and fire my heart :
 When I behold a face so fair,
 So sweet a look, so soft an air,
 My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,
 I cannot love thee less nor more.

WHILE Celia makes me sue in vain,
 All night I wake, or dream, with pain ;
 All day I range abroad, and moan
 To ev'ry tree, and stream, and stone.
 I hope, I fear, I rest, I rove,
 I doat, and I despair, in love :
 Alternate passions rend my soul,
 And all my virtuous pow'rs controul.

But when the charming nymph is kind,
 A heaven within my breast I find ;
 In all our Caledonian plain
 Lives not an happier, easier swain :
 Like silver streams my minutes glide,
 And joys o'erflow with boundless tide ;
 Dissolv'd in rapturous ecstasy,
 My soul exults, my senses die.

Yet,

Yet, ah ! what struggling passions dwell,
 And in my heart create a hell ?
 Why does not Celia constant prove,
 And be all hatred, or all love ?
 In doubt her conduct keeps me still ;
 My pain, my pleasure, is her will !
 Unlov'd by her I cannot live,
 Nor die, 'till she the sentence give.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring mind,
 Let Damon urge his claim ;
 He feels the passion void of art,
 A pure and constant flame.

The sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love condemn ;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire ;
 But, when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

Your charms each slavish sense controul,
 A tyrant's short-liv'd reign ;
 But milder reason charms the soul,
 Nor time can break the chain.

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years ;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The ripening fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r !

VAIN is the thin disguise of art,
 That strives to hide a lover's heart ;
 No guile, no cunning, can conceal
 The self-betraying flames I feel :
 Forc'd as I am at length to own,
 What to the world has long been known :
 My folded arms, my footsteps slow,
 My starting tears, my looks of wo ;
 These, and a thousand symptoms, prove,
 That much I suffer, much I love.

Then, Amoret, no longer feign
 Thyself a stranger to my pain ;
 Do thou appear no longer blind
 To what is seen by all mankind.
 Ah ! who but marks, when thou art by,
 The langour of my melting eye ;
 The frequent changes of my cheek,
 The sighs that from my bosom break ?
 These, and a thousand symptoms, tell,
 'Tis Amoret I love so well.

S Hepherds, I have lost my love ;
 Have you seen my Anna,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of Banna ?

I for her my home forlook,
 Near yon misty mountain ;
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
 Until her returning ;
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown ?
 Shepherds, tell me whither ?
 Ah ! wo for me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

Hopeless still, in silent anguish,
 Far from her whom I adore;
 Must I ever love and languish,
 Doom'd to view her face no more?
 Must I fly to scenes of woe!
 Must I ev'ry bliss forego!
 Why shou'd fate so cruel prove?
 Alas, that ever I did love!

Vain my purpose to forget her,
 Fancy gives her to my eyes—
 See! ten thousand charms beset her;
 See her dear idea rise!
 See, fair maid, my dying bloom!
 See a tender youth consume!
 Sad, for ever let me stray,
 To mourn and sigh my life away.

Far from human crowds retiring,
 Stranger to the voice of fame,
 In some lonesome vale expiring,
 Of a constant—hapless flame:
 There, when worthless life is o'er,
 And the cares of love no more,
 Weeping nymphs my grave shall see,
 And passing lovers pity me.

HAD I the world at my command,
 And own'd the wealth of sea and land,
 To Flora I'd present it all,
 And at her feet lay down the ball.

Or was my life by scraps sustain'd,
 From door to door by begging gain'd,
 Would she be mine, I'd bless my fate,
 Nor wish a more exalted state.

Possessing her, or rich, or poor,
 What is there to desire more?
 There's nothing precious but her charms,
 And pleasure dwells but in her arms.

O grant, ye pow'rs ! the fair I love
 May to my vows propitious prove ;
 And from your altars shall arise
 The smoke of daily sacrifice.

Among the blessings you bestow
 On craving mortals here below,
 Make but the lovely maiden mine,
 I'll all the rest with joy resign.

I Love, I doat, I rave with pain,
 No quiet in my mind ;
 Tho' ne'er cou'd be a happier swain,
 Were Sylvia less unkind :
 For when, as long her chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me looks of scorn :
 Alas, 'twill break my heart.

My rivals, rich in worldly store,
 May offer heaps of gold ;
 But surely I a heav'n adore,
 * Too precious to be sold.
 Can Sylvia e'er a coxcomb prize
 For wealth, and not desert,
 And my poor sighs and tears despise ?
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

When, like some panting, hov'ring dove,
 I for my bliss contend ;
 And plead the cause of eager love,
 She coldly calls me friend.
 Ah, Sylvia ! thus in vain you strive
 To act a healer's part :
 'Twill keep but ling'ring pain alive,
 Alas ! and break my heart.

When on my lonely pensive bed
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hopes to calm my raging head,
 And cool my burning breast ;

Her cruelty all ease denies,
 With some sad dream I start ;
 All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,
 And breaking feel my heart !

Then rising, through the path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells ;
 Where to the senseless waves my love
 Its mournful story tells.
 With sighs I dew and kiss the door,
 Till morning bids depart ;
 Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :
 Alas ! 'twill break my heart.

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,
 And I am dead, and cold ;
 Renounce the cruel deed you've done,
 Nor glory when 'tis told :
 For ev'ry lovely gen'rous maid
 Will take my injur'd part ;
 And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,
 For breaking my poor heart !

LOVE arms himself in Celia's eyes,
 Whene'er weak reason would rebel ;
 And ev'ry time I dare be wise,
 Alas ! a deeper wound I feel.

Repeated thoughts present the ill,
 Which seeing I must still endure ;
 They tell me love has darts to kill,
 And wisdom has no pow'r to cure.

Then, cruel Reason, give me rest,
 Quit in my heart thy feeble hold ;
 Go try thy force in Celia's breast,
 For that is disengag'd and cold.

There all thy nicest arts employ ;
 Confess thyself her beauty's slave ;

And

And argue, whilst she may destroy,
How great, how god-like 'tis to save.

NO more, severely kind, affect
To put that lovely anger on;
Sweet tyrant! if thou can'st suspect
Thy lover's eyes, yet trust thy own.

Aw'd by stern honour, watchful spies,
Dull formal rules I'm forc'd t'obey;
Like dungeon slaves, my hasty eyes
Just snatch a glimpse of cheerful day.

Absent, the desert walks I view;
Here went Eliza, there she came:
With tears my lonely couch bedew,
And, dreaming, sigh Eliza's name.

"Where is his soul? the women cry,
"The stupid lump! the lifeless earth!
"Where, say the men, his brisk reply,
"His crimson glass, and noisy mirth?"

Hast thou not mark'd my burning kiss,
My lawless pulse, my bounding heart?
How oft, when wild for further bliss,
All trembling from thy arms I start?

Ah, spotless fair! tho' well I find
My passion's strong, my reason frail;
Ah, can I stain that angel mind,
And, virtue lost, let love prevail?

No; down in shades below we'll rove,
A glorious miserable pair;
Gaz'd at thro' all the myrtle grove,
For burning love and chaste despair.

Say, if thou lov'st, did ever youth
That wish'd like me, like me endure?
Dost thou not blame this swainish truth,
And wish my flame was not so pure?

In pity hate me, tempting fair!
 An happy exile let me fly;
 What fev'rish wretch his thirst can bear,
 That sees the cooling stream so nigh?

Oh, I shall all my vows unsay,
 If once I gaze—my blood will glow;
 This virtuous frost will melt away,
 And love's wild torrent overflow.

O Had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage-swain!
 In Rosalinda's sight, to feed
 My sheep upon the plain:
 How happy would those days have past,
 Which now are fill'd with wo!
 You envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd
 My fair one's lot so low?

How sottish custom over-rules
 The force of nature's law!
 Begun, and carry'd on by fools,
 It keeps mankind in awe:
 Nature to rule the world design'd
 The generous and the fair;
 But custom has the sway confin'd
 To such as wealthy are.

Each charm in Rosalinda's face
 Convincingly declares,
 None can, but for the second place,
 Contend, when she appears.
 Then, 'cause blind Fortune has not thrown
 Her favours in her way,
 Shall I her sov'reignty disown,
 And scruple to obey?

Ah no:—Dominion is her due,
 The right which nature gave;
 Let him who dares dispute, but view
 Her eyes—and be her slave:

And may the world, convinc'd by me,
 Before the charmer fall,
 Whose beauty makes her fit to be
 Acknowledg'd queen of all.

FAIN would I, Chloris, ere I die,
 Bequeath you such a legacy,
 That you might say, when I am gone,
 None hath the like: my heart alone
 Were the best gift I could bestow;
 But that's already your's, you know.
 So that 'till you my heart resign,
 Or fill with your's the place of mine,
 And by that grace my store renew,
 I shall have nought worth giving you;
 Whose breast has all the wealth I have,
 Save a faint carcase and a grave:
 But had I as many hearts as hairs,
 As many lives as love has fears,
 As many lives as years have hours,
 They should be all, and only your's.

THE nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a wonder by nature design'd;
 She's the grief of my heart, the joy of my eye,
 And the cause of a flame that never can die.

Her mouth, from whence wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful blush, and the smell of the rose:
 Love and destiny both attend on her will;
 She wounds with a look, with a frown she can kill.

The desperate lover can hope no redress,
 Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
 In Sylvia they meet: so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

ASK me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year ;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew,
 I strait will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r doth show
 So yellow, green, and sickly too ;
 Ask me why the stalk is weak,
 And, bending, yet it doth not break ;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

ONE night unhappy Celadon,
 Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
 With folded arms, and eyes cast down,
 Gently repos'd his love-sick head :
 Whilst Thyrsis, sporting on the neighbouring plain,
 Thus heard the discontented youth complain :

“ Ask not the cause why sickly flow'rs
 Faintly recline their drooping heads,
 As fearful of approaching show'rs,
 They strive to hide them in their beds,
 Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
 And feel with him a sympathy of wo.

Chloris will go ; the cruel fair,
 Regardless of her dying swain,
 Leaves him to languish, to despair,
 And murmur out in sighs his pain.
 The fugitive to proud Edina flies,
 To make new slaves, and gain new victories.

So restless monarchs, tho' possess'd
 Of all that we call state or pow'r,
 Fancy themselves but meanly blest,
 Vainly ambitious still of more.
 Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
 Not satisfy'd with private sway at home.”

OFT have I laugh'd at love's fond pain,
 From little Cupid's fiery dart ;
 And ever thought these torments vain,
 And his no pow'r to wound a heart ;

Till lovely Chloe I beheld :
 Bright youth sat blooming on her face,
 Her frame with beauty's glory fill'd,
 And deck'd in ev'ry charming grace.

Strait to my soul, thro' ev'ry vein,
 The subtle charms like lightning run :
 I languish with a pleasing pain,
 And willing yield to be undone.

Whilst then I gaze upon her eyes,
 Where little armed loves advance,
 Wing'd at each look, an arrow flies,
 And pointed darts in ev'ry glance.

With grief her absence kills me too !
 I droop, I pine, when she's away ;
 As tender plants in winter do,
 That want the sun's reviving ray.

Ah, cruel love ! at last I wear
 Thy chains, thus taken by surprise ;
 Whilst to fair Chloe you repair,
 To reign and triumph in her eyes.

CAN you count the silver lights
 That deck the skies and cheer the nights ?
 Or the leaves that strew the vales,
 When groves are stript by winter gales ?
 Or the drops that in the morn
 Hang with transparent pearl the thorn ?
 Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
 Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers ?
 Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
 Or Marl'ro's deeds, or Daphne's charms ?

STrephon the young, the loveliest swain,
That ever grac'd th' Arcadian plain,
Fair Celia lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.

Hymen had warranted delight ;
But still the sun, with hated light,
Deferr'd the pleasures of the night.

To ease his pain, his harp he strung,
And charm'd the wain of night along,
With his soft harmonious song.

“ Phœbus, ruler of the day,
Swiftly drive the hours away ;
In the ocean drop the light,
And hasten on the lazy night.

If e'er thou heard'st a lover's vow,
Propitious Phœbus, hear me now ;
Since thou, who art the sun, hast known
Love's fires burn fiercer than mine own.

And when, by my entreaties bow'd,
Thou sett'st in yonder evening cloud ;
In Thetis' bosom thou may'st lie,
And trust the day to Celia's eye.

To her bright look thy rays will be
But what Aurora is to thee :
Envy shall make thee later rise,
And own the conquest of her eyes.”

With such soft music did the swain
Of love's tormenting cares complain,
That Phœbus hastened on the night,
And in the ocean dropt the light :
To Celia's arms then Strephon came,
And in them quench'd as bright a flame.

FATAL are those charming eyes,
And those rosy lips are lovely ;

Fatal are those charming eyes,
 He who sees them hourly dies.
 Oh, how pleasing were my care,
 Cou'd my tender passion move thee!
 Oh, how pleasing were my care,
 Wou'd'st thou prove as kind as fair!

Cory, while his pain he told,
 And the nymph inclin'd to hear him;
 Cory, while his pain he told,
 Swell'd with hopes, grew kindly bold.
 Oh, how pleasing was the joy
 Cory felt as she drew near him!
 Oh, how pleasing was the joy
 Celia tasted with the boy.

YOU to love, and love but you,
 Are the joys I most pursue.

Purest part of heaven's creation,
 Hear this tender protestation:
 You to love, and love but you,
 Are the joys I most pursue.

Let me lay my case before you;
 Hopeless still, I still adore you:
 You to love, and love but you,
 Are the joys I most pursue.

When you smile my ills are curing,
 When you frown they're past enduring:
 You to love, and love but you,
 Are the joys I most pursue.

Mov'd by divine inspiration,
 Who can shun their destination?
 You to love, and love but you,
 Are the joys I most pursue.

Now, since nought on earth can mend me,
 Ev'n let dissolution end me:

You

You to love, and love but you,
Are the joys I most pursue.

HASTE, my Nannette, my lovely maid,
Haste to the bow'r thy swain has made :

For thee alone I made the bow'r,
And strew'd the couch with many a flow'r.

None but my sheep shall near us come ;
Venus be prais'd ! my sheep are dumb.

Great god of love ! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.

Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear ;
My own, alas ! are less my care.

But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid :

For with her swain my love shall stay,
Tho' wolf shou'd stroll, and flocks shou'd stray.

WHY throbs my fond bosom, why rises that sigh ?
Why flutters my heart when Eliza is nigh ?
The cause of my anguish why can't I remove ?
And tell my Eliza how dearly I love.

'Tis not for her beauty the maid I admire ;
No permanent passion can beauty inspire :
Her tenderness kindled the flame in my breast,
And while she is tender my passion shall last.

NEVER till now I felt love's smart ;
'Twas you alone that stole my heart :
'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.
'Twas only you, if you'll believe me.

When first I felt love's fatal pow'r,
 Heavy return'd each tedious hour,
 If not with you, if you'll believe me;
 If not with you, if you'll believe me.

When from this world I'm call'd away,
 For you alone I'd wish to stay;
 For you alone, if you'll believe me;
 For you alone, if you'll believe me.

Grave on the tomb, where I am laid,
 This youth ne'er lov'd but one dear maid;
 Died but for you, if you'll believe me;
 Died but for you, if you'll believe me.

FOR ever, O merciless fair!
 Will that cruel indifference endure?
 Can those eyes look me into despair,
 And that heart be unwilling to cure?

If I love, will you doom me to die?
 Or, if I adore you, upbraid?
 Can that breast the least pity deny
 To the wretch which your beauty has made?

How oft, what I felt to disguise,
 Has my reason imperiously strove,
 Till my soul almost fell from my eyes,
 In the tears of the tenderest love!

Till render'd unable to flow,
 By the torture's excess which I bore,
 That nature sunk under the wo,
 Or only recover'd to more.

Then, Delia, determine my fate,
 Nor let me to madness be drove;
 But, O do not tell me you hate,
 If you ev'n resolve not to love.

O Cease to mourn, unhappy youth !
 Or think this bosom hard :
 My tears, alas ! must own your truth,
 And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating wo,
 This tortur'd breast endures,
 Too well, alas ! must make me know
 The pain that dwells in your's.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
 I seek the darkest grove,
 And fondly bear the sharpest pain
 Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
 No sound of comfort hears ;
 And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
 To wake her into tears.

If sleep shou'd lend her friendly aid,
 In fancy I complain,
 And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
 Or see some perjur'd swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease !
 Or blame the fates alone ;
 For how can I restore your peace,
 Who quite have lost my own ?

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
 I wou'd not die, nore dare complain :
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine.
 To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain this kind relief ;
 That music shou'd in sounds convey,
 What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live.

Tell

Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid:
 Tell her my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress;
 But, ah! the wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes.

NO more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs;
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bow'rs;
 Nor blossom-buds on branches spring;
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
 Nor April vi'lets paint the grove,
 If e'er I Sylvia cease to love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And into air hard rocks shall turn;
 The lowly shrub out-top the pine,
 And Colin's mate compare to mine;
 The sweetest streams most bitter prove,
 If e'er I Sylvia cease to love.

Fond Cupid shall his bow lay by,
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
 The sun forsake its radiant light,
 And day for ever turn to night;
 Around its orb no star shall move,
 If e'er I Sylvia cease to love.

The ant shall drink the ocean deep,
 And round the world the snail shall creep;
 The vulture from the sparrow fly,
 And by the lamb the wolf shall die;
 Inconstant found the turtle-dove,
 If e'er I Sylvia cease to love.

THE rising lark salutes the morn,
 Come let me tune my stock and horn:
 May Hebe come, and hear me play;
 Where does my lass pass the day?

Of ev'ry flow'r I've stript the grove,
 To weave this garland for my love.
 How sweetly smells the various wreath !
 But not so sweet as Hebe's breath.

How bright a crimson paints the morn ?
 A brighter Hebe's cheeks adorn.
 How clear a blue the ev'ning sky ?
 A clearer dwells in Hebe's eye.

But hark ! the wood with music rings ;
 Is't Hebe or the mavis sings ?
 Alas ! that voice is not so clear ;
 'Tis but the mavis that I hear.

Ye spreading oaks, ye beechen shades,
 Ye flocks that crop the tender blades,
 Ye birds that fearless skim the air,
 Where shall I find the wand'ring fair ?

Let misers toil, let soldiers fight,
 Be fame and money their delight ;
 With all my heart I'll both resign,
 But be the lovely Hebe mine.

I'll work for Hebe all the day,
 For her I'll meditate the lay ;
 One tender look rewards my toil,
 My song, one dear approving smile.

AS on a sun-shine summer's day
 I to the greenwood bent my way ;
 The lonely path my fancy took
 Was guided by a silver-brook ;
 And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
 Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

Upon its flow'ry banks I sat,
 Regardless of love or hate,
 I took my pipe, and 'gan to play
 The shepherds merry roundelay :

And

And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

All in the self-same shady grove
Youthful Sylvia chanc'd to rove ;
And, by its echo led, drew near,
My rural oaten-reed to hear :
But surely, surely all she meant,
Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

I gently took her hand—she gave
A look that did my soul enslave ;
I prest her ruby lips—in vain ;
They rose up to be prest again.
Thus happy, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft breasts my hand I laid,
And a quick light impressi'on made ;
They with a kindly warmth did glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow :
Yet, trust me, I no farther meant
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

In raptures on her eyes I gaz'd,
While, sweetly blushing, she them rais'd ;
Each sense was ravish'd with delight,
And my soul stood prepar'd for flight :
Ah, blame me not, if then I meant
More to be pleas'd than innocent.

WILL ye gang o'er the lee-rigg,
My ain kind deary O !
And cuddle there sae kindly
Wi' me, my kind deary O ?

At thornie-dike and birken-tree
We'll daff, and ne'er be weary O ;
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
Mine ain kind deary O.

Nae herds wi' kent or colly there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye O ;
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their deary O !

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind dearie O !

DEIGN, tuneful nine, to aid my lay,
 For beauty claims a theme
 That far outshines the breaking day
 On yonder floating stream :
 No laurel does the muse pursue
 That means but to dispense
 The merit that's to virtue due,
 Wit, modesty, and sense.

For who can view young Mira's face,
 And not aspire to praise ;
 Where ev'ry charm and winning grace
 Seem emulous to please ?
 Ye modish rakes, indulge your taste ;
 Your minds to rove are bent :
 But, trust me, you must fix at last,
 Or never know content.

The tasteless pleasure you enjoy
 Will sharp reflection prove ;
 'Tis thus you spurn th' am'rous boy,
 Nor taste the sweets of love ;
 While ev'ry transport of the breast
 Endears the mutual pair ;
 And happier I than all the rest,
 If Mira prove sincere.

COME, gentle god of soft repose !
 Come soothe this tortur'd breast ;

R

Shed

Shed kind oblivion o'er my woes,
And lull my cares to rest.

Come, gentle god ! without thy aid
I sink in dark despair ;
O wrap me in thy silent shade,
For peace is only there.

Let hope, in some propitious dream,
Her bright illusions spread ;
Once more let rays of comfort beam
Around my drooping head.

O quickly send thy kind relief,
These heartfelt pangs remove ;
Let me forget myself, my grief,
And ev'ry care but love.

Thou'rt gone away, thou'rt gone away,
Thou'rt gone away from me, Mary ;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou'st cheated them and me, Mary.
Until this hour I never thought
That ought could alter thee, Mary ;
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Whate'er he said or might pretend,
That stole that heart of thine, Mary ;
True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
Or nae such love as mine, Mary.
I spoke sincere, nor flatter'd much,
Had no unworthy thoughts, Mary ;
Ambition, wealth, nor naething such ;
No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
No other maid I'll woo, Mary ;
Till friends forget, and I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.

So then farewell ; of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary ;
 For all the world I'd not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
 I ask nothing but my due ;
 To call you false, and then to say,
 You shall not keep my heart a day :
 But, alas ! against my will,
 I must be your captive still.
 Ah, be kinder then ! for I
 Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms,
 All besides but weakly move,
 Fiercest anger it disarms,
 And clips the wings of flying love.
 Beauty does the heart invade,
 Kindness only can persuade ;
 It gilds the lover's servile chain,
 And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

I Cannot change as others do,
 Tho' you unjustly scorn ;
 Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
 For you alone was born.
 No, Phillis, no ; your heart to move
 A surer way I'll try ;
 And, to revenge my slighted love,
 Will still love on and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
 And you to mind shall call
 The sighs that now unpity'd rise,
 The tears that vainly fall :

That welcome hour that ends this smart
 Will then begin your pain ;
 For such a faithful tender heart
 Can never break in vain.

THrough mournful shades, and solitary groves,
 Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful loves,
 Wild with despair, young Thyrsis strays,
 Thinks over all Amyra's heav'nly charms,
 Thinks he now sees her in another's arms ;

Then at some willow's root himself he lays,
 The loveliest, most unhappy swain ;
 And thus to the wild woods he does complain :

How art thou chang'd, O Thyrsis ! since the time
 When thou could'st love and hope without a crime ?

When nature's pride and earth's delight,
 As through her shady evening grove she past,
 And a new day did all around her cast,

Could see, nor be offended at the sight,
 The melting, sighing, wishing swain,
 That now, alas ! must never hope again ?

Riches and titles ! why should they prevail,
 Where duty, love, and adoration, fail ?

Lovely Amyra, should'st thou prize
 The empty noise that a vain title makes,
 Or the vile trash that with the vulgar takes,

Before a heart that bleeds for thee, and dies ?
 Unkind ! but pity the poor swain
 Your rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the slain.

WHAT fury does disturb my rest ?
 What hell is this within my breast ?
 Now I abhor, and now I love ;
 And still an equal torment prove.

I see Celinda's cruelty,
 I see she loves all men but me ;

I see her falsehood, see her pride,
 I see ten thousand faults beside ;
 I see she sticks at nought that's ill ;
 Yet, oh ye pow'rs ! I love her still.

Others on precipices run,
 Which, blind with love, they cannot shun :
 I see my danger, see my ruin ;
 Yet seek, yet court, my own undoing ;
 And each new reason I explore
 To hate her, makes me love her more.

A Round the spacious landscape rove,
 The Naiads haunt, the Triton's bed,
 Search every grot, and every grove,
 Where art and nature beauties shade :

Whate'er is rich, whate'er is rare,
 Whate'er is worthiest to be known,
 Collect from sea, and earth, and air,
 From fossil, plant, or precious stone.

While wonders then with wonders vie,
 And latent miracles dispense ;
 While this attracts the raptur'd eye,
 And that allures the ravish'd sense :

O come, in all thy native grace,
 Maria come, and bless the view,
 And every former beauteous trace
 Shall vanish like the morning dew.

HERE's all her geer, her wheel, her work ;
 These little bobbins to and fro
 How oft I've seen her fingers jirk,
 Her pretty fingers white as snow !

Each object to me is so dear,
 My heart at sight on't throbbing goes ;

'Twas

'Twas here she sat her down—and here—
She told me she was Colin's rose.

This possey, for her, when she's dress'd,
I've brought : alas, how happy I !
Cou'd I be like these flow'rs caress'd ;
And, like them, on her bosom die.

The violet and pink I took,
And every pretty flow'r that blows ;
The rose too ; but how mean 'twill look,
When by the side of my sweet Rose.

PRITHEE, sweet fair one, why so coy ?
Hence with that frown of cold disdain ;
Beauty like thine was form'd for joy,
And mirth and gentleness should fill thy train :
Let meaner beauties study to give pain ;
Tis nobler far to build, than to destroy.

Tune then thy heart to gentle love,
With smiles my fondest vows receive ;
Each anxious care shall far remove,
To love and mutual joys alone we'll live,
Joys only heavenly charms like thine can give,
Joys only constant hearts like mine can prove.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day, mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.

“ Oh, raise thy voice ! one song I ask ;
Touch then thy harmonious string :
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be :

None,

None, none like Beauty's queen is fair ;
 Paris has vouch'd this truth for me."

I ftrait reply'd, " Thou know'st alone
 That brightest Chloe rules my breast ;
 I'll sing thee two instead of one,
 If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

One kifs from Chloe's lips, no more
 I crave." He promis'd me success ;
 I play'd with all my skill and pow'r,
 My glowing passion to express.

But, oh ! my Chloe, beauteous maid !
 Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow ?
 Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
 And, by thy grant, his power show ?

WHERE is pleasure, tell me where ?
 What can touch my breast with joy ?

All around the spacious sphere,
 Let my muse her search employ.

Wealth, thy shining stores produce,
 Heap'd in golden mountains rise ;
 Thee let senseless misers choose,
 Thou canst ne'er allure my eyes,

Honour, let thy chariot roll,
 Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms ;
 Thou may'st charm th'ambitious soul ;
 But for me thou hast no charms.

Ruddy Bacchus, try thy pow'r,
 Gaily laugh astride thy tun ;
 Thee let flautic bards adore,
 Pleasure thou for me hast none.

Only Delia, gentle fair,
 Can the precious boon bestow ;
 Give, ye pow'rs ! O give me her !
 She's the all I ask below.

WHILE

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
 The secret passions of our mind;
 My heavy eyes, you say, confess,
 A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little art,
 To have this fatal secret found;
 With the same ease you threw the dart,
 'Tis certain you may shew the wound.

How can I see you and not love,
 While you as opening east are fair?
 While cold as northern blasts you prove,
 How can I love, and not despair?

The wretch in double fetters bound
 Your potent mercy may release:
 Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
 Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
 When Cloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd:
 I sung and gaz'd; I play'd and trembled:
 And Venus to the loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

YES;

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power,
 Dear idol of my panting heart!
 Nature points this my fatal hour:
 And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear;
 Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
 On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
 For ever be thy bosom freed;
 That nothing may disturb thy life,
 Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better-fated youth
 Shall with his amorous parly move thee;
 Reflect one moment on his truth
 Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful temples bind:
 No monarch but would give his crown
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
 The pale which held that lovely deer:
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass; and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
 Give me but what this ribband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind
 Which pity and esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest ;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the amorous breast ?

Alas ! by some degree of wo
 We ev'ry bliss must gain :
 The heart can ne'er a transport know
 That never feels a pain.

PARENT of blooming flow'rs and gay desires,
 Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring !
 At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
 The amorous nightingale and poet sing.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
 Return the smiling hours I once possess :
 Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
 The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

Thy faded charms, which winter snatch'd away,
 Renew'd in all their former lustre shine ;
 But, ah ! no more shall hapless I be gay,
 Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

Tho' linnets sing, tho' flow'rs adorn the green,
 Tho' on their wings soft zephyrs fragrance bear ;
 Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
 The odour faint ; for Delia is not there.

Cheerless and cold I feel the genial sun,
 From thee while absent I in exile rove ;
 Thy lovely presence, fairest light ! alone
 Can warm my heart to gladness and to love.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh !

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,
 Not purer her own wishes rise,
 Not holier her own sighs in pray'r.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
 Should start at love's suspected name,
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—
 True love and friendship are the same.

COME, gentle god of soft desire,
 Come and possess my happy breast !
 Not, fury-like, in flames and fire,
 In rapture, rage, and nonsense, drest.

These are the vain disguise of love,
 And, or bespeak dissembled pains,
 Or else a fleeting passion prove—
 The frantic fury of the veins.

But come in friendship's angel-guise ;
 Yet dearer thou than friendship art :
 More tender spirit in thy eyes,
 More sweet emotions at the heart.

O come, with goodness in thy train,
 With peace and transport void of storm ;

And, would'st thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

GO, gentle zephyr! go, and bear
This gentle sigh to Celia's ear:
In softest whispers tell my pain,
Tell how I love, and how complain.

Then, whilst in wanton amorous play,
You o'er her snowy bosom stray,
Or to her coral lip repair,
Or sport upon her beauteous hair;

Then, gentle god! my pain impart,
Convey this sigh into her heart:
This sigh will mourn my fate, and move
Her pity sure, if not her love.

Haste, zephyr, haste, and wing thy way,
Thyself may'st there thyself o'erpay:
Thou from her balmy breath may'st bring
Sweet odours to enrich the spring;

Thou from the lovely white and red,
Which my fair Celia's face o'erspread,
May'st teach thy Flora to compose
The beauteous lily and the rose.

Haste, then; and since thy breath abates
The heat in flame, or flame creates;
Raise her's, kind god! or mine destroy;
Let Celia burn, or Damon die.

LET bold ambition lie
Within the warrior's mind;
False honours let him buy,
With slaughter of mankind:
To crowns of doubtful right,
Lay thousands in their grave;

While

While wretched armies fight
Which master shall enslave.

Love took my heart by storm ;
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming form,
Still sitting on his throne.
How will my soul rejoice
At his commands to fly,
If spoken in that voice,
Or look'd from that dear eye !

To universal sway
Love's title is the best ;
Well shall we him obey
Who makes his subjects blest :
If heav'n for human good
Did empire first design,
Love must be understood
To rule by right divine.

WHERE a fair mead its verdure spread,
Damon, a swain, did Celia woo :
Never was seen, on mead or green,
A nymph more fair, or swain more true.

In humble strain he told his pain,
And su'd as faithful lovers sue :
The humbler he, the loftier she ;
For she was fair, and he was true.

Beauty, he cry'd, is short-liv'd pride,
The wonder of a year or two—
In vain he tries to moralize ;
She still is fair, and he is true.

The muse's aid he gently pray'd ;
What may not love and verse subdue ?
Nor verse nor love her heart can move ;
She still is fair, and he is true.

The pink, the rose, for her he chose,
 Narcissus white, and violet blue :
 Unheeded lie their sweets, and die ;
 For she was fair, and he was true.

Be thine, he said, as nigh they play'd,
 These my twin lambkins with their ewe :
 She look'd ; that look her meaning spoke ;
 For she was fair, and he was true.

Must no regard his love reward ?
 To constancy is nothing due ?
 Nor thought nor care, be she but fair,
 Has Celia, be he false or true.

With silent tide the years they glide ;
 Thy glories, Celia, now are few :
 When those are past, his love shall last ;
 And shall not he be counted true ?

What once thou wert, his faithful heart
 In blooming likeness shall renew :
 He still shall there record you fair ;
 And shall not he be counted true ?

When in his breast thy charms express'd,
 Shall still their virgin lustre shew ;
 Know, Celia, know to whom you owe
 Those charms, and own that he is true.

EV'ning now from purple wings,
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;
 Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
 Cooling breezes shake the reed ;
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream,
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam :
 Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
 Hears and keeps thy secrets, love.

Thither, Delia, let us stray,
 Lightly o'er the dewy way ;

Phœbus drives his burning car,
 Hence, my lovely Delia, far :
 In his stead the queen of night
 Sheds around a lambent light ;
 Light that serves but just to show,
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
 Let us there in whisper'd joy
 All the silent hours employ ;
 Silence best, and dusky shades,
 Please the heart that love invades.
 Other passions then at rest,
 Love possesses all the breast.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
 The fragrance of the flow'ry vales,
 The murmurs of the crystal rill,
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill ;
 Not all their charms, tho' all unite,
 Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,
 Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
 That heroes, kings, or poets claim ;
 Nor knowledge which the learn'd approve,
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame, I prize ;
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain,
 Nor seek I Nature's charms in vain ;
 In lovely Stella all combine,
 And, lovely Stella, thou art mine.

FLAVIA, why surmise a pow'r
 Can with your charms hold equal sway ?
 If e'er my heart the festive hour
 Was with carousive bumpers gay,

Be witness, Cupid, conscious boy ;—
 Of raptures real or in view,
 How far more exquisite the joy
 —To be alone with you.

If e'er a nymph at dear Vauxhall
 Could touch my senses with alarm,—
 If e'er at op'ra, play, or ball,
 My heart confess'd a female charm,—
 Be witness, Cupid, &c.

If e'er in pleasing reverie
 I meditate in am'rous strain,
 Or with the rural maids make free,
 All wanton, on the new-mow'n plain,—
 Be witness, Cupid, &c,

If e'er a dream of fancy's frame
 My thoughts did with delight employ ;
 If with a lover's ardent flame,
 I e'er partook of genuine joy,—
 Be witness, Cupid, &c.

AS erst to Damon's sacred shade
 These eyes their grateful tribute paid,
 Of many a tear beguil'd ;
 Sweet Anna saw my tender grief,
 And in kind pity brought relief ;
 She kiss'd me, and I smil'd.

Ambition next my bosom warm'd ;
 Adieu each softer care !—Alarm'd,
 The fair enchantress came :
 One kiss infus'd a gentler fire ;
 I felt the noble heat expire,
 And curs'd the phantom Fame.

Transfixt by Fancy's poison'd dart,
 When late my inly-wounded heart
 Consum'd in silent pain ;

Like

Like wounded Edward's generous bride,
Sweet Anne her balmy lips apply'd,
And drew out all the bane.

Strange to relate, the tygres, Rage,
Her gentle kisses can assuage,
And in soft fetters bind :
Not music's pow'rful charms e'er gain'd,
Or calm philosophy attain'd,
Such empire o'er the mind.

Then to secure my peace and bliss,
Sweet Anne, in one eternal kiss
Breathe in th' all-healing balm :—
No—cease, thou fatal fond desire—
Ah, treacherous kisses ! you inspire
More passions than you calm.

WHEN on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine—
To call thee mine for life,
I glory in the sacred ties
(Which modern wits and fools despise)
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss ;
The tender look—the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroy'd ;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up—and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish ? 'tis all for thee ?
Hast thou a wish ? 'tis all for me :
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come)
Thy bosom is my softest home,

I lull me there to rest ;
 And is there aught disturbs my fair,
 I bid her sigh out all her care,
 And lose it in my breast.

Have I a joy, 'tis all her own,
 Or her's and mine are all but one :

Our hearts are so entwin'd,
 That, like the ivy round the tree,
 Bound up in closest amity,
 'Tis death to be disjoin'd.

ELIZA, you say that all songs are the same,
 And turn on the subject of love ;
 That they paint but the brightness or strength of a flame,
 The softness or faith of a dove.

Is it strange, that a regent who governs our lives,
 And is ever our blessing or curse,
 In stories of prose to be uppermost strives,
 Or thrusts himself forward in verse ?

To the free in a court, or the slave in a cell,
 This flattering vision remains ;
 Tho' in palaces Cupid is happy to dwell,
 Yet he visits the wretched in chains.

If gallant and gay, in the reign he refin'd,
 Great Villars with Shrewsbury toy'd ;
 Poor Mary of Scotland, in durance confin'd,
 The love of her Bothwell enjoy'd.

Thro' every toil of Ulysses, his bride
 Was a hope that surviv'd to the last ;
 When to baffle the force of a Cyclop he try'd,
 Or rode through the waves on a mast.

Then say not, Eliza, the passion can tire,
 Or too oft with its shadow we play ;
 For you its reality live to inspire,
 And waken each amorous lay.

The man who on love is forbidden to write,
 And must heavier studies pursue,
 Should never, Eliza, come into your sight,
 Or venture to listen to you.

I Wonder what the grave and wise
 Think of all us that love ;
 Whether our pretty fooleries
 Their mirth or anger move :
 They understand not breath that words does want ;
 Our sighs to them are insignificant.

One of them saw me, t' other day,
 Touch the dear hand which I admire ;
 My soul was melting straight away,
 And dropt before the fire :
 This silly wise-man, who pretends to know,
 Ask'd why I look'd so pale, and trembled so ?

Another, from my mistress' door
 Saw me with eyes all watery come ;
 Nor could the hidden cause explore,
 But thought some smoke was in the room :
 Such ign'rance from unwounded learning came ;
 He knew tears made by smoke, but not by flame.

If learn'd in other things you be,
 And have in love no skill,
 For God's sake keep your arts from me,
 For I'll be ignorant still :
 Study or action others may embrace ;
 My love's my business, and my books her face.

These are but trifles, I confess,
 Which me, weak mortal ! move ;
 Nor is your busy seriousness
 Less trifling than my love :
 The wisest king, who from his sacred breast
 Pronounc'd all vanity, chose it for the best.

DEfend my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
 From am'rous looks and smiles ;
 And shield me, in my gayer hours,
 From love's destructive wiles :
 In vain let sighs and melting tears
 Employ their moving art,
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs
 E'er triumph in my heart.

Let others, fond of empty praise,
 Each wanton art display,
 While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
 And sigh their souls away :
 Far other dictates I pursue,
 (My bliss in virtue plac'd),
 And seek to please the wiser few,
 Who real worth can taste.

To fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
 To wander like the bee ;
 To sip of sweets, and taste of love,
 Is not enough for me :
 No flatt'ring passions wake my breast ;
 I wish the place to find,
 Where fate may give me peace and rest,
 One shepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay,
 Nor try on all my pow'r ;
 Nor future pleasures throw away,
 In toys for an hour.
 I would not reign the general toast,
 Be prais'd by all the town ;
 A thousand tongues on me are lost,
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flatt'ring train,
 Who swarm at beauty's shrine,

When

When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
Will court their sure decline?

Then fops, and wits, and beaux, forbear,
Your arts will never do;

For some fond youth shall be my care
Life's chequer'd season through.

My little heart shall love a home,
A warm and shelter'd nest;

No giddy flights shall make me roam
From where I most am blest:

With love and only that dear swain,
What tranquil joys I see!

Farewel, ye false, inconstant train!
For one is all to me.

YOUNG Strephon, the artful, the dangerous swain,
My love and esteem has attempted to gain;
With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
He thought to seduce one more innocent maid:
But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware,
I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare:
For virtue I love; and was taught in life's morn,
When I gather'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd;
For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he disguis'd:
What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
(The prodigal bounty of arts and design):
He coax'd and he flatter'd my person in vain,
And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain:
Protected by prudence, I laugh'd him to scorn:
'Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
What credulous beauties his arts had undone;
He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
That his heart and those fair-ones were victims to me.
I told him, those victims and faith I'd despise,
And from such examples would learn to be wise;

That

That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,
Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer asham'd of his guilt ;
Was his passion on virtue, not wantonneſs, built ;
Was his heart as ſincere as his oaths are profane,
I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the ſwain :
But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to truſt,
And folly to think he can ever be juſt ;
So I'll ſtifle my flame, and reject him with ſcorn,
Leſt I graſp at the roſe, and be hurt by the thorn.

YE nymphs, 'tis true, to Colin's ſtrain
I oft have liſten'd in the grove ;
And can you blame me, that a ſwain
Like Colin ſhould engage my love ?

Alas ! could I my heart ſecure,
Unless to worth and merit blind ?
Ah ! ſay, could you yourſelves endure
To ſlight a ſwain ſo true and kind ?

When truth conveys the tender tale,
And honour breathes the ſhepherd's ſigh,
Love o'er diſcretion will prevail ;
To ſhun its pow'r in vain we try.

AH, Strephon, what can mean the joy,
The eager joy I prove,
While you each tender art employ
To win my ſoul to love ?

So well your paſſion you reveal,
So act the lover's part,
That I with bluſhes own I feel
A rebel in my heart.

Then take the heart that pines to go,
But ſee it kindly us'd ;

For who such presents will bestow,
If this should be abus'd !

HOPE and fear alternate rising,
Strive for empire o'er my heart ;
Ev'ry peril now despising,
Now at ev'ry breath I start.

Teach, ye learned sages, teach me,
How to stem this beating tide ;
If you've any rules to teach me,
Haste and be the weak one's guide.

Thus our trials, at a distance,
Wisdom's science promise aid ;
Yet, in need of their assistance,
We attempt to grasp a shade.

AH, why must words my flame reveal ?
Why needs my Damon bid me tell
What all my actions prove ?
A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name a sigh,
Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
And him alone approve ;
The rest, unheeded, dance or play,
From all he steals my praise away ;
And can he doubt my love ?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
The joys that all my soul possess,
And ev'ry care remove :
Still, still, too short appears his stay,
The moments fly too fast away,
Too fast for my fond love.

Does

Does any speak in Damon's praise?
 So pleas'd am I with all he says,
 I ev'ry word approve.
 But is he blam'd, altho' in jest?
 I feel resentment fire my breast,
 Alas ! because I love.

But, ah ! what tortures tear my heart,
 When I suspect his looks impart
 The least desire to rove !
 I hate the maid that gives me pain ;
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
 For, ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
 Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
 My passion these will prove :
 Words oft deceive, and spring from art ;
 The true expressions of my heart
 To Damon, must be love.

FROM place to place, forlorn I go,
 With downcast eyes, a silent shade ;
 Forbidden to declare my wo ;
 To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
 My soft consenting looks betray :
 He loves, but gives me no relief ;
 Alas ! why speaks not he—who may ?

TOO late for redress, and too soon for my ease,
 I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please ;
 Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes
 Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my sighs.
 Thus cheated by hope, I unheeded went on,
 And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own.
 Delusive, fond hope, seem'd at last to persuade,
 That friendship, that kindness, with love was repaid.
 But,

But, alas ! all is chang'd ; and with anguish I find
 Words and looks prove but civil, which once I thought
 For fancy no longer its succour will lend, (kind ;
 To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend :
 Then hush, my poor heart, and no longer complain,
 Thy honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain ;
 Thy thoughts swell to crimes ; drive this love from thy
 Perform well thy duty, let fate do the rest. (breast ;

HOW imperfect is expression
 Some emotions to impart,
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart !
 When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat what broken, falt'ring, dying
 Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
 Quite expressive paints my cheek.
 Ask no more—behold your error ;
 Blushes eloquently speak.
 What tho' silent is my anguish,
 Or breath'd only to the air ?
 Mark my eyes ; and, as they languish,
 Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me !
 Once my heart's strong feelings view !
 Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
 Friendship nothing half so true.
 How imperfect is expression
 Some emotions to impart,
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart !

STrephon, when you see me fly,
 Let not this your fear create ;

T

Maids

Maids may be as often shy
 Out of love as out of hate :
 When from you I fly away,
 It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run,
 Lest you'd be my pain and care ;
 But the youth I love, to shun,
 Who can such a trial bear !
 Who that such a swain did see,
 Who could love and fly like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go ;
 Gentle love commands my stay :
 Duty's still to love a foe ;
 Shall I this or that obey ?
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles ;
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
 I could sit and hear thee sigh ;
 Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,
 O 'tis worse than death to fly !
 But the danger is so great,
 Fear gives wings instead of hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me ;
 If you stay, I am undone :
 Oh, with ease you may deceive me !
 Pr'ythee, charming swain, be gone :
 Heav'n decrees that we should part ;
 That has my vows, but you my heart.

WHILE on my Colin's knee I sit,
 Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
 My panting heart true measure beats, -
 And gladly ev'ry sigh repeats :
 I sigh with joy, that thou may'st see
 I sympathise in all with thee.

No matter how the ice was broke,
 Or whether you or I first spoke :
 Who only barter love for love,
 The niceness of the passion prove ;
 For oft ingratitude we give,
 And sometimes gen'rously receive.

Levell'd by love, let neither try
 To fix superiority ;
 Since all the kind, the fond contest,
 Of whether you or I love best,
 Like heedless touching a wrong key,
 But jars the sound of harmony.

WHAT harm in so simple a token of love ?
 I cull'd him the prime of the garden and grove ;
 He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring with dew ;
 Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.

Can smiles and soft accents a virgin betray ?
 No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they—
 He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade,
 And declares how he pities the helpless poor maid.

In my quick-mounting blushes the virgins descry
 What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny ;
 And the cold-hearted prudes, ah ! how wary they shun
 The maiden whom frankness alone has undone.

Your thoughts then, dear sisters, with caution conceal,
 The soft-growing passion be slow to reveal ;
 Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper is such,
 That granting a whisper is granting too much.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind,
 When 'tis not with ambition join'd ;
 A sickly flame, which if not fed expires,
 And, feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
 That gives the heart ecstatic joy ;
 But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain
 For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
 When I insult a rival's eyes :
 If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
 The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

Guardian angels, now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love ;
 Cupid, with thy bow direct me ;
 Help me, all ye pow'rs above !
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breeze !
 Tell him I love and I despair ;
 Tell him, for him I grieve ;
 Say, 'tis for him I live :
 O may the shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night.
 Near the brink of yonder fountain
 First Leander blest'd my sight :
 Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes, repeat the vows he swore :
 Can he forget me ?
 Will he forget me ?
 Shall I never see him more ?

Does he love, and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair ?
 If 'tis so, I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue ;
 The lark and philomel
 Only shall hear me tell,
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

SINCE

SINCE lost to peace of mind serene,
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,
 I'll court each melancholy scene,
 And give my sorrows their full scope.
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,
 Who sports with fierce, destructive war,
 Think what I feel, where'er thou art;
 Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure thy stately castle rides
 Upon the bosom of the deep;
 The stormy wind and wave abides,
 And free from anxious care you sleep.
 But balmy sleep and downy rest
 Shall fly the tempest in thy breast,
 When jealous fears like mine shall prove
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt, and fear, are winds and waves,
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind,
 Than those the skilful seaman braves,
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind.
 Th' adventurous maid embark'd like me,
 That sails on such a troubled sea,
 The ocean's rage would gladly meet,
 And in his depths seek a retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,
 Let reason whisper to thy fears:
 My sailor may return again,
 Crown'd with success, to dry my tears;
 When fame, with all her gaudy charms,
 Shall yield him to my longing arms,
 And one blest'd hour together blend.
 The lover, hero, husband, friend.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
 sung she,
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love from me :
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've
 ruin'd me ;

And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the
 sky,

I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love
 to fly ;

To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be !
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine ;
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
 And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea ;
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast !
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest !
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be ;
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love
 might spy :

But ah, unhappy maiden ! that love you ne'er shall see ;
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
 And very hard is my fare ;

But that which troubles me most, is

 The unkindness of my dear :

Yet still I cry, — Oh, turn, love !

 And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me ;

For thou art the man that I long for ;

 And, alack ! what remedy ?

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,

 And I'll marry thee with a rush-ring ;

My

My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
 And merrily we will sing.
 O turn to me, my dear love!
 And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me;
 For thou art the man that alone canst
 Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
 And be deaf to my pitiful moan.
 Then I must endure the smart still,
 And tumble in straw all alone:
 Yet still I cry, Oh, turn, love!
 And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me;
 For thou art the man that alone art
 The cause of my misery.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To cheer me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing:
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my wo.

Each rural amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please.
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles like the summer can cheer;
 Ah, why then like winter unkind?
 Unkind he is not I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;

To Celia and Chloe makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

YE zephyrs, come flutter and play;
To life wake my fond drooping breast:
Who can bear all this fever of day,
And taste either pleasure or rest?
Then panting and dying, in these sultry hours,
I'll hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bow'rs.

The toils of the morning are o'er;
The shepherd and sheep all retreat;
They think of their pasture no more,
But crowd to their shelter from heat.
All panting and dying, in these sultry hours,
They hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bow'rs.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove,
Where Sol cannot peep with a ray;
'Mongst woodbines and myrtles I'll rove,
And alone wear the moments away.
There panting and dying, in these sultry hours,
I'll hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bow'rs.

Then Strephon, O come thou not nigh!
Thy sight I'm not able to bear,
In vain from Sol's fury I fly,
If love and thou follow me here.
Then panting alone, let me fly from the hours,
And hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bow'rs.

CRUEL Strephon, will you leave me,
Will you prove yourself forsworn?
Can, ah! can you thus deceive me?
Can you treat my love with scorn?

O behold your Chloe pleading;
Turn and see your once-lov'd maid;

Let

Let soft pity interceding,
Ease a heart your vows betray'd.

Must I hopeless pine and languish?

Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain?

See, he triumphs in my anguish!

See, he glories in my pain!

MY shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain.
Tho' blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn;
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet smells the thorn;
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
There's nothing can please me when Jockey's away:
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste to my arms, my dear Jockey, again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat;
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see.
'Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share:
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain;
And wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste.
Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh!
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I?
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

Auspicious spirits, guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide;
With outspread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And

And you, his foes, tho' hearts of steel,
 Oh, may you then with me accord ;
 A sympathetic passion feel,
 Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep:

Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailor views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

ERE love did first my thoughts employ,
 Returning day still saw me blest,
 Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
 Each night was crown'd with balmy rest :
 But now, alas ! no longer gay,
 I rise to hail the cheerful light,
 I sit and sigh the live-long day,
 And pass in tears the sleepless night.

Come, lovely Strephon ! hither haste ;
 Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my mind ;
 I fear my words I vainly waste,
 I fear thou'rt cruel and unkind :
 Or if some maid of happier fate
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,
 Oh, free me from this anxious state,
 Pronounce my fate, and let me die.

HENCE, Belmour, perfidious ! this instant retire,
 No farther intreaties employ ;
 Nor meanly pretend any more to admire
 What basely you wish to destroy.

Say,

Say, youth, must I madly rush on upon shame,
 If a traitor but artfully sighs?
 And eternally part with my honour and fame
 For a compliment paid to my eyes?

If a flame all dishonest be vilely profest,
 Thro' tenderness must I incline,
 And seek to indulge the repose of a breast
 That would plant endless tortures in mine?

No, Belmour—a passion I can't but despise
 Shall never find way to my ears;
 Nor the man meet a glance of regard from these eyes,
 That would drench them for ever in tears.

Can the lover who thinks, nay, who wishes me base,
 Expect that I e'er should be kind?
 Or atone with a paultry address to my face,
 For the injury done to my mind?

Hence, Belmour, this instant, and cease ev'ry dream
 Which your hope saw so foolishly born;
 Nor vainly imagine to gain my esteem,
 By deserving my hate and my scorn.

LIFE has no real bliss in store;
 Possessing much, we wish for more:
 With health, with friends, with fortune blest,
 Why sighs my anxious soul for rest?

When flatt'ers court my list'ning ear,
 Tho' pleas'd I study to appear;
 They only my repose molest,
 And make me seek the more for rest.

But why, whenever Damon's near,
 This anxious hope, this pleasing fear?
 'Tis only friendship fills my breast;
 And friendship ne'er was foe to rest.

To that his wishes seem'd to tend;
 He only ask'd the name of friend:

But

But tho' by looks his love I gueſt,
 Could looks alone have hurt my reſt ?

He ne'er has fought a ſtudied ſtrain ;
 In broken words he ſpoke his pain :
 Alas ! ſo much thoſe words expreſt,
 I fear 'tis they have ſtol'n my reſt.

But if, ſuperior to diſguiſe,
 His ſoul is pictur'd in his eyes,
 Of Damon's love when quite poſſeſt,
 I ſoon ſhall find my wonted reſt.

SINCE war's alarms entic'd my Willie from me,
 My poor heart with grief doth ſigh ;
 Each fond remembrance heaps freſh ſorrows on me,
 I wake ere yet the morn is nigh.
 No other cou'd delight him ;
 Ah, why did I ere ſlight him,
 Coldly anſwering his fond tale,
 Which drove him forth amidſt the rage of wars,
 And left ſilly me thus to bewail !

But I no longer, tho' a maid forſaken,
 Thus will moan, like yonder dove :
 For e'er the lark to-morrow ſhall awaken,
 I will ſeek my abſent love ;
 The hoſtile country over,
 I'll fly to ſeek my lover,
 Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear ;
 Nor diſtant ſhore, nor canons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

BLyth Jocky young and gay, is all my heart's delight ;
 He's all my talk by day, and all my dream by night.
 If from the lad I be, its winter then with me ;
 But when he tarries here, its ſummer all the year.

When

When I and Jocky met first on the flow'ry dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.
 You are the las, said he, that staw my heart frae me,
 O ease me of my pain, and never show disdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth his love and courtesie,
 He made my heart fu' blyth when he first spake to me.
 His suit I ill deny'd ; he kifs'd, and I comply'd :
 Sae Jocky promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes, sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis night when Jocky glooms, but when he smiles 'tis day.
 When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, sigh, and faint ;
 What las that wad be kind can better tell her mind ?

WHAT mean those am'rous curls of jet ?

For what heart-ravish'd maid
 Dost thou thy hair in order set,
 Thy wanton tresses braid ?
 And thy vast store of beauties open lay,
 That the deluded fancy leads astray ?

For pity hide thy starry eyes,
 Whose languishments destroy :
 And look not on the slave that dies
 With an excess of joy.

Defend thy coral lips, thy amber breath ;
 To taste these sweets, alas ! is certain death.

Forbear, fond charming youth, forbear
 Thy words of melting love :

Thy eyes thy language well may spare,
 One dart enough can move.

And she that hears thy voice, and sees thy eyes,
 With too much pleasure, too much softness dies.

-Cease, cease, with sighs to warm my soul,
 Or press me with thy hand :

Who can the kindling fire controul,
 The tender force withstand ?

Thy sighs and touches like wing'd light'ning fly,
 And are the god of love's artillery.

WHereover, Damon, thou shalt rove,
 O keep me ever in your mind ;
 If walking through some shady grove,
 Or on a sunny bank reclin'd,
 Still let my faithful image be
 Among the shades retir'd with thee.
 Still let my faithful image be, &c.

Think when, beneath the spreading trees,
 You listen to the whisp'ring breeze,
 How with soft sighs my bosom heaves,
 When I lament thy ruin'd peace :
 Calm are my tears, as silent show'rs,
 Or dews that hang on painted flow'rs.

Or if you wander where some brook
 Does o'er the pebbles murm'ring flow,
 As on the silver stream you look,
 Think how I weep, oppress'd with wo :
 And should the current want supplies,
 I could recruit it from my eyes.

While, perch'd upon the pointed thorn,
 The nightingale renews her strain,
 Let it remind you, how forlorn,
 When you are absent, I complain ;
 Or should you hear the widow'd dove,
 Think I, like her, lament my love.

When you behold the setting ray
 Tremble beneath the western sky ;
 The solemn gloom of closing day
 May represent me to your eye :
 For languid as departing light
 Am I when absent from your sight.

WHo'll buy a heart ? Myrtila cries,
 And throws around her sparkling eyes,
 An easy shape, a graceful air,
 A face like lovely Hebe's fair ;

A pair of eyes that wound at sight,
And foil the di'mond's piercing light.

Come hither, ye that long to prove
The soul-enchanting joys of love :
Quickly, quickly come ; for he
Buys, that bids the most for me.

But let no fordid wretch presume,
With even Cræsus wealth to come ;
Nor vainly hope, for gems or gold,
Such charms as these can e'er be sold.
So vile a change I scorn to make,
For love's the only coin I take.

IN this grove my Strephon walk'd ;
Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd,
Here he lov'd, &c.

In this place his loss I prove,
A sad remembrance of our love ;
Oh, sad remembrance of our love!

In this grove my Strephon stray'd,
Here he smil'd, and there betray'd,
Here he smil'd, &c.

Every whisp'ring breeze can tell,
How I, poor I, believing fell ;
Ah, by too soon believing fell !

By this stream my Strephon mov'd,
Here he sung, and there he lov'd,
Here he sung, &c.

Ev'ry stream and ev'ry tree
Cries out, Perfidious cruel he !
And helpless poor forsaken she !

On this bank my Strephon lean'd,
A lovely foe, but faithless friend,
A lovely foe, &c.

Ye verdant banks, each stream and grove,
 Once joyous scenes, now dismal prove,
 Since Strephon's false to me and love.

NIGHT, to lovers joys a friend,
 Swiftly thy assistance lend ;
 Lock up envious seeing day,
 Bring the willing youth away :
 Haste, and speed the tedious hour
 To the secret happy bow'r ;
 Then my heart for bliss prepare,
 Thyrsis surely will be there.

See the hateful day is gone,
 Welcome ev'ning now comes on ;
 Soon to meet my dear I fly,
 None but love shall then be by ;
 None shall dare to venture near,
 To tell the plighted vows they hear :
 Parting thence will be the pain,
 But we'll part to meet again.

Don't you feel a pleasing smart
 Gently stealing to your heart ?
 Fondly hope, and fondly sigh ?
 For, my shepherd, oft do I :
 Wish in Hymen's bands to join,
 I'll be your's, and you be mine ?
 Tell me, Thyrsis, tell me this,
 Tell me then, and tell me yes.

Farewel, loit'ring idle day !
 To my dear I hie away ;
 On the wings of love I go,
 He the ready way will show.
 Peace, my breast, nor danger fear,
 Love and Thyrsis both are near :
 'Tis the youth ! I'm sure 'tis he !
 Night, how much I owe to thee !

WHICH

WHICH is best, ye casuists, say,
 To be grave, or to be gay ?
 Still to weep, and never smile,
 (In the Penseroso stile)
 So sit moping like a nun ;
 Or to frisk it in the sun,
 Where the scenes of mirth are play'd,
 And the glad appointments made ?

If the maid avoid excess,
 Better sing, and dance, and dress,
 And indulge the sports of youth,
 While she forfeits not her truth :
 Rigour and severe demean
 Are not decent at sixteen ;
 And the character is lost,
 Study'd at good-nature's cost.

She that meditates the most,
 Is not always virtue's boast ;
 Nor the silent and demure,
 Always peaceable and pure ;
 While the lively, brisk, and smart,
 Have more innocence at heart,
 With a little less to dread
 From any mischief in their head.

COMIC AND HUMOROUS.

OF all the brave captains that ever were seen,
 Appointed to fight by a king or a queen;
 By a queen or a king appointed to fight,
 Sure never a captain was like this brave knight.

He pull'd off his slippers, and wrapper of silk,
 And foaming as furious—as whisk-pared milk;
 Says he to his lady—My lady, I'll go—
 My company calls me; you must not say no.

With eyes all in tears, says my lady—says she—
 O cruel Sir Dilberry, do not kill me!
 For I never will leave thee, but cling round thy middle,
 And die in the arms of Sir Dilberry Diddle.

Says Diddle again to his lady, My dear,
 (And with a white handkerchief wip'd off a tear)
 'The hottest of actions will only be farce,
 For sure thou art Venus! Says she, Thou art Mars!

A while they stood simp'ring, like master and miss,
 And Cupid thought he would have given one kiss;
 'Twas what she expected, admits no dispute;
 But he touch'd his own finger, and blew a salute.

By a place I can't mention, not knowing its name,
 At the head of his company Dilberry came;
 And the drums to the window call ev'ry eye,
 To see the defence of the nation pass by.

Old bible-fac'd women, through spectacles dim,
 With hemming and coughing, cry'd, Lord, it is him!
 While boys, and the girls, who more clearly could see,
 Cry'd, Yonder's Sir Dilberry Diddle—that's he.

Of all the fair ladies that came to the show,
 Sir Diddle's fair lady stood first in the row:

O charming, says she, how he looks all in red !
How he turns out his toes ! how he holds up his head !

Do but see his cockade, and behold his dear gun,
Which shines like a looking-glass held in the sun ?
O see thyself now, thou'rt so martially smart,
And look as you lookt when you conquer'd my heart !

The sweet sounding notes of Sir Dilberry Diddle,
More ravish'd his ears than the sound of a fiddle ;
And as it grew faint, that he heard it no more,
He soften'd the word of command to—encore.

The battle now over, without any blows,
The heroes unarm, and strip off their clothes ;
The captain refresh'd with a sip of rose-water,
Hands his dear to the coach, bows, and then steps in after.

John's orders were special, to drive very slow ;
For fevers oft follow fatigue, we all know :
But prudently cautious, in Venus's lap,
His head under apron, brave Mars took a nap.

He dream'd, fame reports, that he cut all the throats
Of the French, as they landed in flat-bottom'd boats :
In his sleep if such dreadful destruction he makes,
What havoc, ye gods ! shall we have when he wakes ?

GIVE me but a wife, I expect not to find
Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd.
No goddess for me ; 'tis a woman I prize ;
And he that seeks more, is more curious than wise.

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mould ;
Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old :
Thus either can please me, since woman I prize ;
And he, &c.

Like Venus she oggles, if squinting her eye ;
If blind, she the roving of mine cannot spy :
Thus either is lovely ; for woman I prize ;
And he, &c.

If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love ;
 If poor, then the farther from pride my remove ;
 Thus either contents me ; for woman I prize ;
 And he, &c.

I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possess ;
 And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less :
 I'm suited to either ; for woman I prize ;
 And he, &c.

Then cease, ye profane, on the sex to descant ;
 If you've wit to discern, of charms they've no want ;
 Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize ;
 And he, &c.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
 To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd :
 I'm a maid that would marry—ah ! could I but find
 (I care not for fortune) a man to my mind !

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and dress ;
 Not the squire, who can relish no joys but the chace ;
 Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind :
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end ;
 Nor the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend ;
 Nor the fool that's too fond ; nor the churl that's unkind :
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit ;
 Nor the flash, that's all fury without any spirit ;
 Nor the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind :
 Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

But the youth whom good sense and good-nature inspire ;
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire ;
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour conjoin'd :
 This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.

MASTER

MASTER Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
 And swore he'd ne'er be married ;
 But 'gainst each husband threw some wibe,
 Or dry jest drolly carried.

Master Jenkins thought a wife
 The greatest mortal evil ;
 And swore, to lead a husband's life
 Must be the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe
 At home, content, and married,
 Regardless of each sneer or wibe,
 Or dry jest drolly carried.

Master Jenkins swore a wife
 Was not so great an evil ;
 And any but a husband's life
 Was now the very devil.

Master Jenkins smok'd his pipe,
 And had been some months married ;
 Severely now he felt each wibe,
 For horns the poor man carried.

Master Jenkins curs'd his wife,
 And swore, of such an evil
 To get well quit he'd part with life,
 Or send her to the devil.

PHilira's charms poor Damon struck ;
 How eager he for billing !
 When, lo ! the nymph the swain forfook,
 To shew her pow'r of killing.
 In either eye she sheath'd a dart ;
 He felt it, never doubt him :
 Odzooks ! a man were through the heart,
 Ere he cou'd look about him.

But mark the end : with scythe so sharp
 Time o'er the forehead struck her,

And

And all her charms began to warp ;
 Then she was in a pucker.
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better ;
 Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous trial ;
 But each with scorn her warmness treats,
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquettes, take warning ; change your tune ;
 This woful case remember :
 The bedfellow you slight in June
 You'll wish for in December.

WHEN young and artless as the lamb,
 That plays about the fondling dam,
 Brisk, buxom, pert, and silly ;
 I slighted all the manly swains,
 And put my virgin heart in chains,
 For simple, smoke-fac'd Billy.

But when experience came with years,
 And rais'd my hopes, and quell'd my fears,
 My blood was blyth and bonny ;
 I turn'd off ev'ry beardless youth,
 And gave my love, and fix'd my truth,
 On honest sturdy Johnny.

But when at wake I saw the squire,
 For lace I found a new desire,
 Fond to outshine my mammy :
 I sigh'd for fringe, and frogs, and beaux,
 And pig-tail'd wigs, and powder'd cloaths,
 And filken Master Sammy.

For riches then I felt a flame,
 When to my cot old Gripus came
 To hold an am'rous parly :

For

For music next I chanc'd to burn,
 And fondly listen'd, in his turn,
 To warbling, quiv'ring Charley.

At length, alike the fools and wits,
 Fops, fidlers, foreigners, and cits,
 All struck me by rotation.
 Then learn from me, ye patriot fair,
 Ne'er make one single man your care,
 But sigh for all the nation.

I'M in love with twenty,
 I'm in love with twenty,
 And could adore
 As many more,
 For nothing's like a plenty.
 Variety is charming,
 Variety is charming;
 And constancy
 Is not for me;
 So, ladies, you have warning.

He that has but one love,
 Looks as poor
 As any boor,
 Or like a man with one glove.
 Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia
 Of eastern kings,
 The poet sings,
 But, O the fine seraglio!
 Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly,
 And can't inspire
 The same desire
 As when they're young and smugly.
 Variety, &c.

Why

Why has Cupid pinions,
 If not to fly
 Through all the sky,
 And see his favourite minions?
 Variety, &c.

Love was born of beauty;
 And when she goes,
 The urchin knows,
 To follow is his duty.
 Variety, &c.

Historians from Norway their wonders have told,
 Of oceans converted to crystal by cold;
 Where hailstones the shiv'ring inhabitants sneeze;
 And the moment they're utter'd, whole sentences freeze.

But cold more intense in my swain I can boast;
 Not frigid is he, but an absolute frost.
 He makes the chill blood in each artery halt,
 Till I, like Lot's wife, am a pillar of salt.

Old Spencer his readers inform'd long ago,
 Of a certain false Florimel made out of snow:
 Were Florimel here, and would take my advice,
 She'd find, in my Walter, a husband of ice.

To Walter, whoe'er as his wife shall go forth,
 Will at best undertake but a voyage to the north;
 For his eyes seem the stars (or else sailors impose)
 Which have lighted whole vessels so oft to be froze.

Whenever he sues for my favour and grace,
 His breath, like a snow-ball, flies hard in my face.
 The tea-kettle never will boil when he's by;
 And stiff in their glasses my goldfinches die.

Of such-like petrific materials we make
 The king who sticks fast to the frost of a cake:
 Between them this diff'rence alone can be felt,
 That Walter's unfusible; sugar will melt.

Thus,

Thus, tho' (from last sessions unable to 'scape)
 A bailiff must swing for committing a rape,
 My Walter (in spite of this case) as a lover,
 I'd venture to travel with all the world over.

ALL you who set sail for the land of delight,
 Who in wedlock's soft hammock would swing ev'ry
 night;

If you hope that your voyage successful shall prove,
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with love,
 Fill your sails, &c.

Let your hearts, like your main-mast, be ever upright,
 And the union you boast, like your tackle, be tight:
 Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
 And the quicksands of jealousy never come near;
 And the quicksands, &c.

If vapours and whims, like sea-sickness, prevail,
 You must spread all your canvas, and catch the fresh gale:
 But if brisk blows the wind, and there comes a rough sea,
 Then lower your topsails, and scud under lee;
 Then lower, &c.

If, husbands, you hope to live peaceable lives,
 Keep the reck'ning yourselves, give the helm to your wives;
 For the eveners we go, boys, the better we sail,
 And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by the tail;
 And on shipboard, &c.

Then listen to Capstern, my lads, and be wise:
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn;
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.
 And a hundred, &c.

Platonic love!—a pretty name
 For that romantic fire,
 Where souls confess a mutual flame,
 Devoid of fond desire.

If this new doctrine once prove true,
 I own it something odd is,
 That lovers should each other view,
 As if they wanted bodies.

If spirits thus can live embrac'd,
 The union may be lasting ;
 But, faith, 'tis hard the mind shou'd feast,
 And leave its part'ner fasting.

" Nature (says Horace) is in tears,
 " When her just claim's deny'd her :"
 And this Platonic love appears
 At best a poor provider.

Long it may preach ;—our comfort is,
 For all its vain pretences,
 Mankind have other thoughts of bliss,
 Than to exclude the senses.

Not all man's logic can perplex
 A principle so common ;
 While Venus whispers either sex,
 " That man was made for woman !"

AT noon, on a sultry summer's day,
 The brighter lady of the May,
 Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
 Sat knotting in a shade.

Each slender finger play'd its part
 With such activity and art,
 As would inflame a youthful heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by ;
 He saw no anger in her eye ;
 Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted ball ;

But

But straight gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth ! is't none but thee ?
With innocence I dare be free :
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy head upon my lap,
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap :
Which he, poor fool ! obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore ;
And found him fast asleep all o'er !
She sigh'd, and could endure no more ;
But, starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be ;
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me ;
Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep ;
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me mistaken maid.

MY father and mother, (what ail them!)
Pretend I'm too young to be wed ;
They expect, but in troth I shall fail them,
That I finish my chairs and my bed.

Provided our minds are but cheary,
Wooden chairs wont argue a glove ;
Any bed will hold me and my deary ;
The main chance in wedlock is love.

My father, when ask'd if he'd lend us
A horse to the parson to ride ;
In a wheel-barrow offer'd to send us,
And John for the footman beside.

Wou'd we never had ask'd him ! for, whip it,
 To the church, tho' two miles and a half,
 Twice as far 'twere a pleasure to trip it ;
 But then how the people would laugh !

Yet I will be married to-morrow,
 And charming young Harry's the man :
 My brother's blind nag we can borrow ;
 And he may prevent us that can.

Poll Barnley said, over and over,
 I soon shou'd be left in the lurch ;
 For Harry she knew was a rover,
 And never wou'd venture to church.

But I know the sorrows that wound her :
 He courted her once, he confest ;
 And when with another he found her,
 He bid her take him she lik'd best.

But all that are like her, or wou'd be,
 May learn from my Harry and me :
 If maids wou'd be maids while they shou'd be,
 How faithful their sweethearts wou'd be !

My mother says, clothing and feeding
 Will soon make me sick of a brat ;
 But tho' I grow sick in my breeding,
 I care not a farthing for that :

For if I'm not hugely mistaken,
 We can, by the sweat of our brow,
 Stick a hog once a-year for fat bacon,
 And all the year round keep a cow.

I value no dainties a button ;
 Coarse food will our stomachs allay :
 If we cannot get beef, veal, or mutton,
 A chine and a pudding we may.

A fig for your richest brocading ;
 In linsey there's nothing that's base :
 Your finery soon sets a-fading ;
 My dowlas will stand beyond lace.

I envy not wealth to the miser,
 Nor wou'd I be plagu'd with his store :
 To eat all, and wear all, is wiser ;
 Enough must be better than more.

So nothing shall tempt me from Harry ;
 For he is as true as the sun :
 Eve with Adam was order'd to marry ;
 This world it should end as begun.

I Am, cry'd Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And, panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd ;
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, exprest
 The long list of graces his godship possest :

I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays.
 Nor for lays nor sweet song the fair fugitive stays.
 I'm the god of the harp—stop, my fairest. In vain ;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.

Ev'ry plant, ev'ry flow'r, and their virtues, I know ;
 God of light I'm above, and of phyfic below.
 At the dreadful word phyfic, the nymph fled more fast ;
 At the fatal word phyfic, she doubl'd her haste.

Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays ;
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy charms,
 And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

[*See Shenstone's pastoral ballad, p. 80, &c.*]

D Evil burn 'em—these wits are jack-asses ;
 Tumble down their vile books from my shelves :
 They goddesses make of their lasses,
 And simpletons make of themselves.
 Away with their nonsense, away !
 Moggy Timbertoe let me indite,

Whose eye is as bright as the day,
And whose tongue is as still as the night.

With storms should the elements crack,
How fearless is virtue the while !
Let the brave be dismay'd at the smack ;
Her face wears an ever-green smile.
So gracefully Phyllida moves,
So lightly she trips o'er the ground,
Each shepherd that looks at her loves,
Each shepherdess envies the wound.

But how wou'd the blunderers stare
To see little Timbertoe run !
Or, how wou'd Miss Phyllida bear
To foot it for ever on one !
I knew that her fortune was noble ;
I was smit with her presence behind ;
And, blest with a similar hobble,
I wrote her a piece of my mind.

“ My love I no longer can stifle,
Like a cinder I'm burnt black and blue ;
Nor can I be cur'd by a trifle,
Unless I've that trifle from you.
We have two pretty legs here between us,
And a very complete pair of eyes ;
The folk that on one side have seen us,
Have seen nothing there to despise.

It is not your cottage I want,
'Gainst an old oak's broad body reclin'd,
With a wide-gaping window in front,
And a snug little peep-hole behind.
It is not the smell of your kitchen,
Where plenty and cleanliness please,
With a ham and a half of a fitch in
Reserve for potatoes and pease.

It is not your mare to ride double,
Bereft, like ourselves, of one eye ;
No, nor twenty fat geese on the stubble,
Nor a sow and nine pigs in the sty.

It is not, dear Moggy, your purse,
 But your person I Phelim adore;
 And I'll take you for better for worse;
 Will any man take you for more?"

KIND nature had thrown off the load,
 Which in winter she commonly bore;
 And the sun jogg'd along the same road
 He had travell'd some thousand times o'er.
 Mother earth had put on her new clothes,
 'Twas, in English, the sweet month of May;
 When love led me forth by the nose,
 Where dear Moggy Timbertoe lay:

On the marge of a river reclin'd,
 I trembled to see her asleep;
 Lest she wake on the side that was blind,
 And roll adown into the deep.
 Young zephyr play'd roguishly by,
 And whistl'd quite up to her knee;
 I respectfully shut my one eye,
 And the devil a bit did I see.

Thrice I roar'd out,—“ Arise, pretty maid!”
 But she cou'd not have heard the last trump;
 Yet thrice to get up she essay'd,
 And thrice she fell down again plump.
 Then quick to assist her I went;
 She was pleas'd my affection to see:
 Her single eye shone with content,
 And doubly it shone upon me.

She drew from her bosom my letter;
 Love drew from his quiver a dart:
 Ah, thought I, she can't have a better
 To trip up the heels of her heart.
 She smil'd when I kiss'd her dear hand:
 Do your pleasure,—as much as to say;
 Yet so sweetly she bids me command,
 By my faith that she makes me obey.

Oh, what pleasure to see her lips jabber
 About something that nobody knows !
 And their taste is just like bonny-clabber
 With 'tatoes bobbing up to one's nose.
 Ye scenes of nonsensical noise,
 Where often with pleasure I strove ;
 I fly from your bumkinly joys
 To the bosom of beauty and love.

No longer the cudgel I wield ;
 The glories of wrestling I shun :
 Ye shepherds, the cob of the field
 Is content with the fame he has won.
 Gentle hope, like an owl on her nest,
 Stretch over my soul thy soft wing !
 And the raptures that can't be express'd,
 Get up, little Gimlet, and sing.

YE clouds of a dirt-colour dye,
 Besmut the bright face of the sun !
 And let not the moon's silver eye
 Make game of a lover undone !
 Brown, brown be the earth ; and ye floods,
 Tumble back your rude streams, or lie still !
 Ye beasts of the field to the woods !
 Ye feather'd fowls fly where you will !

Plague take it—this love's a vile passion ;
 'Tis not worth an honest man's care :
 It begins with a world of vexation ;
 It ends in disgust or despair.
 These girls are so full of vagary,
 One never knows when they are right ;
 They'll lead you a dance till you're weary,
 Then marry another in spite.

I pity these poor honest fellows,
 Tied fast to their aprons for life ;
 They first give 'em cause to be jealous,
 Then,—“ Dare you suspect your own wife ?”

I thought I'd secur'd my dear Moggy,
 As safe as a thief in a mill;
 But I'm popt in a hole that is boggy,
 And there I may lie if I will.

I found out a gift for my las,
 I found out the maker at York;
 'Twas an eye neatly fashion'd of glass,
 'Twas a leg nicely finish'd of cork.
 "Special good are the members I bring,"
 Said I; and, to please her the more,
 "My dear, you will find 'em the thing;
 For I tried, and I prov'd them before.

Look here, my sweet creature, to grace,
 How charming this eye-ball doth shine;
 It will give a new bloom to your face;
 See, its fellow illuminates mine.
 Here's a limb! Your acceptance I beg;
 Oh, 'tis better than that log of wood;
 'Tis a brother to this little peg;
 And I caper'd as high as I cou'd.

How false are the pleasures we know!
 How severe is the pang of disgrace!
 When I offer'd them both, and bow'd low;
 Why, she gave me a kick in the face.
 Disappointment so blinded mine eye,
 So confus'd the fine things I'd to say,
 That my path I cou'd hardly espy,
 As in dudgeon I hobbl'd away.

THERE be lovers, of life so profuse,
 If a mistress but happen to frown,
 That will give their wise heads to a noose,
 Or will take to the water and drown.
 Now, why shou'd we quarrel with life,
 Since life is at best but a span?
 Is the loss of a termagant wife
 Such an horrid misfortune to man?

A termagant wife is the de'el ;
 And can Moggy a termagant prove ?
 Her foot to be sure made me reel ;
 But perhaps 'twas a proof of her love.
 Ah, Phelim, said I to myself,
 Why will not thy vanity see,
 That a lady posselt of such pelf,
 May buy a much better than thee ?

Then I call'd myself dastardly devil,
 And thought upon all I'd been told ;
 How that beauty despises a Snivel,
 And yields to the touch of the bold.
 He's a knave, and a noddie to boot,
 That's abash'd, when a maiden says—nay ;
 And hastily gives up his suit,
 Because he can't have his own way.

I knew that the gifts would allure,
 And I follow'd the issue to see ;
 But scarce had I gone from the door,
 Little Moggy came hopping to me.
 On her lips I imprinted a kiss,
 And another intended—but, Oh !
 She caught such a foretaste of blifs,
 That she quak'd from her top to her toe.

I fear'd that an ague had seiz'd her,
 Her colour so went and so came :
 But soon I perceiv'd that it pleas'd her ;
 And, pleas'd, I repeated the same.
 Toward church I observ'd her eye squint ;
 Certain proof that she meant to be kind :
 So I quickly improv'd on the hint,
 And I silently told her my mind.

But when her compliance I gueß,
 I thought that my heart would run wild :
 By St Patrick, it bumpt in my breast,
 Like the kicks of a never-born child.
 To the parson I artfully stray'd,
 Who knew our perfections to scan ;

He vow'd, so accomplish'd a maid
Never wedded so finish'd a man.

He declar'd we were form'd for delight,
Tho', to give honest Levi his due,
Time and stingo so bother'd his sight,
That he scarce knew a P from a Q.
He blest'd us again and again,
In hopes I would double his pay ;
But before the clerk snuffled Amen,
We hopt like two magpies away.

WOULD you be quite the thing, both a genius and
At operas and auctions, a puff scientific, (critic,
You must half words, and hard words, and queer words
procure,
Nod, wink, and look wise—you're a true connoisseur.
Sing tantara-rara taste all, taste all,
Sing tantara-rara taste all.

The money you squander your judgment confirms ;
You need not know science, repeat but the terms ;
The labour of learning belongs to the poor ;
Do but pay, that's enough for a true connoisseur,
At your own table grac'd 'midst exotics supreme,
If music's the subject, or painting the theme ;
All artists but English ones praise and procure ;
By your troop of led captains you're dubb'd connoisseur.

When for words you are lost, fill it up with grimace,
And show your vast wisdom, by working your face ;
Make poor merit blush, but be bold and secure ;
And all Bronzes out-Bronze, like a nice connoisseur.

The worth of a man, the wise say, is his pence ;
'Twas said so, and so it will centuries hence :
Then rich folly I'll praise (pretty pimp), she procures
Full work for the wits, when she forms connoisseurs.

WHILE

WHILE each love-sick scribbler, to dress up the fair,
 Will run for a garland the devil knows where!
 Of her mind and her person they tell us such lies,
 That you think her a goddess just dropt from the skies,
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

Tho' satire I mean not, such praise I detest,
 Yet my fair shall be sung of as well as the rest;
 And while with my pen fairest truth goes along,
 I doubt not but Betsey will list to my song.

Tho' her eyes are not light'ning to set us on fire,
 Yet their beams are as bright as a man can desire;
 Tho' nor lilies or roses her cheeks overspread,
 What's better, there's true flesh and blood, white and red.

Her person's majestic, yet easy withal;
 Not so straight as a cedar, nor nothing so tall;
 To say that with Venus she vies for her air,
 Since I never saw Venus, I cannot declare.

Her wit is still just in what witty should be,
 Good sense goes in hand with the smart repartee;
 Not prudishly squeamish, nor wantonly gay,
 Yet charming and brisk as the birds are in May.

To sum up the whole, you may search the world round,
 A nymph more complete there can never be found:
 Then cease, ye vain scribblers, your flattering lays,
 For Betsey alone is the subject of praise.

AMONG all the arts which to please we pursue,
 Our surest success still attends on what's new;
 'Tis novelty pleases alike one and all,
 From the high to the low, the great and the small:
 To your services bound, to your pleasures still true,
 We humbly must offer you something that's new.

To obtain this great point, tho' often we try,
 Our flower-drest sonnets soon languish and die;
 The soft arts of love, and the hero's due praise,
 Have long been worn out, and unfit for our lays:

Yet

Yet still as your pleasure is all we've in view,
What we offer at present we hope will be new.

Ye wits and ye critics, ye belles and ye beaux;
Ye lovers of wine, and ye lovers of cloaths;
Ye lovers of women, of tattle, of wit;
To each, and to all, our song is now writ:
To please all alike we endeavour to do;
And that you'll agree will be new, very new.

When the wits cease to censure the unthinking age;
When critics in praise of the moderns engage;
When fops cease admiring their dress and their parts;
When belles cease their ogling and angling for hearts;
When the toper his bottle shall cease to pursue;
You all will agree this is new, very new.

When gamesters grow honest, and quit cards and dice;
When prudes shall cease calling of wenching a vice;
When tattlers shall cease at each other to rail,
And truth, honest truth, shall o'er scandal prevail;
When all married folks to each other are true;
You will readily cry, This is new, very new.

When the laughter shall cease to be pleas'd with a joke;
When the courage of braggarts shall cease to be smoke;
When misers forget their old hoards to increase;
When party and rage thro' the nation shall cease;
When all this shall happen, I doubt not but you
Will strait clap your hands, and allow this is new.

YE virgins attend, believe me your friend,
And with prudence adhere to my plan:
Ne'er let it be said, There goes an old maid!
But get marry'd as fast as you can.

As soon as you find your hearts are inclin'd
To beat quick at the sight of a man,
Then choose out a youth, with honour and truth,
And get marry'd as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud, your charms will soon shroud;
 And this whimsical life's but a span:
 Then, maids, make your hay while Sol darts his ray,
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

The treacherous rake will artfully take
 Ev'ry method, poor girls to trepan:
 But baffle the snare, make virtue your care;
 And get marry'd as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan;
 Ne'er harbour the stings that jealousy brings;
 But be constant and blest while you can.

YE learned o'er classics, who pore night and day,
 And lifetime in school-phrases waste;
 Etymologies ye can unriddle, then say,
 From whence is deriv'd the term *Taste*.
 When genius, wit, learning, and science, are shown,
 We know which it is we'd be at;
 But since Taste has been us'd' as a phrase in the town,
 We neither know this thing nor that.

Over catalogues poring the auction folks see;
 Hark! Sir, something the connoisseur speaks
 About Raphael, Correggio, Vandyke, Monami,
Intaglias, Mosaics, Antiques.
 His honour observes quite the things, to be sure;
 'Tis immense, 'tis prodigious, 'tis vast!
 Then the handling, disposing, fore-ground, and contour,
 Oh, he talks all in all, who talks Taste!

To the Lucky, enrich'd by large plunder from White's,
 Each supple-knee'd sycophant bows;
 While science and learning are star'd at for frights,
 They are creatures whom nobody knows.
 In vain may a genius petition his grace;
 On the pavement his hours he will waste:
 The porter will flap-to the door in his face;
 For merit we know is not Taste.

Not by reason or passion, but fashion we think ;
 By fashion we swear and we pray :
 By fashion we game, and by fashion we drink ;
 For each vice like a dog has its day.
 Once Shakespeare could please ; now op'ras endear,
 And on sounds large subscriptions we waste :
 Like pillory felons, we're nail'd by the ear,
 For forging that phantom call'd *Taste*.

To be sure, Aristotle had something to say ;
 But to mind him 'tis not worth our while :
 We don't want to talk now, but only to play ;
 So the classic in taste must be Hoyle.
 By rhetoric rules would you study to speak,
 The time while you read runs to waste ;
 'Tis from wagers alone that your proofs you must seek ;
 Done first, is the logic in *Taste*.

We have been so well-bred, so immensely polite,
 So refin'd by our dear friends in France ;
 That we really believ'd it ill manners to fight ;
 You'll allow it is *sans complaisance*.
 But the genius of England awaken'd our youth ;
 In fame's trumpet blew Liberty's blast.
 Old Honour unfolded the standard of Truth ;
 And we've prov'd ourselves Britons at last.

WELL met, pretty nymph, says a jolly young swain
 To a lovely young shepherdess crossing the plain ;
 Why so much in haste ? (now the month it was May)
 Shall I venture to ask you, fair maiden, which way ?
 Then straight to this question the nymph did reply,
 With a smile in her look, and a leer in her eye ;
 I am come from the village, and homeward I go ;
 And now, gentle shepherd, pray why would you know ?

I hope, pretty maid, you wont take it amiss,
 If I tell you the reason of asking you this ;
 I would see you safe home (now the swain was in love),
 Of such a companion if you would approve.

Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own;
 But I see no great danger in going alone;
 Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
 For one as another, for you as for me.

No danger in going alone, it is true;
 But yet a companion is pleasanter too;
 And if you could like (now the swain he took heart)
 Such a sweetheart as me, we never would part.
 Oh, that's a long word, said the shepherdes then;
 I've often heard say, there's no minding you men:
 You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
 Then leave a young maiden the first thing you do.

Oh, judge not so harshly, the shepherd reply'd;
 To prove what I say, I will make you my bride:
 To-morrow the parson (well said little swain)
 Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain.
 Then what the nymph answer'd to this, is not said;
 The very next morn, to be sure, they were wed:
 Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
 Now when shall we see such wedding in town?

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense of
 I promis'd my mother again and again, (men,
 To say as she bids me wherever I go,
 And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score;
 They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more;
 And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so;
 Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.

For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
 Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart;
 Such questions he puts since I answer him so,
 That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are still No.

He ask'd, Did I hate him, or think him too plain?
 (Let me die if he is not a clever young swain);

IF

If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go, (No.
Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd, and said

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone?
If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on?
If I meant my life long to answer him so?
I falter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin? he said:
If I press you to church, will you scruple to go?
In a hearty good-humour I answer'd, No, no.

ONE morning young Roger accosted me thus:
Come here, pretty maiden, and give me a buss.
Lord! fellow, said I, mind your plough and your cart;
Yes, I thank you for nothing, thank you for nothing,
thank you for nothing with all my heart.

Well then, to be sure, he grew civil enough,
He gave me a box with a paper of snuff:
I took it, I own; yet had still so much art,
To cry, Thank you for nothing with all my heart.

He said, if so be he might make me his wife—
Good Lord! I was never so dash'd in my life;
Yet could not help laughing to see the fool start,
When I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

Soon after, however, he gain'd my consent,
And with him on Sunday to chapel I went;
But said 'twas my goodness more than his desert,
Not to thank him for nothing with all my heart.

The parson cry'd, Child, you must after me say;
And then talk'd of honour, and love, and obey:
But, faith, when his reverence came to that part,
There I thank'd him for nothing with all my heart.

At night our brisk neighbours the stocking wou'd throw;
I must not tell tales, but I know what I know:

Shall I tell you that Roger was cur'd of his smart ?
No ; I thank you for nothing with all my heart.

TOM loves Mary passing well,
And Mary she loves Harry ;
But Harry sighs for Bonny Bell,
And finds his love miscarry ;
For bonny Bell for Thomas burns,
While Mary slights his passion :
So strangely freakish are the turns
Of human inclination.

Mol gave Hal a wreath of flowers,
Which he in am'rous folly
Consign'd to Bell ; and in few hours
It came again to Molly.
Thus all by turns are woo'd and woo ;
No turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the object they pursue,
But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary Thomas grieves,
Proud Hal despises Mary ;
And all the flouts which Bell receives
From Tom, she vents on Harry.
If one of all the four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw people grummer ;
If one has smil'd, it catches round,
And all are in good-humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,
Throughout the British nation,
How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern
To smile at reformation.
And still, thro' life, this rule pursue:
Whatever objects strike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

SAYS

SAYS Phelim, In Ireland no longer I'll stay,
 I've got so much money my debts I can't pay;
 I will go to England, and pass for a lord,
 A bag-wig by my side, on my head a long sword,
 Sing Ballinamone ora, an English lady for me.

As I travel along, how the people will stare
 At my coach and six horses drawn by an old mare!
 I won't sleep on the road, nor make no delays,
 But lest I be weary I'll be going ten days.

And when I arrive safe at London by sea,
 I'll lodge at St James's or else at Bear-key;
 I'll fence at assemblies, play cards at a ball,
 And court some rich heiress worth nothing at all.

Each day I will walk all round cross the park,
 Each moonshiny night, at noon when 'tis dark,
 With my coat laced over, the beaux to alarm,
 With my hat in my hand to keep my wig warm.

Each night at the play in the box I will shine,
 And tell some rich widow she is more divine
 Than Pluto or Vulcan, or the goddesses of May,
 And with my fine speeches her heart I'll betray.

I'll drink her good health when I dine ev'ry morn,
 And give her a fine silver cup made of horn;
 I'll make verses on her in prose and in rhyme,
 And send her two letters by the post at one time.

Each night at her toilet when she rises from bed,
 When she combs her hands and washes her head,
 With my eyes very modest I'll stare in her face,
 And tell her for love that my guts burn and blaze.

I'll persuade her to wed in a day or two more,
 Next morning betimes at noon about four;
 To church I will carry my beautiful bride
 On a pillion before me, close by my left side.

And when we are married, the drums they shall ring,
 The bells they shall beat, and the fidler sing;

To Dublin I'll carry my charmer straightway,
In the midst of winter when they're making of hay.

My aunt Mac Mahon I'll invite to the feast,
Where potatoes and mutton for sauce shall be drest ;
Arrack punch made of whisky in bumpers shall flow,
And all my relations shall come to the show.

YE critics above, and ye critics below,
Ye finer-spun critics who keep the mid row,
O tarry one moment, I'll sing you a song,
Shall prove, that like us—you are all in the wrong ;
Sing tantara-rara wrong all, wrong all,
Sing tantara-rara wrong all.

Ye poets who mount on the fam'd winged steed,
Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed ;
For when by those hornets, the critics, he's stung,
You are thrown in the dirt—and are all in the wrong.
Sing tantara-rara, &c..

Ye actors who act what those writers have writ,
Pray stick to your poet, and spare your own wit ;
For when with your own you unbridle your tongue,
I'll hold ten to one—you are all in the wrong.
Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye knaves who make news for the foolish to read,
Who print daily slander the hungry to feed ;
For a while you mislead 'em, the news-hunting throng,
But the pillory proves—you are all in the wrong.
Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye grave politicians, so deep and so wise,
With your hums, and your shrugs, and your uplifted eyes ;
The road that you travel is tedious and long ;
But I pray you jog on—You are all in the wrong.
Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye happy fond husbands, and fond happy wives,
Let never suspicions embitter your lives ;

Let

Let your prudence be stout, and your faith be as strong ;
 Who watch, or who catch—They are all in the wrong.
 Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye unmarried folks, be not bought or be sold ;
 Let age avoid youth, and the young ones the old ;
 For they'll soon get together, the young with the young ;
 And then, my wise old ones—you are all in the wrong.
 Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye soldiers and sailors, who bravely have fought ;
 Who honour, and glory, and laurels, have bought ;
 Let your foes but appear, you'll be at 'em ding dong ;
 And if they come near you—they're all in the wrong.
 Sing tantara-rara, &c.

Ye judges of taste, to our labours be kind ;
 Our errors are many, pray wink or be blind ;
 Still find your way hither, to glad us each night,
 And our note we will change to—You're all in the right.
 Sing tantara-rara right all, right all,
 Sing tantara-rara right all.

THERE was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid,
 And he said, Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed ;
 I have little more to say, than will you aye or nay,
 For little said is soonest mended.

Then reply'd the little maid, Little Sir, you've little said,
 To induce a little maid to wed, wed, wed ;
 You must say a little more, and produce a little dow'r,
 Ere I make a little print in your bed, bed, bed.

Then the little man replied, If you'll be my little bride,
 I'll raise my love a little higher ;
 Tho' I little love to prate, my little heart is great,
 With the little god of love all on fire.

Then the little maid replied, Should I be your little bride,
 Pray what shall we do for to eat, eat, eat ?

Will

Will the flame you're so rich in, serve the fire in the kitchen?

Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?

Then the little man he sigh'd, some say a little cry'd;

For his little breast was big with sorrow:

I am your little slave; if the little that I have

Is too little, little dear, I will borrow.

So the little man so gent, made the little maid relent,

And set her little heart all a-thinking;

Tho' his offers were but small, she took his little all,

And could have of a cat but her skin.

THE girls of Kilkenny, so buxom and frisky,
Wou'd oftentimes treat me with claret and whisky.
Botheroo, Didderoo.

'Cause why, I cou'd dance, sing and caper so gaily,
And my heart was as stout as the heart of Shilaley.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

But Cupid the blinker, that arch mischief-maker,
For Ruggedy Madge caus'd my bowels to quake, Sir.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Oh, Ruggedy Madge was the fair creature's name, Sir;
For whom my poor bosom was all in a flame, Sir.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

But, oh! when I came to address and adore her,
I tumbled down backwards strait forwards before her.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Sweet creature, said I—can you fancy a lover,
That now will conceal what he now will discover?

Botheroo, Didderoo.

But she with her looks and her tongue 'gan to jeer me,
And, shutting her eyes—was resolv'd not to hear me.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Struck dumb with this usage, said I, You false creature,
You'll meet with your match neither sooner nor later.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then all ye young lovers, by me take a warning,
And pay no regard to their flouting and scorning.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

So boldly resolve to be buxom and jolly,
For it magnifies nothing to die melancholy.

Botheroo, Didderoo.

Then when you are dead, they will treat you with laugh-
And call you a fool all your life ever after. (ter,

Botheroo, Didderoo.

TH^{O'} in these gay days the ladies love plays,
Dance and caper without hesitation,
Yet there is no sporting compared to courting,
And having a little flirtation.

And having a little flirtation.

In house or in street, or wherever you meet

With the object of your inclination ;

Oh, is it not pleasure, beyond any measure,

To have then a little flirtation ?

To have then, &c.

What tho' now you call an assembly or ball

A pleasant and sweet recreation :

Altho' crowded full, you would find it but dull,

If you had not a little flirtation.

If you had not, &c.

There's you, and there's you, and there's you, Madam,

All your primness is but affectation ; (too,

Tho' you now look so shy, yet you cannot deny,

That you're fond of a little flirtation.

That you're fond, &c.

Then banish all care, my dear lovely fair,

Nor think of the fate of the nation ;

Come

Come well, or come ill, let things go how they will,
 We must have a little flirtation,
 And we will have a little flirtation.

AT Llantavre, Got pless her, a place of renown,
 Hur was brought up and born, 'twas a prafe gallant
 town ;

Hur father, Got pless her, did keep a goot house,
 Where never was lack of goot putting and sowfe.

Oh the house of hur father, hur father's goot house!

Where never was lack of goot putting and sowfe,

Prafe barra-mennin, and goot barra-chowfé ;

And was it not, look you, a plentiful house ?

Hur father, Got pless her, was prafe gallant man,

A shentleman, look you—and Morgan hur name ;

Great wonders hur did in the wars of the place,

Which caus'd many scars on hur worship's goot face.

Oh the house of hur father, &c.

So great was hur might, hur strength, and hur pow'r,

For hur sprung from the loins of great Owen Glendour ;

Hur slew many shiants, reliev'd many maids ;

A knight of great valour—but a cobler by trade.

Oh the house of hur father, &c.

Of dunnocks and goats hur had goot store and plenty ;

Of leeks a great garden, with cabbages dainty ;

An old woodcock's bill for a pipe—with goot liquor,

To comfort hur nose when hur sat in hur wicker.

Oh the house of hur father, &c.

Now hur father was tead—oh peace to hur relique !

Hur was tead of the wind in her guts and the colic ;

Hur house, goots, and chattles, hur left to her son,

Who was lookt at by all as a triving young man.

Oh the house of hur father, &c.

But the first of great March, on St Taffid's great day,
 As thorough Llantavre hur took her best way,

With

With hur leek in hur hat, to the show hur was going,
 With Shenkin, and Morgan, and Watkin, and Owen.
 Oh the house of hur father, &c.

Now as hur was passing the folks all among,
 Sweet Winnefred's face hur beheld in a throng ;
 St David, how great was poor Hughy's surprise,
 When hur felt the sharp nettles that shot from hur eyes!
 Oh the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones,
 Which makes hur sit fopping with sighings and groans,
 Making hur moans, sighings and groans ;
 Oh the marfelous eyes of sweet Winnefred Shones.

The very first shaft hur receiv'd from hur quiver,
 Went thorough hur breast-bone, and stuck in hur liver :
 Hur plood boil'd and pubbl'd, and glow'd in a trice ;
 But Winnifred's, look you, was frozen as ice.
 Oh the marfelous eyes, &c,

By Chesu hur swore hur would pluck up a courage ;
 Hur went to hur, and swore, hur was as good as leek-
 porrage ;
 But hur gimlet hur cock'd with an eye of disdain,
 Which pierc'd hur heart thorough and thorough again.
 Oh the marfelous eyes, &c.

Hur told hur in many sweet ditty and carol,
 Hur love was as great as hur ancestors were all :
 But in vain those sweet ditties and carols hur sung,
 Unheeded hur harp hur so often had strung.
 Oh the marfelous eyes, &c.

Cot splutter hur swore, for hur was in a passion,
 Hur would hate all such jades as the plagues of a nation:
 But the slut was so cruel, hur spit in hur face ;
 A sign hur was lack of good preeding and grace.
 Oh the damnable eyes of Miss Winnefred Shones!

So now hur will pack up her awls and be going,
 And leave off such pripples and praples as loving :
 Farewel to Llantavre, of faired renown,
 Hur'll seek hur goot fortune in London fine town.

Then adieu to the house ; oh, hur father's fine house !
 Where never was lack of goot pudding and sowse,
 Prafe barra-mennin, and goot barra-chowse ;
 Oh, was it not, look you,—a plentiful house ?

I Sing not of war, neither sing I of peace,
 Nor wantons my muse on the pleasures of ease ;
 I sing not of Bacchus, nor sing I of Venus,
 Of England or France, or the quarrel between us.
 Derry down, &c.

I sing not of Grecian, or Roman mad heroes,
 Of Cæsar's high deeds, or of impious Nero's ;
 The learning of Plato, the language of Tully,
 A Cato's stiff neck, or the Macedon Bully.

I sing not the longitude miss'd on, or hit on,
 The schemes of the French, or the prowess of Britain ;
 Such things have been sung of by twenty before,
 And will, for ought I know, by twice twenty more.

I sing not the fop with his fair-weather face,
 His box of perfumes, or his monkey grimace ;
 Who brags of amours with each impudent doxy,
 Or lying so oft with my lady—by proxy.

I sing not the ogling coquette's pretty arts,
 Whose smiles make us slaves, or whose frowns break our
 hearts ;

Who scorns to comply till her bloom is decay'd,
 And, repenting too late, dies a wrinkl'd old maid.

I sing not the peevish old maid's wicked malice,
 Still blaming her sex, and reproving its follies ;
 Who calls every bright-blooming beauty a strumpet,
 Because one has offers the other would jump at.

I sing not the scold that's eternally bawling,
 Eternally ranting, and roaring, and squalling ;
 Nor sing I poor hen-peck'd and hornify'd spouse,
 Whom, to bring in gallants, madam kicks out o' the
 house.

I sing not the blood, storming windows and doors,
Demolishing watchmen, and beating up whores ;
With constables bravely maintaining the fight,
And lodging secure in a roundhouse all night.

I sing not the sot that's eternally topping,
With mouth to receive, or emit, ever open ;
Who swears that all earthly enjoyment and pleasure,
Is to drink without end, and to drink without measure.

I sing not of schemes of the deep politician,
To humble the French, and bring down their ambition,
And make their grand monarch *ab armis et a vi*,
On stool penitential to cry out *peccavi*.

I sing not the hermit immur'd in a cell,
Where rigour in rags, without wisdom, may dwell ;
Nor sing I the fordid still-heaping-up miser,
Growing just as much rich as t'other's grows wiser.

But my hearers cry, What the pox would'st thou be at ?
Thou sing'st not of this, neither sing'st thou of that :
Then a fig for the critics, however they bawl,
Because I sing—Nothing, faith, nothing at all.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicksome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
The sexes at once to confound ?

What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
With each motion design'd to perplex ?
Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex—dear! girls,
And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
May call ev'ry art to her aid ;
The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade :
But you, on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,

Shou'd slyly attack us, with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent air.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view;
And kindly should seem, by the artist design'd,
To serve as a model for you.

Then learn with her beauty to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure:
Oh, be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
And your empire is solid and sure:
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for our sisters or aunts;
Believe me, you'll never be wives.

YE foplings and prigs, and ye wou'd-be smart things,
Who move in wide commerce's round,
Pray tell me from whence this absurdity springs,
All orders of rank to confound?
What means the bag-wig, and the soldier-like air,
On the tradesmen obsequious and meek?
Sure sabbaths were meant for retirement and pray'r,
To amend the past faults of the week.

The youth, to whom battles and dangers belong,
May call a fierce look to his aid.
Lace, bluster, and oaths, and a sword an ell long,
Are samples he gives of his trade:
But you, on whom London indulgently smiles,
And whom counters should guard from all ills,
Shou'd slyly invade with humility's wiles,
Left splendor deter us from bills.

Old Gresham, whose statue adorns the exchange,
Displays the grave cit to our view,

And

And silently frowns at a conduct so strange,
 So remote from your interests and you.
 Then learn from his gesture, grave, decent, and plain,
 To copy fair Prudence's rules ;
 For frugality's garb will conceal your vast gain,
 And secure ye the plunder of fools.

The ease of a court, and the air of a camp,
 Are graces no cit can procure ;
 Monsieur Jourdain still plods in the Spitalfield's tramp,
 Nor can Hart the grown aukwardness cure :
 Thus if, apes of the fashion, St James's you croud,
 And press onwards in spite of all stops,
 The Mall you may fill, and be airy and loud,
 But, trust me, you'll ne'er fill your shops.

WHEN I awake, with painful brow,
 Ere the cock begins to crow ;
 Tossing, tumbling, in my bed,
 Aching heart, and aching head ;
 Pond'ring over human ills,
 Cruel bailiffs, tailors bills ;
 Flush and Pam thrown up at Loo :
 When these sorrows strike my view,
 I cry——
 And, to stop the gushing tear,
 Wipe it with the pillow-bier.

But when sportive ev'ning comes,
 Routs, ridottos, balls, and drums ;
 Casinos here, Festinos there,
 Mirth and pastime ev'ry where ;
 Seated by a sprightly lass,
 Smiling with the smiling glass :
 When these pleasures are my lot,
 Tailors, bailiffs, all forgot,
 I laugh——

Careless, then, what may befall,
 Thus I shake my sides at all.

Then, again, when I peruse,
 O'er my tea, the morning news;
 Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,
 Wanton wives, and cuckold spouses;
 When I read of money lent,
 At sixteen and a half per cent,
 I cry——

But if, ere the muffin's gone,
 Simp'ring enters honest John;
 " Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
 " Waiting in a chaise and four:"
 Instant vanish all my cares,
 Swift I scamper down the stairs,
 And laugh——

So may this indulgent throng,
 Who now, smiling, grace my song,
 Never more cry, Oh! oh! oh!
 But join with me in, Ha! ha! ha!

TWO ears at a time are too many for use,
 When they're only the inlet of strife;
 But few they are found, who, tho' wise, wou'd refuse
 To possess the fair organs of life:
 Yet deafness sometimes of advantage is found;
 Misfortunes may turn to a blessing;
 For when nonsense distracts, or when tumults surround,
 They then lose the pow'r of distressing.

Hence I wisely am taught to be deaf of one ear,
 While the other for use I employ;
 One gate I shut up against trouble and care,
 And the other keep open for joy.

When my consort begins her loud windpipe to clear,
 With a peal would the world rend asunder;
 Serenely I sit, and I cock my deaf ear,
 Unmov'd 'midst the roar of the thunder.

T'other

T'other day comes a dun, with, Good Sir! you well
 What say you! speak louder a little : (know—
 You know, Sir, you borrow'd, three twelvemonths ago—
 Alas, friend! I can't hear a tittle :
 You owe me ten pounds! then louder he cries ;
 And repeats it as loud as he can :
 I point to my ears, and lift up my eyes,
 Till he hardly can think me the man.

I, as grave as a Don, cry, My hearing's quite lost!
 And my money (says he) too, I fear :
 Plague on him, 'tis folly to talk to a post!
 So he leaves me, as mad as a hare.
 Thus my life, night and day, in soft indolence flows ;
 Scolding, dunning, nor brawling, I fear.
 Ye marry'd men all, as ye wish for repose,
 Be sure to be deaf of one ear.

Without thinking on't, I gain'd Thyrsis's heart,
 As one ev'ning we danc'd on the lee :
 Without thinking on't, the youth, on his part,
 Alas! made a conquest of me.

Then, Cupid, take care of this ticklish affair,
 Nor leave poor Pastora in thrall ;
 Lest the swain shou'd forget, and break off as we met,
 Without thinking of it at all.

SICK of the town, fair Delia flew
 To contemplation's rural seat :
 Adieu, she cry'd, vain world, adieu!
 Fools only study to be great.
 The book, the lamp, the hermit's cell,
 The moss-grown roof, the matted floor ;
 All these she had—'twas mighty well ;
 But yet she wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
 She soon return'd, in hopes to find
 Ease for imaginary pain,
 Quiet of heart, and peace of mind :
 Gay scenes of grandeur ev'ry hour,
 By turns her fickle fancy fill :
 The world seem'd all within her pow'r ;
 But yet she wanted something still.

Cities and groves by turns were try'd :
 'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale ;
 Delia at length became a bride,
 A bride to Damon of the vale :
 Behold, at once the gloom was clear'd ;
 Damon was kind ;—and from that hour
 Each place a paradise appear'd,
 And Delia wanted nothing more.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
 Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in song :
 He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,
 By her own dear appointment, this goddess of love ;
 Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
 And doated on each——can a lover do more ?

He waited and waited ; then, changing his strain,
 'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain !
 The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
 And the whole course of nature was alter'd downright.
 'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
 But never to change——can a lover do more ?

Cleora, it happ'd, came by accident there ;
 No rose-bud so tempting, no lily so fair :
 He press'd her white hand—next her lips he essay'd ;
 Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid :
 Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
 And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.

THIS

THIS world is a stage
 On which mankind engage,
 And each acts his part in the throng :
 But all in confusion,
 Mere folly, delusion ;
 And, faith, nothing else but a song,
 A song, a song ;
 And, faith, nothing else but a song.

The parson so grave,
 Says your soul he will save,
 And point the right way from the wrong ;
 After piously teaching,
 And long-winded preaching ;
 He puts off his flock with a song, &c.

The doctor he fills
 You with bolus and pills,
 With assurance to make you live long ;
 But believe me 'tis true,
 The guinea's in view,
 And the rest it is all but a song, &c.

The surgeon so bold
 His lancet doth hold,
 And flashes your body along ;
 Small wounds he enlarges,
 To swell up your charges ;
 His art like the rest is a song, &c.

The soldier he rattles
 Of sieges and battles,
 And dangers that he's been among ;
 His preferment and spirit
 Are both like his merit,
 You see they are bought for a song, &c.

The master he cries,
 See the clouds how they rise,
 Up aloft, my brisk lads, it blows strong :
 Boy, make us some slip,
 And I'll warrant the ship
 Will soon reach her port, is his song, &c.

Vers'd in quirks and in quibbles,
 The lawyer he scribbles,
 And moves his mellifluous tongue ;
 'Twixt demur and vacation,
 He'll raise expectation,
 Then sink your estate to a song, &c.

The courtier he smiles
 At the time he beguiles,
 And feeds you with promises long :
 He squeezes your hand,
 And calls you his friend,
 Tho' he means nothing more than a song, &c.

Then let us be jolly,
 Drive hence melancholy,
 Since we are brave fellows among ;
 Taste life as it passes,
 And fill up our glasses,
 And each honest blade sing a song,
 A song, A song,
 And each honest blade sing a song.

YOU may say what you will, but Belinda's too tall,
 And Stella's all bone, and her shape is too small ;
 Dear Chloe's my wish, tho' extensive her charms,
 Tho' the front of her stays is too wide for my arms.

'Tis certain Miss Fanny's a sweet little dear,
 And Zephyrs bring odours when Lucy is near ;
 But Chloe's all sweetness by nature design'd ;
 We might call her a hoghead of double-refin'd.

When she dances, then leaps my fond heart like a frog ;
 When with rapture I press her, I'm lost in a fog :
 I beg for a kiss, while my vows I renew,
 And imbibe half a pint of ambrosial dew.

She frequently mentions young Strephon the beau ;
 But why shou'd I reckon my rival a foe ?

E'en

E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain ;
We both shall find more than our arms will contain.

I've oft overheard the ill-natur'd expression,
That beauty so bulky must pall in possession :
In his notion the critic is surely misled,
Love's flame by her fat will be constantly fed.

Some nymphs have angelical sweetness and grace,
But Chloe has rather a cherubim's face :
She's always good-humour'd, facetious, and free,
And only gives pain when she sits on my knee.

I start not, as timorous fribbles have done,
At the substance of three or four females in one ;
First balance her weight with his majesty's coin,
Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a single heart,
Yet I'm not old nor ugly :
Let me consult my faithful glass—
A face much worse than this might pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet blest'd with all these pow'ful charms,
The young Palæmon fled my arms,
That wild unthinking rover :
Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage-noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot :
Like madmen how they rave and stare !
A while they shake their chains, and swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

THERE was once, it is said,
 (When is out of my head,
 And where too,—yet true is my tale),
 That a round-belly'd vicar,
 Bepimped with liquor,
 Could stick to no text like good ale.
 Tol de rol, de rol lol, lol lol lol.

He, one night, 'gan to dose ;
 For, under the rose,
 The priest was that night *non-se-ipse* ;
Non-se-ipse !—you'll say,
 What's that to the lay ?
 In plain English, the parson was tipsy.

His clerk stepping in
 With a band-bobbing chin,
 As solemn and stupid as may be ;
 The vicar he gap'd,
 The clerk hemm'd and scrap'd,
 Saying, ' Please, Sir, to bury a baby.'

Now our author supposes
 The clerk's name was Moses ;
 He look'd, like his master, so rosy ;
 Who blink'd with one eye,
 With his wig all awry,
 And hickup'd, " Pray, how is it Mosy ?"

' A child, Sir, is carry'd,
 ' By you to be bury'd : '—
 " Bury me, Mosy ! no, that won't do !"—
 ' Lord, Sir, (says the clerk),
 ' You're quite in the dark,
 ' 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you !"
 " Well, Mosy, don't hurry,
 " The infant we'll bury."—
 ' But, master, the corpse cannot stay !"—
 " Well, can't it ?—but why ?—
 " For once, then, we'll try
 " If a corpse, Mosy, can run away."

‘ But, (Moses reply’d),
 ‘ Sir, the parish will chide
 ‘ For keeping them out in cold weather.’
 “ Then, Mosy, (quoth he),
 “ Go and tell ’em from me,
 “ I’ll bury them warm all together.”

‘ But, Sir, it rains hard ;
 ‘ Pray, have some regard !’
 “ Regard, Mosy ! that makes me stay ;
 “ For no corpse, young or old,
 “ In rain can catch cold ;
 “ But faith, Mosy, you and I may !”

Moses begg’d he’d be gone ;
 Saying, ‘ Sir, the rain’s done,
 ‘ Please to rise, and I’ll lend you my hand.’
 “ Oh, ’tis hard (quoth the vicar)
 “ To leave thus my liquor,
 “ To go when I’m sure I can’t stand !”

Then the parson, with trouble,
 To the church-yard did hobble,
 Lamenting the length of the way :
 “ For, Mosy, (quoth he),
 “ Were I a bishop, d’ye see,
 “ I neither need walk, preach, or pray !”

When he came to the grave,
 Says he, “ Moses, a slave !—
 “ Lord, where’s my tobacco-box hid ?
 “ I protest, this fast walking
 “ Prevents me from talking—
 “ So, Mosy, pray give me a quid.”

Then he open’d the book,
 And in’t seem’d to look,
 But o’er the page only he squinted.
 Said he, “ Moses, I’m vex’d,
 “ For I can’t find the text,
 “ The book is so wretchedly printed.

- “ Good people, let’s pray :
 “ Life’s, alas ! but a day,—
 “ Nay, sometimes ’tis over at noon !
 “ Man is but a flow’r,
 “ Cut down in an hour !
 “ ’Tis strong ale, Mosy, does it so soon.
 “ Woman of a man born——
 “ No—that’s wrong—the leaf’s torn——
 “ Upon woman the natural swell is :
 “ The world would grow wild
 “ Were men got with child ;
 “ Mosy, you and I might have big bellies.
 “ Neighbours, mind what I say ;
 “ When ’tis night ’tis not day ;
 “ Tho’, in former times, saints could work miracles !
 “ They’d raise from the dead——
 “ There’s no more to be said,
 “ For, Moses, I’ve dropp’d down my spectacles.
 “ Then, neighbours, forthwith
 “ Put the child in the earth ;
 “ Dust to dust, Mosy, dust it away :
 “ For, Moses, I trust
 “ We all should be dust,
 “ If we were not to moisten our clay.”
-

HAVE you e’er seen the morning sun,
 From fair Aurora’s bosom run ?
 Or have you seen on Flora’s bed
 The essences of white and red ?
 Then you may boast, for you have seen
 My fairer Chloris, beauty’s queen.

Have you e’er pleas’d your skilful ears
 With the sweet music of the spheres ?
 Have you e’er heard the syrens sing,
 Or Orpheus play to hell’s black king ?
 If so, be happy, and rejoice,
 For thou hast heard my Chloris voice.

Have

Have you e'er smelt what chymic skill
 From rose or amber doth distil?
 Have you been near that sacrifice
 The phoenix makes before she dies?
 Then you can tell, I do presume,
 My Chloris is the world's perfume.

Have you e'er tasted what the bee
 Steals from each fragrant flow'r or tree?
 Or did you ever taste that meat,
 Which poets say the gods did eat?
 O then I will no longer doubt
 But you have found my Chloris out.

OF Anna's charms let others tell,
 Or bright Eliza's beauty;
 My song shall be of Blouzibel;
 To sing of her's my duty:
 The fair, who arm'd with Cupid's darts,
 His flames, and other matters,
 Is all around behung with darts,
 As beggars are with tatters.

To lavish nature much she owes,
 And much to education:
 The girls and boys, and belles and beaux,
 Are struck with admiration:
 For blended in her cheeks there lies
 The carrot and the turnip;
 And who beholds her blazing eyes,
 His very heart they burn up.

Her dainty hands are red and blue;
 Her teeth all black and yellow;
 Her curling hair of saffron hue;
 Her lips like any tallow!
 Here voice so loud, and eke so shrill,
 Far off it is admir'd;
 Her tongue—which never yet lay still,
 And yet was never tir'd.

Ten thousand wonders rise to view
 All o'er the lovely creature ;
 The pearly sweat, like morning dew,
 Gilds ev'ry shining feature.
 As Isaac of his Esau said,
 She like a forest favours :
 Thrice happy man for whom the maid
 Reserves her private favours !
 O Blouzibel ! for thee we pant,
 To thee our hopes aspire ;
 For thou hast all that lovers want
 To quench their raging fire.
 Then kindly take us to thine arms,
 And in compassion save us
 From Anna's and Eliza's charms,
 Which cruelly enslave us.

O H, what pain it is to see ;
 Can I bear it, can I bear it ?
 Oh, what pain it is to see ;
 Can flesh and blood e'er bear it ?
 When Cælia does to me deny
 A kiss, which would give ecstasy,
 And Tray my happy rival be,
 Can flesh and blood e'er bear it ?
 Hopes in complaisance I plac'd ;
 They deceive me, they deceive me ;
 Hopes in complaisance I plac'd ;
 But all those hopes deceive me.
 I bow, I cringe ; but spite, alas !
 Of courtly airs, and artful face,
 Tray fawns with such superior grace,
 That all those hopes deceive me.
 When I skill in music show,
 'Twill not please her, 'twill not please her ;
 When I skill in music show,
 Yet still it will not please her.

My tune tho' soft, my voice tho' low;
 'Tis vain, my chiefest notes must bow
 To sweet enchanting bow-wow-wow;
 That air alone will please her.

Grant, I cry'd, to cure my wo,
 Balmy kisses, balmy kisses;
 Grant, I cry'd, to cure my wo,
 Some precious balmy kisses.

In vain my sighs to move her rose;
 From me she flew, and cruel chose
 T' apply her lips to Tray's cold nose,
 And lavish there her kisses.

Yet my heart is fixt to try,
 If she'll love me, if she'll love me;
 Yet my heart is fixt to try,
 If she at length will love me:
 For if thus kind, thus tender she,
 Can to so mean a creature be,
 How vastly, vastly more to me,
 If once she'd change and love me.

THREE nymphs contending for my heart,
 With different charms and grace;
 The first sold puddings, pies and tarts;
 The second, pins, and lace:
 The third employ'd herself to cry
 The news three times a-week;
 Besides, each night 'twas her delight,
 To cry hot bak'd ox-cheek.

Look, gods! from your celestial bow'rs,
 And guide me to the best;
 And may my faculties and pow'rs
 Of heart and mind be blest:
 Whilst thus I cry'd, the gods reply'd,
 Thy fate can't be revers'd:
 The nymph we've chosen for thy bride,
 Sifts cinders from the dust.

HOW happy a state does the virgin possess,
 Whose innocent bosom no troubles distress;
 She's ever brisk, airy, good-humour'd, and gay,
 No cares to molest her by night or by day.
 Uncontroul'd by a husband, her actions are free;
 Of herself and her fortune sole mistress is she:
 In freedom and pleasure she passes her life;
 If so happy a virgin, then who'd be a wife?

No bantlings to tease her or break her night's rest,
 With peace and contentment her moments are blest'd;
 She sleeps till 'tis time in the morning to rise,
 And ev'ry new day some new pleasure supplies.
 Surrounded, abroad, with a crowd of smart beaux,
 Who are proud to attend her wherever she goes,
 About her they swarm, like the bees to their hives:
 If so happy when virgins, then who would be wives?

Let the wife boast of conjugal bliss, if she please,
 Which is bought at th' expence of her freedom and ease;
 Confin'd by her cares, still at home she must stay,
 While abroad we can range to the park or the play,
 Thro' a maze of soft pleasure our actions we steer;
 And when we come home, we've no husband to fear,
 To tease us, and vex us, and tire out our lives:
 If so happy when virgins, then who would be wives?

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
 And sought the lass he lov'd the best:
 As tow'rd her cot he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd, she'd something else to do.

He swore he did admire her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before;
 In tender sighs protesting, he
 Would constant as the turtle be;

Talk'd

Talk'd much of death, should she refuse,
 And us'd such arts as lovers use :
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true ;
 But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd :
 Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest ;
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove ;
 But, trust me, I'll ne'er die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn.
 Dear Colin, I was jesting too ;
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.

HAPPY the man, who life's dull cares
 To low ambition gives !
 And, mounting up five pair of stairs,
 In lofty garret lives.

Whilst tumults vex our earthly ball,
 Our streets whilst noisy cries,
 The Garreteer escapes them all,
 " Commercing with the skies."

No wrangling mobs, thus heard from far,
 Disturb his tranquil soul :
 The rattling coach, and rumbling car,
 Like distant thunders roll.

Proud, as a sultan on his throne,
 His vassals at his feet :
 Above the world, the bard looks down
 On all that man thinks great.

Soft gales, from dregs terrestrial clear,
 Sublimest thoughts inspire :
 His warm'd imagination there
 From heav'n itself takes fire.

On beef or pork low mortals we
 Regale, or stummy wines ;

On nectar and ambrosia he
With gods and heroes dines.

Whilst dust or smoke beneath him rolls,
He snuffs the æthereal breeze ;
And broils his steak upon the coals,
Or calmly toasts his cheese.

The wheezing dun, one flight of stairs.
Who mounts to seize his prey,
To storm his citadel despairs,
And growling turns away.

The Cambrian thus on Penmenmoor,
Or Snowdon's lofty side,
Amidst his craggy rocks secure,
The Roman pow'r defy'd.

The spider in the bard's blest dome
His web with safety hides ;
Where mops or brooms dare never come,
" That come to all" besides.

Tho' rarely seen in well-dress'd routs,
" Or cheerful haunts of men ;"
Yet many a macaroni spouts
The labours of his pen.

Almack's, pantheon, or court-ball,
Are low and childish toys :
What only we high life can call,
The Garreteer enjoys.

IN the month of May,
The morning grey,
First peeps a doubtful light :
Three strikes the clock,
The village cock
Next crows with all his might.
Each waking bird,
Chirping is heard ;

Tinges of red the sky adorn ;
 Bird, man, and beast,
 Regard the east,
 And, pleas'd, salute the rising morn.
 The shepherd now his flock unfolds ;
 Night, like a thief, steals slow away :
 His dingy hue,
 Ugly to view,
 Is chang'd to a delightful blue :
 All nature's gay ;
 And now the villager beholds
 His mowers mow, his ploughers plow,
 Sheep bleat, birds sing, and oxen low.
 Each rural sound salutes his ears ;
 He whistles to make one :
 And now,
 Usher'd by all this fine parade,
 In ev'ry splendid pomp array'd,
 Appears
 The radiant sun.

So, after abundance of toilet affairs,
 And Betty has nine times run up and down stairs,
 For lappets and ribbands, and one thing and t'other,
 And the house, top and bottom's alarm'd with the pother,
 And a hundred things more are done equally risible,
 The lady, at last, condescends to be visible.

WHY will you plague me with your pain ?
 You know such nonsense I disdain !
 Your passion, anguish, tears, and sighs,
 And all such folly, I despise.
 If I but frown, you say you die ;
 Sure, frowns can never hurt a fly :
 But since my smiles such blessings prove,
 I'll ever smile at you and love.

You say that I am all divine,
 My eyes the brightest stars outshine ;

And

And I of charms have such a store,
 As never girl possess'd before :
 And when I am as mad as you,
 I may believe it to be true ;
 But never, till that time shall be,
 Let me hear more of love or thee.

WHoe'er with curious eye has rang'd
 Thro' Ovid's tales, has seen,
 How Jove, incens'd, to monkeys chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.
 Repentant soon, th' offending race
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r ;
 But t'other half he bid the wind
 Disperse in empty air.
 Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod,
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxurious now
 Around their temples spread ;
 The tail, that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.
 The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face ;
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
 Jove bade them take their place,
 Restoring them their ancient claim
 Among the human race.
 Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
 Nor would a name bestow ;

But

But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a *Beau*.

FLOW joy to the souls of my friends in full tide ;
Sit each merry swain with a nymph at his side,
With smiles on their cheeks to betoken their glee,
While I sing of my Syllabub under the tree.

The wit of the beau, and the flights of the belle ;
The gay conversations in which they excel ;
The smart things they say, and their solidity,
Compare with my syllabub under the tree.

The joys of a court, and the bliss of a king ;
The star on his breast, with its ribbon, or string ;
Tho' solid they seem,—alas ! if you see,
They're too like my syllabub under the tree.

Most speeches we hear, so sonorous and strong,
In the senate declaim'd by the patriot throng,
(What lurks at the bottom?—the froth we but see),
Are too like my syllabub under the tree.

The priest when he talks of his piety most ;
When soldier and sailor their feats often boast ;
Merchant and lawyer, vaunting loud honesty,
Compare with my syllabub under the tree.

Hard words of the scholar, in Latin or Greek, (speak,
Seeking thoughts of the learn'd, when his own he shou'd
(His thoughts should seek words, critics all must agree),
Compare with my syllabub under the tree.

When fops count us, vainly, the fair they have won ;
How many they've kiss'd since the last setting sun ;
Snorting praises, the prude, of her own chastity,
Compare with my syllabub under the tree.

When John kisses Margery in guise of true love,
And vows, as he kisses, he'll constant e'er prove ;
His vows and his kisses from froth are not free,—
They form but a syllabub under the tree.

ALL attendants apart,
 I examin'd my heart,
 Last night when I laid me to rest ;
 And methinks I'm inclin'd
 To a change of my mind ;
 For you know second thoughts are the best.

To retire from the crowd,
 And make ourselves good,
 By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,
 Is, in truth, to reveal,
 What we'd better conceal,
 That our passions want some regulation.

It will much more redound
 To our praise, to be found,
 In a world so abounding with evil,
 Unspotted and pure,
 Tho' not so demure,
 And to wage open war with the devil.

In bidding farewell
 To the thoughts of a cell,
 I'll prepare for a militant life ;
 And, if brought to distress,
 Why then—I'll confess,
 And do penance in shape of a wife.

A Tailor there was, and he liv'd in a garret,
 Who ne'er in his days tasted champaigne or claret ;
 With high soups, or ragouts, he never was fed,
 But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.

His work he pursu'd without any repining,
 When bless'd with a pint of three threads for his lining ;
 Till Cupid, whose arrows most cruelly treat us,
 With a semstrefs's bodkin destroy'd his quietus.

No longer a birth-night affords any pleasure,
 His patterns lie scatter'd, in tatters his measure :

His

His bills he contrives not with items to swell ;
Silk, twist, tape, and buckram, he damns them to hell.

Cupid pitying his case, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had made ;
He bade him be bold, and not stand like a mute ;
Who e'er finish'd without first beginning his suit ?

He visits the sempstress with awkward address ;
Protests on her kindness hung his happiness.
But she scornfully sneer'd at his speeches and wheedle,
For she, lack a-day ! was as sharp as a needle.

He told her, on hon'able terms he was come,
And begg'd he might soon be inform'd of his doom ;
Unless she'd consent to be shortly his wife,
The fates' shears would soon cut off his remnant of life.

D'ye think, cry'd the sempstress, I'll take for a spouse,
One whom no one esteems at three skips of a louse ?
Advance in your favour whatever you can,
A tailor is but the ninth part of a man.

The tailor proceeded with lying, intreating,
And making such speeches which scarce bear repeating :
A woman, unmarried, was useless, he said ;
Was just like a needle without any thread.

When the priest shou'd have tack'd them together, he
cry'd,
For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide ;
Tho' to Turkeys and capons he cou'd not aspire,
She might always be sure of a goose at the fire.

As she work'd, he commended her fingers so nimble !
And swore that her eyes were more bright than her thimble ;
Tho' small was his wit, he so acted his part,
That (I know not how 'twas) he cabbag'd her heart.

Away hand in hand to the chapel they went ;
Nor appear'd in her visage the least discontent :
None but death could the conjugal knot have unty'd ;
For cross-legg'd together they sat till they dy'd.

LONG since unto her native sky
 Fled heav'n-descended Constancy ;
 Naught now that's stable's to be had ;
 The world's grown mutable and mad :
 Save women—they, we must confess,
 Are miracles of steadfastness ;
 And ev'ry witty, pretty dame,
 Bears for her motto,—Still the same.

The flow'rs that in the vale are seen,
 The white, the yellow, blue, and green,
 In brief complexion idly gay,
 Still set with ev'ry setting day ;
 Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,
 Their odours gone, their colour lost ;
 But what is true, tho' passing strange,
 That women never—fade nor change.

The wise man said, that all was vain,
 And folly's universal reign ;
 Wisdom its votaries oft enthrals,
 Riches torment, and pleasure palls ;
 And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,
 That each man soon or late's a fool :
 In women 'tis the exception lies ;
 For they are wond'rous, wond'rous wise !

This earthly ball with noise abounds,
 And from its emptiness it sounds ;
 Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of men,
 The lawyer's plea, the poet's pen :
 But women here no one suspects,
 Silence distinguishes that sex ;
 For, poor dumb things ! so meek's their mould,
 You scarce can hear them—when they scold.

An hundred mouths, an hundred tongues,
 An hundred pair of iron lungs,
 Five heralds, and five thousand criers,
 With throats whose accent never tires ;
 Ten speaking-trumpets of a size
 Would deafness with their din surprise ;

Your

Your praise, sweet nymph, shall sing and say,
And those that will believe it—may.

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we ha'nt better company
Upon Tyburn tree.

But gold from law can take out the sting;
For if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree.

The lawyer, who's bias'd by money or spleen,
Wou'd cut a good figure, if once he was seen,
Where most of his brethren deserve to have been,
Upon Tyburn tree.

The methodist preacher, who makes it his care
To plunge his audience into despair,
Deserves to finish his funeral pray'r
Upon Tyburn tree.

The quack too, who makes it his study to kill
Man, woman, and child, with his poisonous pill,
Deserves to be dragg'd, tho' much 'gainst his will,
Upon Tyburn tree.

The creditor who will no longer stay,
When his debtor has will, but no pow'r to pay,
Deserves in his turn to be hurried away
Unto Tyburn tree.

The tailor, who cheats you behind and before,
And instead of three yards will charge you for four,
Would think it damn'd hard to finish his score
Upon Tyburn tree.

But don't you think that he merits full well
To be tied in a cart, and hear his own knell:
Oh, how poor snip would think of his hell
Under Tyburn tree!

Whoe'er, when the minor's last shilling is spent,
Lends money on premium, and fifty per cent.
Deserves to receive his last punishment
Upon Tyburn tree.

The jolly churchwarden, and overseer too,
Who pocket one half of the parish's due,
Deserve to be nubb'd, and made look askew
Upon Tyburn tree.

The man who wishes his country oppress'd,
Who gives up his king or his friend when distress'd,
Deserves to be halter'd, and swing with the rest
Upon Tyburn tree.

In short, were mankind their merits to have,
Could justice mark out each particular knave,
Two thirds o' the creation would sing the last stave
Upon Tyburn tree.

PHilosophers tell us that man is a creature,
That walks on two legs, and unfeather'd by nature;
But woman a form more delightful assumes,
And our fair ones are nought but a bundle of plumes.

The feather, they say, is an emblem design'd
Of the sex's light nature, that veers with the wind;
And the different colours are laid on their wings,
To shew us that women are changeable things.

Observe how white, yellow, blue, purple, and red,
All the tints of the rainbow are pinn'd to one head;
For feathers they ransack the air, earth, and sea,
And a lady's rout looks like—a menagerie.

So closely they stick, you wou'd swear when you see e'em,
They had all made a party to rob the museum;
Or, to feather their nests well, and make their heads clever,
Had cross'd Lei'ster fields, and plunder'd poor Lever.

If below the fair bosom this fashion shou'd spread,
And the body be plumed as well as the head;

It would puzzle Buffon in what genus to place,
Or what species allot to this new-feather'd race.

Who knows but our girls, (we have seen stranger things),
When they once have got feathers, may make themselves wings;

Like our swallows in winter, may soon take their flight,
And bid all their lovers and husbands good night!

Let's away then to Crewe's, in pursuit of the fair;
We may fling a net o'er them, and catch 'em all there:
Then, mingling together, we'll join the gay throng;
For you're in full feather, and I'm in full song.

SOME women take delight in dress,
And some in cards take pleasure,

While others place their happiness
In heaping hoards of treasure:

In private some delight to kiss,
Their hidden charms unfolding:

But all mistake the sov'reign bliss;
There's no such joy as scolding!

As scolding, as scolding!
There's no such joy as scolding!

The instant that I ope mine eyes,
Adieu all day to silence;

Before my neighbours they can rise,
They hear my tongue a mile hence.

When at the board I take my seat,
'Tis one continued riot;

I eat and scold, and scold and eat,
My clack is ne'er at quiet.

Too fat, too lean, too hot, too cold;
I ever am complaining;

Too fresh, too stale, too young, too old;
Each guest at table paining:

Let it be fowl, or flesh, or fish,
Tho' of my own providing,

I still find fault with ev'ry dish,
 Still ev'ry servant chiding.
 But when I go to bed at night,
 I surely fall to weeping ;
 For then I lose my great delight ;
 Oh could I scold when sleeping !
 But this my pain doth mitigate,
 And soon disperses sorrow,—
 Altho' to-night it be too late,
 I'll pay it off to-morrow !

I Am a brisk young lively lass,
 A little more than twenty ;
 And by my comely air and mien,
 I can have sweethearts plenty :
 But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
 Tho' dying swains adore me ;
 The men I'll teaze, myself to please,
 My mother did so before me.
 In rich brocades and diamonds bright,
 Like gayest springs delighting,
 My parts and humour shall unite,
 To make me more inviting.
 For I'll advance, and learn to dance,
 To please shall be my glory ;
 I'll learn to trace each step with grace,
 My mother, &c.

I'll dress as fine as fine can be,
 My pride shall be my pleasure ;
 And tho' the neighbours envy me,
 To mind them I've no leisure.
 I'll take delight both day and night
 To be talk'd of in story ;
 I'll have it said, There shines a maid ;
 My mother, &c.

To park and play I'll often go,
 To spend each leisure hour ;

I'll

I'll walk and talk with ev'ry beau,
 And make them feel my pow'r.
 But if a dart shou'd pierce my heart,
 From one that does adore me,
 We'll wed and kifs ; what harm's in this ?
 My mother, &c.

Then will I manage, when I wed,
 My husband to perfection ;
 For, as good wives have often said,
 Keep husbands in subjection.
 No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 Or e'er eclipse my glory :
 I'll let him see I'll mistress be ;
 My mother did so before me.

IT was about the Martinmas time ;
 And a gude time it was than,
 When our gude-wife had puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind it blew baith cauld and raw,
 And it blew in to the floor ;
 Quo' our goodman to our goodwife,
 " Gae out and bar the door."

" My hand is in my hussy's skap,
 Goodman, as ye may see ;
 An' it should nae be barr'd this hunder year,
 It's nae be barr'd for me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first of them that spake a word,
 Shou'd rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor ha',
 Nor coal nor candle light.

Now,

Now, Whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is't a poor ?

But never a word wad ane of them speak,
For barring of the door.

Then first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black ;
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to herfel',
Yet ne'er a word she spake.

Then said the one unto the other,
" Here, man, tak' ye my knife ;
Do you tak' aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kifs the goodwife."

" But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do then ?"
" What ails you at the pudding-bree,
That boils into the pan ?"

O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he ;
" Will you kifs my wife before my een,
And scad me wi' pudding bree ?"

Up then started our goodwife,
And ga'e skips on the floor :
" Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word,
Get up and bar the door."

IN Scotland there liv'd a humble beggar,
He had neither house, nor hald, nor hame ;
But he was weel-liked by ilka body,
And they gae him funkets to rax his wame.

A nivesfow o' meal, and handfow o' groats,
A dadd o' bannock, or herring-bree,
Cauld parrage, or the lickings o' plates,
Wad mak' him as blyth as a beggar could be.

This beggar he was a humble beggar,
The feint a bit o' pride had he ;

He wad a ta'en his a'ms in a bicker,
Frae gentleman, or poor bodie.

His wallets ahint and afore did hing,
In as good order as wallets cou'd be ;
A lang kail-gooly hang down by his side,
And a meikle nowt-horn to rout on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happened warfe,
It happened sae, that he did die :
And wha do ye think was at his late-wake,
But lads and lasses o' high degree ?

Some were blyth, and some were sad,
And some they play'd at Blind-Harrie :
But suddenly upstart the auld carle,
I redd ye, good focks, tak' tent o' me.

Up gat Kate, that sat i' the nook,
Wou, kimmer, and how do ye ?
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They houkit his grave in Duket's kirk-yard,
E'en far frae the companie ;
But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yird,
The feint a dead nor dead was he.

And when they brought him to Dukit's kirk-yard,
He dunted on the kist, the broads did flee ;
And when they were gaun to put him i' the yird,
In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd, I'm cauld, I'm unca cauld ;
Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he :
But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,
And he helped to drink his ain dirgie.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarie,
The gudewife she drank naithing but sack and
canary ;

The

The gudeman he complain'd to her friends right early,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly !

Firft she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
And syne she drank my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the lairie ;
O gin, &c.

She drank her hofe, she drank her fhoon,
And syne she drank her bonny new gown ;
She drank her fark that cover'd her rarely ;
O gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wad na care,
But she drinks my claiths I canna' well spare ;
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly ;
O gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
The beft blue bonnet was e'er o' my head ;
And this is the reason I'm claithed fo barely ;
O gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns ;
My bane-headed ftaff that I loo'd fo dearly ;
O gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor ftife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life ;
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley ;
O gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purfe :
If I feek but a bawbee, she'll fcolld and she'll curfe :
She lives like a queen, I fcrimped and fparely ;
O gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow :
But when she fits down, she gets herfel fu' ;
And when she is fu' she is unco camftairie ;
O gin, &c.

When she comes to the ftreet, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the houfe wants ;
But

But rants up some fool fang, like, Up ye'er heart, Charlie;
O gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's baith b-----s and j---s,
And ca's mysel' aye ane auld cuckold carlie.
O gin, &c.

'TIS no very lang finfyne,
That I had a lad o' my ain;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lain.
The las he's courting has filler,
And I ha'e nane at a';
And it's nought but the love of the tocher
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Wha has sence to wale a good wife.
For tho' I say't mysel',
That shou'd na say't, it's true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er ha'e occasion to rue.

I gang ay fu' clean and fu' tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back,
But sik as I spin mysel'.
And when I'm clad i' my curtsley,
I think mysel' as braw
As Sufy, wi' a' her pearling,
That's tane my lad awa'

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willy does slight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O I'm blyth that I've miss'd him!
As blyth as I weel can be;

For

For ane that's fae keen o' the filler
Will never agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit and scant;
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak' use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to had and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom fae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
'To make me his partner for life,
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

WHEN first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here, and there, and ev'ry where,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had for fear of want,
But rambled up and down;
And for a beau I might have past
In country or in town:
I still was pleas'd where'er I went;
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.
Now, in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find;

For

For love, they say, gives one an air,
 And ev'n improves the mind :
 On Phillis fair, above the rest,
 Kind fortune fix'd my eyes ;
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice :
 To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many a vow,
 And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do :
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone ;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
 To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain :
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine ;
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine.
 And now, whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I ;
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply :
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
 He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan ;
 I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself
 With John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,
 Still hoping to succeed :
 I pitch'd on books for company,
 And gravely tried to read ;
 I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
 And study'd night and day ;
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,
 That happen'd in my way.
 Philosophy I now esteem'd

The ornament of youth,
 And carefully, thro' many a page,
 I hunted after truth:
 A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 And yet was pleas'd with none;
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
 To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,
 Who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
 For happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name;
 For friendship, love, and learning deep,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd, and warning take,
 From such a man as me;
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree;
 You'll find displeasure ev'ry where:
 Then do as I have done;
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 With John of Badenyon.

WHA wadna be in love
 Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd what was't they ca'd her?
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 Begone, you hallanshaker;
 Jogg on your gate, you bladder-skate,
 My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quo' he, and by my bags,
 I'm fidgeting fain to see thee;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 In troth I winna steer thee:
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;

The lasses loup as they were daft
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, ha'e you your bags,
Or is your drone in order?

If you be Rob, I've heard of you;
Live you upo' the border?

The lasses a' baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly cou'd she frisk it.
Weel done, quo' he; play up, quo' she:
Weel bobb'd, quo' Rob the Ranter;
It's worth my while to play indeed,
When I ha'e sic a dancer.

Weel ha'e you play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simson.
I've liv'd in Fife baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin you shou'd come to Ant'er fair,
Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

THERE came a young man to my daddy's door,
My daddy's door, my daddy's door;
There came a young man to my daddy's door,
Came seeking me to woo.

And O but he was a braw young lad,
A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad!
And vow but he was a braw young lad,
Came seeking me to woo!

But I was baking when he came,
 When he came me to woo ;
 I took him in, and ga'e him a scone
 To thow his frozen mou'.

I fet him in aside the bink,
 And ga'e him bread and ale to drink ;
 But ne'er a blyth styme wad he blink,
 Until his wame was fu'.

Gae get you gone, you cauldrie wooer,
 Ye four-looking cauldrie wooer :
 I straitway show'd him to the door,
 Saying, Come nae mair to woo.

There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door ;
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there he fell, I trow.

Out came the goodman, and high he shouted,
 Out came the goodwife, and low she louted,
 And a' the town neighbours were gather'd about it ;
 But there lay he, I trow.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but you're a' beguil'd ;
 You've faun i' the dirt, and you're a' befyl'd,
 We'll ha'e nae mair o' you.

BUT are you sure the news is true ?
 And are you sure he's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?
 Fy, lafs, fling by your wheel.
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's nae luck about the house
 When our goodman's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' thrift,
 When Colin's at the door ?

Rax me my cloak, I'll down the key,
 And see him come ashore.
 There's nae luck, &c.

Rise up, and mak' a clean fire-side,
 Put on the muckle pot ;
 Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.
 There's nae luck, &c.

Mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockings white as snaw ;
 It's a' to pleasure our goodman,
 He likes to see them braw.
 There's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens into the crib
 Ha'e fed this month and mair ;
 Mak' haste, and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare.
 There's nae luck, &c.

Bring down to me my bigonet,
 My bishop-fatin gown ;
 And then gae tell the bailie's wife,
 That Colin's come to town.
 There's nae luck, &c.

My Turkey-slippers I'll put on,
 My stockings pearl blue ;
 And a' to pleasure our goodman,
 For he's baith leal and true.
 There's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath's like cauler air ;
 His very tread has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 There's nae luck, &c.

And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
In troth I'm like to greet.
There's nae luck, &c.

HEr fell pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwel-prig, man ;
An' mony alteration seen
Amang t'e Lallant Whig, man.
Fal, lal, &c.

First when her to the Lallands came,
Nainfell was troving cows, man ;
There was nae laws apout hims nerse,
Apout te breeks or trews, man.

Nainfell dit wear the philabeg,
The plait prick't on her shoulter ;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
An' pistol sharg'd wi' pouter.

But tevil tak' t'ese cursed preeks,
Wherewith her nerse be lockit !
Ohon ! that e'er she saw t'e day,
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every t'ing in t'e Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration ;
T'e sodger twall at our toor sheek,
An' t'at's t'e great vaxation.

Scotland pe turn't an Englant now,
Pat laws pring on t'e cadger ;
Nainfell wad durk her for her deeds,
Put, oh, she fears t'e sodger.

Anither law came after that,
Me never saw t'e-like, man ;
They mak' a lang road on t'e crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' vow she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn-rigs, man ;

Where

Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no break ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no pe sheaper,
For nought put gaun upo' t'e grund,
An' they gi'e me a paper.

They tak' t'e horse t'en py t'e head,
An' t'ere they mak' him stand, man;
I tellt them, that I seen t'e day
She had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubts nainfell maun traw her purse,
An' pay him what hims like, man:
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

GIN I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonny wee yardy aside a wee burn,
Farewel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.
And bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what may betide me yet;
Some bonny wee bodie may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang a-field, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou heat and fou clean,
And a bonny we bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry papa or dad-da to me.
And bide you yet, &c.

And if there shou'd happen ever to be
A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me,

In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
 I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.
 And bide you yet, &c.

ALAS! my son, you little know
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow ;
 Farewel to ev'ry day of ease,
 When you have got a wife to please.
 Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
 You little ken what's to betide you yet ;
 The half o' that will gain you yet,
 If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

Your experience is but small,
 As yet you've met with little thrall ;
 The black cow on you're foot ne'er trode,
 Which gars you sing along the road.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
 Or some piece of the spinning-wheel,
 She will drive at you with good-will ;
 And then she'll fend you to the de'il.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I, like you, was young and free,
 I valu'd not the proudest she :
 Like you I vainly boasted then,
 That men alone were born to reign.
 But bide you yet, &c.

Great Hercules, and Samson too,
 Were stronger men than I or you ;
 Yet they were baffled by their dears,
 And felt the distaff and the sheers.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
 Are proof 'gainst swords and canon-balls ;

But.

But there is nought, by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

IT is, I believe,
Next Hollantide eve.
A twelvemonth since first I began
To hold up my head,
In love to be read,
And to construe the looks of a man.

Young Damon I saw,
He kiss'd me, oh la !
I vow thro' my bosom it ran ;
My lips he so prest,
'Tis true, I protest,
I thought him a deuce of a man.

Philander the gay
I met at the play,
My heart beat a furious ratan ;
Because you must know,
I some time ago,
Had hopes of his being the man.

Brisk Strephon came next ;
But then I was vext,
He play'd with Miss Phillis's fan ;
I own, to be sure,
I could not endure
To see myself robb'd of a man.

My mother and aunts,
Still watching my haunts,
Obstru&t me as much as they can ;
But what do I care ?
I vow and declare,
I'll fit myself soon with a man.

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog,
 And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten :
 Those eyes in your face—(O pity my case !)
 Poor Dermot hath smitten, poor Dermot hath smitten.
 For softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
 Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is :
 Your shape's like a pail ; from your head to your tail,
 You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.
 Your lips red as cherries, and your curling hair is
 As black as the devil, as black as the devil :
 Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
 Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville ;
 When dress'd in your boddice, you trip like a goddess,
 So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky ;
 A kiss on your cheek ('tis so soft and so sleek)
 Would warm me like whisky, would warm me like whisky.
 I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,
 Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel ;
 No rest can I take ; and asleep or awake
 I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.
 Your hate then give over ; nor Dermot your lover
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle !
 Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.

WHEN Delia's eyes transfix'd my heart
 With one resistless glance,
 'Twas Love himself that aim'd the dart,
 Tho' mortals call it Chance.

'Twas at the fatal birth-night ball
 I saw her lead the dance ;
 (Long deaf to youth and beauty's call,
 I thither stroll'd by chance.)

I saw her, like the queen of love,
 With graceful step advance ;
 She seem'd a partner fit for Jove,
 Had Jove been there by chance.

No hireling nymph that treads the stage,
 From Italy or France,
 Could thus my raptur'd fight engage,
 As Delia did by chance.

The stars that in such order move,
 Amid'ft heav'n's wide expanse,
 Match'd with the motions of my love,
 Might seem the work of chance.

As, when the spur is in his side,
 The fiery steed will prance,
 I struggled long my love to hide;
 But who can strive with chance?

With wonder as I stood amaz'd,
 Methought she look'd askance,
 And smil'd upon me as I gaz'd;
 But, ah! 'twas all by chance.

To raise my spirits, I retir'd,
 And took a dram of Nantz;
 But, oh, I found my breast more fir'd—
 'Twere better trust to chance.

As to and fro I stroll'd about,
 Wrapt up in amorous trance,
 I tripp'd, and fell; the nymph, no doubt,
 But smil'd at my mischance.

While thus I languish and look sad,
 Like hero in romance,
 You, lovely Delia, think me mad,
 Nor pity me, perchance.

Yet for your sake, with any knight
 That dares, I'll break a lance—
 And if I perish in the fight,
 Why—let me take my chance.

Would Delia but my wishes crown,
 Nought could my bliss enhance;
 Content for life, I'd sit me down,
 And bless this lucky chance.

AS tinkering Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
 He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist ;
 Tom, with uplifted hands, th' occasion blest'd,
 And thus in soothing strains the maid address'd.

O Sylvia ! while you drive your carts,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts :
 That mine is gone, alas ! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you.
 O, lovely Sylvia ! ease my pain,
 Give me the heart you stole again.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about :
 She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as soot,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below ;
 To Tom she nodded as the cart drove on,
 And then (resolv'd to speak) she cry'd, Stop, John.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paultry crowd oppress'd ?
 Ambition now my soul does fire,
 The youths shall languish and admire ;
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

SYLVIA, whose eyes are fatal as a gun,
 Sat basking in the sun,
 One stocking off, the other on :
 One stocking off ; for why ? the gentle fair
 Just then was minded to repair

A breach her fragrant foot had made :
 The faithful Damon, at her side,
 Intent the neat performance ey'd,
 And thus in plaintive numbers sung, or said :

Nymph possess'd of ev'ry grace,
 Nice in finger as in face,

See thy swain, all pale and shocking,
 Worn as thin as any stocking.
 Think, ah think ! on what he feels ;
 And darn a heart that's out at heels.

Around the careless maid
 To mortal eyes
 Resembling flies
 A swarm of buzzing cupids play'd.

Happy insects ! Damon cry'd,
 Who at wanton leisure sip,
 Balmy bliss to me deny'd,
 On my Sylvia's pouting lip.

See from ev'ry pore distils
 Liquid essence of the rose ;
 Pearly drops in ruby rills,
 Each exuding feature shows.

Fair Sylvia as she sat
 Simper'd attention underneath her hat.
 Fond love came on apace :
 A gracious grin
 Prolongs her chin,
 And open flew the portal of her face.
 Quick down the rosy road
 A little subtle god
 Explores the dark abode ;
 And spite of all her coyness, all her art,
 Pervades the soft meanders of her heart.

Heigh ho, Damon ! what's come to me ?
 Damon, now's your time to woo me.
 If you woo me now, you'll win me ;
 Sure, I think, the Devil's in me.
 I can neither stay nor go ;
 Damon, now's your time, heigh ho !

Beneath the shadows of a glimmering oak,
 Where conscious meads in soft delusion broke,
 D d And

And ancient murmurs, tremblingly awake,
 Repel the neighbouring coolness of the brake ;
 Two swains, reclining, sooth'd th' enamour'd tongue,
 And thus, with fragrant vows, their pipes they strung.

Strephon. In ev'ry grove the various floods combine ;
 A thousand beauties bask upon the line ;
 The solemn breezes emulate the day ;
 But Chloe is the subject of my lay.

Corydon. Let thunder, sick'ning, smile upon the ground,
 And mazy beams reflect a dawning sound ;
 Let lofty echoes on meanders throng ;
 But Phillis is the burden of my song.

Streph. Chloe's to me more fair than azure light ;
 More soft than heifers melting into light :
 O come, ye swains ! and leave th' enamel'd morn ;
 The mossy garlands rival your return.

Cor. My Phillis, wond'ring, strives the heat to pierce,
 And smiles precarious through the gay reverse :
 Ye hills and dales that cheer the verdant sand,
 Bear me where ages float at her command.

Streph. My love, regardless of the vernal main,
 Like honey, blushing, variegates my pain ;
 And, like the bee, she smooths the mantled green ;
 Soft as the stars, and as the hills serene.

Cor. My love is like the rural seats above ;
 The canopy of fate is like my love ;
 My love is like the deep, in purple drest,
 And all ambrosia warbles in her breast.

Streph. Now tell me, Corydon, and Chloe take,
 What thing is that, by kings expell'd the lake,
 Whose airy footsteps faded as they grew,
 Produc'd in silence, yet alive in blue ?

Cor. First tell me, Strephon, and be Phillis thine,
 What thing is that so daringly divine,
 By reason feather'd, and by nature prest,
 Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unblest ?

Menalcas.

Menalcas. Enough, enough—O shepherds, your delay.
 Retards the fleecy partners of the spray ;
 See, from yon cloud impending mirrors rise !
 See how the vallies wanton in the skies !
 From wave to wave reluctant shades appear,
 Revolving swans proclaim the welkin near,
 And aid the breathing surface of the year.

O George, I've been, I'll tell you where,
 But first prepare yourself for raptures ;
 To paint my charming, heav'nly Fair,
 And paint her well, would ask whole chapters.

Fine creatures I've view'd many a one,
 With lovely shapes, and angel faces ;
 But I have seen them all outdone
 By this sweet maid, at ***** races.

Her shape—'tis elegance and ease,
 Unspoil'd by art, or modern dress,
 But gently tapering by degrees,
 And finely, " beautifully less."

Her foot—it was so wondrous small,
 So thin, so round, so slim, so neat,
 The buckle fairly hid it all,
 And seem'd to sink it with the weight.

And just above the spangled shoe,
 Where many an eye did often glance,
 Sweetly retiring from the view,
 And seen by stealth, and seen by chance :

Two slender ankles peeping out,
 Stood like love's heralds, to declare,
 That all within the petticoat
 Was firm and full, and round and fair.

So easy glide her beauteous limbs,
 True as the echo to the sound,
 She seems, as through the dance she skims,
 To tread on air, and scorn the ground.

And there is lightning in her eye,
 One glance alone might well inspire
 The clay-cold breast of apathy,
 Or bid the frozen heart catch fire.

And zephyr on her lovely lips
 Has spread his choicest, sweetest roses ;
 And there his heav'nly nectar sips,
 And there in breathing sweets reposes.

And sparkling wit, and steady sense,
 In that fair form with beauty vie,
 But ting'd with virgin diffidence,
 And the soft blush of modesty.

Had I the treasures of the world,
 All the sun views, or the seas borrow,
 (Else may I to the devil be hurl'd)
 I'd lay them at her feet to-morrow.

THE grafs had nae freedom for growing
 Before the lafs gaed awa',
 Nor in the town cou'd there be stowing
 For wooers that wanted to ca'.
 For bouzing, and drinking, and clapping,
 Exchanging, and shaking a paw,
 The town was for ever in bruilzies ;
 But now the lassie's awa.

Woo'd and married an' a'—married and woo'd an' a';
 The dandilly toast of the parish
 Is married an' carried awa'.

But had he kend her as I do,
 His errand it would hae been sma';
 She kens little o' baking or brewing.
 Or carding, or spinning at a';
 For a' her art lies in her dressing ;
 And, wow, gin her brows were awa',
 She'd soon wear out o' the fashion,
 And knit up her muggins wi' straw.
 Woo'd and married an' a', &c.

The last day when I gaed to see her,
 O, wow she was bonny and braw;
 She cry'd to the goodman to gie her
 An ell o' red ribbon or twa:
 He up, and he set down beside her
 A wheel and a reelie to ca';
 She cry'd, Are ye this way to guide me?
 And out at the door and awa'.
 Woo'd and married an' a', &c.

The neest road was hame to hir mother,
 Who speir'd at her, How gaed a' ?
 Was it for nae other reason
 That I was married awa',
 But to sit down to my wheelie,
 And there to wallop and ca',
 And syne to be rul'd by a chieldie,
 That cries for ever to draw?
 Woo'd and married an' a', &c.

Her mother says to her, Hegh, lassie,
 I think he's the wisest o' twa;
 Ye'll hae little to pit i' the pozie,
 If ye be sae backward to draw:
 But now ye are equally yoked,
 Ye maun baith wallop and ca';
 As lang as ye're young ye are able,
 An' little anes and debt keep awa'.
 Woo'd and married an' a', &c.

Then gae your way hame to your husband.
 Mair fool than when ye came awa,
 And gie us nae mair o' your daffin,
 Or ye'll gie the poor ladie a staw.
 Hame she gaed fighing and sabbing;
 And since nae better cou'd fa,
 She's e'en sitten down to her wheelie
 Without ony ribbons at a'.
 Woo'd and married an' a', &c.

WHEN once master Love gets into your head,
 You may go to bed, you may go to bed ;
 When once master Love gets into your head,
 You may go to bed for life.
 You frown and you smile, you laugh and you cry,
 And you can't tell why, and you can't tell why ;
 You frown and you smile, you laugh and you cry,
 And you wish you were a wife.

Love makes such a rout within and without,
 You tumble and tofs, you tumble and tofs ;
 He makes such a rout within and without,
 You tumble and tofs for life.
 Your heart goes pit-pat, you're mum, and you chat,
 You can't tell for what, you can't tell for what ;
 Your heart goes pit-pat, you can't tell for what,
 And you wish you were a wife.

O Saw ye my father, or saw ye my mother,
 Or saw ye my true love John ?
 I saw not your father, I saw not your mother,
 But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
 And the bells they ring ding dong :
 He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay ;
 But he will be here ere lang.

The furly auld carl did naething but snarl,
 And Johny's face it grew red ;
 Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,
 Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johny rose, and to the door he goes,
 And gently tirl'd the pin ;
 The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,
 And she open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast ?
 And is my Johny true ?

And

I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like my fell,
Sae lang fall I love you.

Flee, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day ;
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the silver grey.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er soon ;
The lassie thought it day when she sent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

ANA-

ANACREONTIC AND JOVIAL.

HARK! hark away! away to the downs!
 The huntsman is just gone before with the hounds;
 So! well pleas'd with his last night's nap,
 Is shaking his ears in Thetis's lap.
 Come, come, my boys, let's away to the joys
 Which far excel the delights of your doxies,
 This is the sport to which we'll resort,
 While we can find either hares or foxes.
 Fal al de ral, &c.

Diana and her nymphs are already drest,
 Each with her quiver and hunting vest;
 To follow the chace, well does she know,
 Far exceeds the sport of Cupid's bow.
 Let the fond loving fool go on if he will,
 Courting his lass with sighs and with tears;
 We'll hunt all the day, all night sing and play,
 And we'll outlive him by many many years.
 Fal al de ral, &c.

But, hark! I hear Tipsy, I'm sure that's good;
 Ratler he hits it thorough the wood;
 Drunkard doubles it, she's certainly gone;
 See! yonder she scuds it over the lawn!
 Gone, gone away! hark! stole away!
 John, lay in the dogs with a rally;
 Prithee why so fast? not so much haste;
 See how she skulks it over the valley.
 Fal al de ral, &c.

See, how Sportsman leads them along;
 Random excels them all with his tongue:
 Over, you dog, or I'll crack your crown;
 Sirrah, get up again, now that you're down.

Snowball,

Snowball, the way ; hark, hark, the way !
 That's good, my lad, she's gone over the fallow :
 Draw the hounds round, the sheep steal the ground ;
 What the devil makes yon footman to halloo ?

Fal al de ral, &c.

Hold your tongue now, don't make such a rout ;
 Let them alone ; they'll soon make it out :
 Hang that Toffer, how he does ring !
 Twinger, war wing, war wing, war wing.
 Mounter, well hit, she's gone thro' the pit :
 That's good, my lad ; whip them in, you great blockhead.
 Windsor, the way ; hark ! hark ! the way ;
 That's good, my lads ! hark ! to Thunder and Rockwood.

Fal al de ral, &c.

Hold hard in, why ride you so fast ?
 See, old Rally he works it at last ;
 She almost is spent, you may know by that :
 The hounds draw amiss ; she has certainly squat.
 Make good your aid ; quick, quick, she's dead :
 Down from your horses, and save her from tearing.
 Hurrah, hurra, hurra ! hurrah, hurra, hurra !
 See yonder they come, almost out of hearing.

Fal al de ral, &c.

Come, my brave boys, 'tis glorious sport ;
 Full two hours it is since we did start :
 Not like the dull courser who beats in the bush,
 Searching all day to find out a pufs.
 Sh'es up up, she's up !—she's up up, she's up !
 By my faith and my troth there is no pleasure in it :
 Halloo, halloo, halloo ! halloo, halloo, halloo !
 Dull for an hour, and mad for a minute.

Fal al de ral, &c.

LAST Valentine's day, when bright Phœbus shone
 clear,
 I had not been hunting for more than a year ;
 Taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo.

I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him bound,
For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns sweetly
found.

Taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo, taleo.

Hallow into covert, old Anthony cries ;
No sooner he spoke, but the fox, Sir, he 'spies ;
Taleo, &c.

This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip ;
Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.
Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin ;
He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in ;
Taleo, &c.

And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old ren',
With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his den.
Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood ;
Taleo, &c.

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die ;
Have at you, old 'Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more,
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore ;
Taleo, &c.

But Reynard being spent, soon must give up the ghost,
Which will heighten our joys, when we come to each
toast. Taleo, &c.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will sound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound ;
Taleo, &c.

So fill up your glasses, and cheerfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
Taleo, &c.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
 And ushers in the morn ;
 The hounds all join in jovial cry,
 The huntsman winds his horn.
 Then to hunting let us go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms, to make him stay :
 " My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
 " You cannot hunt to-day !"
 But to hunting we will go, &c.

Th' uncavern'd fox like lightning flies,
 His cunning's all awake ;
 To gain the race he eager tries,
 His forfeit life the stake !
 When to hunting we do go, &c.

Arous'd, e'en echo huntress turns,
 And madly shouts her joy ;
 The sportsman's breast, enraptur'd, burns,
 The chace can never cloy.
 Then to hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing, mark, he seeks the tide ;
 His art can't yet prevail ;
 For shouts the miscreant's death betide,
 His speed, his cunning, fail !
 When to hunting we do go, &c.

For, lo ! his strength to faintness worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight ;
 Then weary homewards we return,
 To drink away the night.
 Then to drinking we will go, &c.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
 And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops be-
 hold :
 The lark's early maddin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.
 With

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of a court ;
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place ;
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field. &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask are the blessings of health ;
With hounds and with hornstho' the woodland to roam,
And, when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field, &c.

COME rouse from your trances !

The fly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;

Let the horn's jocund note

In the wind sweetly float,

While the fox from the brake lifts his head :

Now creeping,

Now peeping,

The fox from the brake lifts his head.

Each away to his steed,

Your goddess shall lead,

Come follow, my worshippers follow ;

For the chace all prepare :
See the hounds snuff the air !

Hark ! hark ! to the huntsman's sweet hallo !

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See Reynard break cover,
The hunters fly over the ground ;
Now they skim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,

And the hills, woods, and valleys resound ;
With dashing,
And splashing,

The hills, woods, and valleys resound.

Then away with full speed,

Your goddeſs ſhall lead,

Come follow, my worſhippers, follow,

O'er hedge, ditch, and gate ;

If you ſtop, you're too late ;

Hark ! hark ! to the huntsman's ſweet hallo !

THE echoing horn calls the ſportſmen abroad,

To horſe, my brave boys, and away ;

The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds

Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleaſure we feel in purſuing the fox !

O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;

Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza !

The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with our ſpoil,

Like bacchanals, ſhouting and gay,

How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to reſreſh,

And loſe the fatigues of the day !

With ſport, love, and wine, ſickle fortune deſy ;

Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours :

Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,

Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.

FROM the east breaks the morn,
 See the sun-beams adorn
 The wild heath, and the mountains so high,
 The wild heath, &c.

Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
 The steed neighs to the sound,
 And the floods and the valley reply,
 And the floods, &c.

Our forefathers so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the hart and the boar ;
 By encount'ring, &c.

Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar,
 And taught woodlands, &c.

Hence, of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd ;
 Where the bosom, &c.

Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field,
 Still let ours, &c.

With the chace full in sight,
 Gods ! how great the delight !
 How our mental sensations refine !
 How our mental, &c.

Where is care, where is fear ?
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine,
 And the man's, &c.

Now to horse, my brave boys ;
 Lo ! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole ;
 That anon, &c.

Then at eve we'll dismount,

Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl,
And renew the chace, &c.

I AM a jolly huntsman,
My voice is shrill and clear,
Well known to drive the stag,
And the drooping dogs to chear.
And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go.

I leave my bed betimes,
Before the morning grey ;
Let loose my dogs, and mount a horse,
And hollow, Come away !

The game's no sooner rous'd,
But in rush the cheerful cry ;
Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,
The frightened stag does fly.

In vain he flies to covert ;
A num'rous pack pursue,
That never cease to trace his steps,
Altho' they've lost the view.

There's Scentwell and Finder,
Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble nose,
But with a lofty tail.

To Scentwell, hark ! he calls,
And faithful Finder joins ;
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
And give your horse the reins.

Hark ! forward how they go it,
The view they'd lost they gain ;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their legs and throats they strain.

Now Dutchess hits it foremost,
 Next Lightfoot leads the way,
 And Toper bears the bell ;
 Each dog will have his day.

There's Music and Chanter,
 Their nimble trebles try ;
 Whilst Sweetlips and Tunewell
 With counters clear reply.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
 That tongue the heavy bass ;
 Whilst Trowler and Ringwood
 With tenors crown the chace.

Now sweetly in full cry
 Their various notes they join ;
 Gods ! what a concert's here, my lads !
 'Tis more than half divine.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
 Delighted with the sound,
 To neighb'ring dales and fountains
 Repeating, deal it round.

A glorious chace it is,
 We've drove him many a mile,
 O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' sitch,
 And hit off many a foil.

And yet he runs it stoutly ;
 How wide, how swift he strains !
 With what a skip he took that leap,
 And scow'rs it o'er the plains !

Up yonder steep I'll follow,
 Beset with craggy stones ;
 My Lord cries, Jack, you dog, come back,
 Or else you'll break your bones.

Huzza ! he's almost down,
 He begins to slack his course ;
 He pants for breath ; I'll in at's death,
 Or else I'll kill my horse.

See,

See, now he takes the moors,
 And strains to reach the stream ;
 He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
 And quench his thirsty flame.

He scarce has touch'd the bank ;
 The cry bounce finely in,
 And swiftly swim across the stream,
 And raise a glorious din.

His legs begin to fail,
 His wind and speed are gone ;
 He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
 He can no longer run.

Old Hector long behind,
 By use and nature bold,
 In rushes first, and seizes fast,
 But soon is flung from's hold.

He traverses his ground,
 Advances, and retreats ;
 Gives many hound a mortal wound,
 And long their force defeats.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts ;
 He shakes his branched head ;
 'Tis safest farthest off, I see ;
 Poor Talboy is lain dead.

Vain are heels and antlers,
 With such a pack set round ;
 'Spite of his heart, seize ev'ry part,
 And fearless pull him down.

Ha, dead ! ware dead ! whip off,
 And take a special care ;
 Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,
 Lest they his haunches tear.

The sport is ended now ;
 We're laden with the spoil -
 As home we pass, we talk o' the chace,
 O'erpaid for all our toil.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,
 And echoes thro' the dale;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds, quick-scented, scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed,
 While ardent we pursue;
 Like lightning darting o'er the plain,
 The distant hills with speed we gain,
 And see the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
 And to the copse for shelter makes,
 There pants a while for breath;
 When now the noise alarms her ear,
 Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
 She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
 The hounds their trembling victim seize,
 She faints, she falls, she dies:
 The distant coursers now come in,
 And join the loud triumphant din,
 Till echo rends the skies.

HARK, away! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn
 Calls the hunters all up with the morn:
 To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
 To unharbour the out-lying deer.
 And all the day long,
 This, this is our song;
 Still hallowing
 And following,
 So frolic and free;
 Our joys know no bounds,
 While we're after the hounds,
 No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
 While the hills all echo, Hillo !
 With a bounce from his cover he flies,
 Then our shouts shall resound to the skies.
 And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the valley, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel !
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
 And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
 Then we will go hallowing home,
 With a hallo, hallo, and a huzza !
 Resolving to meet the next day.
 And all the day long, &c.

Attend, and hear how heroes come
 By laurel wreaths that grace the brow,
 By following far the rattling drum,
 Which fires the heart with a Row-dow-dow !

When from our guns such clouds arise,
 To find the foe we scarce see how,
 A ready guide the drum supplies,
 When it sounds to the charge with a Row-dow-dow !

At Agincourt, the French, secure,
 Captive to lead our king did vow ;
 But Henry rush'd, their pride to cure,
 And return'd their scoff with a Row-dow-dow !

Where Abram's tow'ring Heights arise,
 Brave Wolfe undaunted climb'd the brow,
 And struck his foes with wild surprise,
 When they heard the British Row-dow-dow !

Then come, in martial glory share,
 Your king, your country, call you now ;
 Your father's name with honour bear,
 By conq'ring still with a Row-dow-dow !

COME

COME push the bowl about ;
 In that we'll drown all care, my boys ;
 Come push the bowl about,
 Drink deep, and drink it out.
 The liquor's found ;
 'Twill raise your spirits higher, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound :
 May we still be found,
 Rejoicing in our fate, my boys,
 On sea, or ground.

Why, messmates, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys ? -
 Why, messmates, why,
 Decreed to live or die ?
 What flinching ? fie !
 Damn care, drink on ; be jolly boys,
 'Tis he, you, or I.
 Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly.

Let fate decide ;
 I mean not to upbraid ye, boys :
 Whate'er betide,
 No sailer shall complain ;
 Should next broadside,
 Send us to him that made us, boys,
 We're free from pain ;
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and kind landlady
 Cure all again.

THE wand'ring sailer ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain ;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease ;
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunders shake from pole to pole ;
 Tho' dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home,
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.

When round the bowl the jovial crew
 The early scenes of youth renew ;
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is the universal toast,
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore!

BLOW high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board,
 My heart with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stor'd,
 Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes, on shore,
 To be once more
 Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And the surge roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be
 To think on thee ;
 And this shall be my song,
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew
 The mem'ry of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be,
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

YE frolicksome sparks of the game,
 Ye misers, both wretched and old,
 Come listen to Billy by name,
 Who once had his hatful of gold,
 With seven score acres of land,
 Of corn and cattle great store ;
 Tho' now I have none at command,
 Yet still I'm as gay as before.
 Then why shou'd we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
 Go thorough the world, brave boys !

My father was cloathed in leather,
 My mother in sheep's russet grey ;
 They labour'd in all sorts of weather,
 That I might go gallant and gay.
 My rapier, hat mounted with feather,
 A heart too as light as a cork !
 What my old dad had rak'd up together
 I spread all abroad with my fork.
 Then why, &c.

The merchant, who trades on the seas
 For riches, you very well know,
 Can never be much at his ease,
 When blustering tempests do blow.
 His happiness can be but small,
 For fear of some terrible news ;
 But he that has nothing at all
 Has little or nothing to lose.
 Then why, &c.

Shou'd they make me a justice of peace,
 An alderman, sheriff, or may'r,
 With riches my cares wou'd increase,
 And drive me quite into despair.
 I love to be jovial and free,
 And quite unconcern'd in the state ;
 My mind is a kingdom to me ;
 There's danger in being too great.
 Then why, &c.

My

My fortune is pretty well spent,
 My lands, my cattle, and corn ;
 Yet I am as full of content
 As e'er I was since I was born.
 I ne'er will be troubl'd with wealth,
 My pockets are drain'd very dry ;
 I walk where I please for my health,
 And never fear robbing, not I.
 Then why, &c.

Some say that old care kill'd the cat,
 And starv'd her for fear she should die ;
 But I will be wiser than that,
 For the devil a care I'll come nigh ;
 But to tofs off the jolly full bowl,
 To drive away sorrow and strife ;
 Here's a health to that honest brave soul
 Who never took care in his life.
 Then why, &c.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main ;
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But cheerfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true ;
 And would not commit a base action
 For power or profit in view.
 Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart, and a thin pair of breeches,
 Go thorough the world, brave boys.

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding ;
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright,

No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.
 Then why, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, that, to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.
 The various blessings of nature,
 In various nations we try ;
 No mortals than us can be greater,
 Who merrily live till we die.
 Then why, &c.

JOLLY true blues of the main,
 Well skilled in heaving the log,
 Attend to a sailor's rough strain,
 Who sings of your favourite grog.
 For grog is the liquor of life,
 The delight of each true British tar ;
 It banishes sorrow and strife,
 And softens the hardships of war.

His vineyards the monsieurs may boast,
 And delight in the soup of a frog ;
 But too soon he shall find to his cost,
 That claret must yield to good grog.
 For grog is the, &c.

Each Saturday night that revolves,
 My messmate he gives me a jog ;
 To the wife or the sweetheart he loves,
 He takes off a can of good grog ;
 For grog is the, &c.

If Jove should as whilom descend,
 Of some female mortal a-gog,
 His nectar he surely would mend,
 By mixing his liquor with grog.
 For grog is the, &c.

I heard an Hibernian declare,
 By Saint Patrick, tho' born in a bog,
 That while he could see with an ear,
 No wine he would drink except grog.
 For grog is the, &c.

No danger our hearts can dismay,
 No terror we feel from a flog;
 For what is a dozen a-day,
 To a double allowance of grog?
 For grog is the, &c.

Now war is declar'd let's advance;
 May the flincher be hang'd like a dog;
 Who strikes to Spain, Holland, or France,
 Is a stranger to freedom and grog.
 For grog is the, &c.

FROM plowing the ocean and thrashing Monsieur,
 In old England we're landed once more;
 Your hands, my brave shipmates; halloo, boys, what
 For a sailor that's just come on shore? [cheer

Those hectoring blades thought to scar us, no doubt,
 And to cut us and slash us—Morblieu!
 But hold there, avast! they were plaguily out;
 We have sic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence know,
 Yon invaders shall soon do you right;
 The lion may rouse when he hears the cock crow,
 But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
 Your damn'd party and idle contest;
 And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
 Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark if the maids can affect,
 Bid the simpering gypsies look to't,
 Sound bottoms they'll find us in ev'ry respect,
 And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
 Have more art to persuade, and the like ;
 But 'ware those fair colours ; For better for worse,
 Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,
 Of no power, no faction afraid :
 May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
 At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storm overwhelm :
 Steady, steady, and safe may she sail :
 No ignorant pilots e'er sit at the helm,
 Or her anchor of liberty fail.

HAIL, England, Old England, for glory renown'd,
 In arms, as in arts, so transcendently crown'd ;
 'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break ;
 'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at stake :
 Then now rouse, ye brave, draw the sword, point the lance,
 And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to France.
 Huzza! huzza! huzza! O ye Britons! to conquest pur-
 For the trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you. (sue:

Hark ! Truth speaks already, our heroes prevail ;
 The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale :
 Thy cunning, O France! its own fate will decree :
 Success, lo! dawns on us by land and by sea :
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
 To force that submission which pride would deny.
 Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see ;
 My sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me ;
 Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore,
 You've conquer'd them now, whom you've conquer'd
 before ;
 And triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,
 The ocean is George's, and George is our king.
 Huzza, &c.

WHEN

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
 Then sailors think of their far distant home,
 And of those friends they ne'er may see again.
 But when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
 We think, but should the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear,
 That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind
 Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
 Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
 And sighs to think how it may fare with you ;
 O, when the fight's begun,
 Each serving at his gun,
 Shou'd any thought of her come o'er your mind,
 Think only, shou'd the day be won,
 How 'twill cheer her heart to hear
 That her own true sailor he was one.

CCHEERLY, my hearts, of courage true,
 The hour's at hand to try your worth,
 A glorious peril waits for you,
 And valour pants to lead you forth.
 Mark where the enemy's colours fly, boys ;
 'There some must conquer, some must die, boys :
 But that appals not you nor me ;
 For our watch-word it shall be,
 Britons, strike home ! revenge your country's wrong !

When rolling mists their march shall hide,
 At dead of night a chosen band,
 Lift'ning to the dashing tide,
 With silent step shall print the sand.
 Then where the Spanish colours fly, boys,
 We'll scale the walls, or bravely die, boys ;

For we are Britons bold and free,
 And our watch-word it shall be,
 Britons, strike home, &c.

The cruel Spaniard then too late,
 Dismay'd, shall mourn the avenging blow ;
 Yet, vanquish'd, meet the milder fate,
 Which mercy grants a fallen foe.
 Thus shall the British banners fly, boys,
 On yon proud turrets rais'd on high, boys :
 And while the gallant flag we see,
 We'll swear the watch-word still shall be,
 Britons, strike home, &c.

LIFE is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure.
 See the crew in flannel jerkins,
 Drinking, toping flip by firkins :
 And as they raise the tip
 To their happy lip,
 On the deck is heard no other sound,
 But, Prithee, Jack, prithee, Dick,
 Prithee, Sam, prithee, Tom,
 Let the cann go round.
 Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle,
 Then hark to the boatswain's whistle, whistle ;
 Bustle, bustle, bustle, brave boys ;
 Let us stir, let us toil,
 But let's drink all the while ;
 For labour's the price of our joys,
 For labour's, &c.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure :
 Hark, the crew with sun-burnt faces,
 Chanting black-ey'd Susan's graces ;
 And as they raise the notes,
 Thro' their rusty throats,
 On the deck, &c.

Life is chequer'd—toil and pleasure
 Fill up all the various measure :
 Hark, the crew, their cares discarding,
 With hussle-cap, or with chuck-farthing.

Still in a merry pin,
 Whether they lose or win,
 On the deck, &c.

Would he tax only rich folks, I wou'd not much care ;
 But he's taxed the poor, who have little to spare,
 Which makes them to cry out baith late and early,
 O gin Lord North wou'd tax hooly and fairly !
 Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
 O gin Lord North wou'd tax hooly and fairly !

He's tax'd a' we gi' out and a' we get in,
 Our meat and our drink, down to good Holland gin,
 Which comforts the heart of a man sae rarely :
 O gin Lord North, &c.

He has tax'd a' we see, and he's tax'd a' we handle,
 Our cards and our dice, and our sales by the candle :
 He lives weel himsel', while we live but barely ;
 O gin Lord North, &c.

Our houses are now tax'd as well as our land ;
 Nay, they talk of a tax on the dames of the strand ;
 Which ne'er wou'd ha'e been in the days of King Charlie :
 O gin Lord North, &c.

I'm north of the Tweed, nay, I'm north of Dundee ;
 But indeed this Lord North is too far north for me :
 He's weel clad himsel', while he gars me gang barely ;
 O gin Lord North, &c.

I'll tell all my countrymen when I gang hame,
 That South's not in fault, it is North that's to blame ;
 Frae North blows the blast that distresses so fairly :
 O gin Lorth North, &c.

COME, ye lads who wish to shine
Bright in future story !

Haste to arms, and form the line

That leads to martial glory !

Charge the musket, point the lance,

Brave the worst of dangers ;

Tell the blust'ring sons of France,

That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,

And her flag is rearing,

Always finds her sons dispos'd

To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak, with speed advance,

Pour your naval thunder

On the trembling shores of France,

And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share

Is the noblest booty ;

Guard your coast, protect the fair,

For that's a Briton's duty.

Charge the musket, &c.

What if Spain, to take their parts,

Form a base alliance ;

All unite, and English hearts

May bid the world defiance.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,

Manly and united ;

Danger face, maintain your ground,

And see your country righted.

EV'RY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's for
news ;

I

To

To Shuter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
 And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise :
 But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finish'd his summer's career,
 And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care ;
 When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-home,
 And, their labour's being o'er, are at leisure to roam ;
 From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
 And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When my pointers around me attentively stand,
 And none dares to stir but the dog I command ;
 When the covey he springs, and I bring down my bird,
 I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford :
 No pastime nor pleasure that's under the sun,
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
 And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all care ;
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
 And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often fill ;
 Wherever I find them, their fate they can't shun,
 My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.

My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under command ;
 Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand :
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they spring,
 With heart-cheering notes, how they make the woods
 Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run, (ring!
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the sports of the day,
 And, spread o'er the table, my conquer'd spoils lay ;
 Then I think of my friends, and to each send a part ;
 For my friends to oblige, is the pride of my heart.
 Thus the vices of town, and its follies, I shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

COME,

COME, gie's a fang, the lady cry'd,
 And lay your disputes a' aside ;
 What signifies't for fouks to chide
 For what's been done before them ?
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree,
 To drop their whip-meg-morum :
 Let Whig and Tory a' agree
 To spend this night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite ;
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a,

To mak' a cheerfu' quorum :
 Blithe and merry we's be a,
 As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',

The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phrase,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays ;
 I wadna' gi'e our ain Strathspeys

For half a hundred score o' 'em :
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum :
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 And canna' please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear of want, and double cefs,

And

And silly souls themselves distress,

Wi' keeping up decorum :

Shall we fae four and sulky fit,

Sour and sulky, four and sulky,

Shall we fae four and sulky fit,

Like auld Philosophorum ?

Shall we fae four and sulky fit,

Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,

And canna' rise to shake a fit

At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend

Each honest-hearted open friend,

And calm and quiet be his end,

Be a' that's good before him !

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,

May peace and plenty be his lot,

And dainties a great store o' 'em !

May peace and plenty be his lot,

Unstain'd by any vicious blot ;

And may he never want a groat,

That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,

Who wants to be oppression's tool,

May envy gnaw his rotten soul,

And blackest fiends devour him !

May dole and sorrow be his chance,

Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,

May dole and sorrow be his chance,

And honest souls abhor him !

May dole and sorrow be his chance,

And a' the ills that come frae France,

Whae'er he be, that winna dance

The reel of Tullochgorum.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure,
Not by length of time, but pleasure ;

Now

Now the hours invite, comply ;
 While you idly pause, they fly :
 Blest, a nimble pace they keep ;
 But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure,
 Not by length of time, but pleasure :
 Soon your spring must have a fall ;
 Losing youth, is losing all.
 Then you'll ask, but none will give,
 And may linger, but not live.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet :
 How strange does it seem, that, in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found.
 O friendship ! thou balm and rich sweetner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife !
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend !
 Our joys when extended will always increase,
 And griefs when divided are hush'd into peace :
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer and friendship sincere ;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain ?
 If bounteous heav'n hath made him great,
 Why looketh he with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state ?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair ;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of care ?

The

'The sceptred king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty, die ;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust without distinction lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles bore ;
 Their wealth and glory are bereft,
 And all their honour is no more.

So flies the meteor through the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train ;
 When shot, 'tis gone, it's beauty dies ;
 Dissolv'd to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
 Let friendship reign while here we stay ;
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls ;
 For when Jove calls, we must obey.

IF I live to be old, as I find I go down,
 My fate may it be in a fair country town,
 To have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
 And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
 May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
 And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
 Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

A shady grove nigh, and a murmuring brook,
 With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look,
 With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
 And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
 May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and two or three more.
 Of the best wits that liv'd in the ages before ;
 With a dish of roast mutton, no ven'son or teal,
 And clean, tho' coarse linen, at every meal.
 May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquors
 And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar ;

With

With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

Tho' I care not for riches, may I not be so poor,
That the rich without shame cannot enter my door ;
May my company please them, and may they delight
My old stories to hear in a long winter's night.

May I govern, &c.

My small stock of wit may I not misapply,
To flatter ill men, be they ever so high ;
Nor mispend the few moments I steal from the grave,
In fawning or cringing, like a dog or a slave.

May I govern, &c.

May none whom I love, to so great riches rise,
As to slight their acquaintance, and their old friends
despise ;

So low or so high may none of them be,
As to move either pity or envy in me.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day ;
And when I am dead, may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He's gone, and has left not behind him his fellow.

For he govern'd, &c.

LET the philosophic wife
Preach up rules the gay despise ;
Let the hoary-bearded sage,
Censure follies of the age ;
Yet while brisk the vital tide,
Pleasure, thou shalt be my guide ;
Live, oh goddess ! live with me,
All in dear variety.

Dwell thou, love, within my breast,
Just enough to make me blest ;
Let thy sweets incessant spring,

But

But protect me from the sting ;
 Be the passion unconfin'd,
 Under no restraint the mind ;
 But like birds, as fond and free,
 Pleas'd with dear variety.

Keep, oh Plutus ! all thy wealth,
 Give me competence and health :
 Care surrounds the miser' hoard ;
 Pain attends the spendthrift's board.
 Bacchus, in thy rosy bowl,
 Let me slake my thirsty soul ;
 But let reason wait on thee,
 Reason prompts variety.

Life on wings of joy shou'd haste ;
 Gloomy thoughts the minutes waste ;
 We shou'd banish care and fear,
 Fate predestines all things here.
 Hail to friendship, beauty, wine,
 These make transient life divine ;
 May they ever live with me,
 All in dear variety.

THE festive board was met, the social band
 Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand.
 My sons (began the sage) be this the rule :
 No brow austere must dare approach my school,
 Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within ;
 Old Care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

Tell me not the joys that wait
 On him that's learn'd, on him that's great ;
 Wealth and wisdom I despise,
 Cares surround the rich and wise.
 The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
 And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
 Me their friend and fav'rite own ;
 I was born for them alone.

Bus'ness, title, pomp, and state,
 Give 'em to the fools I hate ;
 But let love, let life, be mine,
 Bring me women, bring me wine ;
 Speed the dancing hours away,
 Mind not what the grave ones say :
 Gaily let the minutes fly,
 In wit and freedom, love and joy :
 So shall love, shall life, be mine ;
 Bring me women, bring me wine.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my soul ;
 To the Nine I raise my song,
 Ever fair and ever young.

When full cups my cares expel,
 Sober counsels, then farewell :
 Let the winds that murmur, sweep
 All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
 Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
 Leads me to delightful bowrs,
 Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs.

When I quaff the sparkling wine,
 And my locks with roses twine ;
 Then I praise life's rural scene,
 Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the bowl profound,
 Richest fragrance flowing round,
 And some lovely nymph detain ;
 Venus then inspires the strain.

When from goblets deep and wide
 I exhaust the generous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

When

When the foaming bowl I drain,
 Real blessings are my gain ;
 Blessings which my own I call :
 Death is common to us all.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me (with rosy chaplets crown'd)
 Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
 The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love, and laugh.
 Already see the purple juice
 Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
 A second youth !—Again, the bowl
 With warm desires inflames my soul.

Quickly, ah quickly ! must I leave
 The joys which wine and beauty give ;
 Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
 And mingle with my parent earth,
 Where kings, divested of their state,
 With slaves sustain a common fate.

Let then the present hour be mine,
 Blest in the joys of love and wine :
 Come, ye virgin throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly dance :
 To the lyre's enchanting sound
 Nimbly tread the blithsome round ;
 While the genial bowl inspires
 Soft delight and gay desires.

Within a cool and pleasant shade,
 By myrtles and by poplars made,
 I sit where roses round me twine,
 And laughing Cupid brings me wine ;

His loosely-flowing garments ty'd
 With reeds pluck'd from the river-side.
 The moments swiftly fly, I feel,
 Quick-whirling like a chariot-wheel ;
 And when a few fleet years are past,
 Life gone, we turn to dust at last.
 Say, why should we anoint the dead,
 Or why sweet flow'rs around them spread ?
 Why pour libations on their tomb ?
 'Tis liquor wasted : rather come,
 And pour on me the ointment ; bring
 The rose, and all the flow'rs that spring
 Around us wild ; and bring to me
 A lass that's pretty, kind, and free ;
 For I'm resolv'd, before I go
 To Plutus and the realms below,
 To cast my ev'ry care away,
 Laugh and be happy while I may.

IF the treasur'd gold could give
 Man a longer term to live,
 I'd employ my utmost care
 Still to keep, and still to spare ;
 And, when death approach'd, wou'd say,
 Take thy fee, and walk away.

But since riches cannot save
 Mortals from the gloomy grave,
 Why shou'd I myself deceive,
 Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve ?
 Death will surely be my lot,
 Whether I am rich or not.

Give me freely while I live
 Generous wines, in plenty give
 Soothing joys my life to cheer,
 Beauty kind, and friends sincere ;
 Happy, could I ever find
 Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

LOVE's a pain that works our wo ;
 Not to love, is painful too :
 But, alas, the greatest pain
 Waits the love that meets disdain.

What avails ingenuous worth,
 Sprightly wit, or noble birth ?
 All these virtues useleſs prove ;
 Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curſt,
 Who the ſleeping miſchief firſt
 Wak'd to life, and, vile before,
 Stamp'd with worth the ſordid ore.

Gold produces civil jars,
 Murders, maſſacres, and wars :
 But, the worſt effect of gold,
 Love, alas ! is bought and fold.

MY temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine,
 And barter all joy for a goblet of wine ;
 In ſearch of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But ſtop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why thus reſolve to relinquish the fair ?
 'Tis folly, with ſpirits like mine, to deſpair ;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glaſs,
 If not fill'd to the health of ſome favourite laſs ?

'Tis woman whoſe charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart ;
 The miſer himſelf (ſo ſupreme is her ſway)
 Grows convert to love, and reſigns her his key.

At the ſound of her voice, ſorrow liſts up her head,
 And poverty liſtens, well pleas'd, from her ſhed ;
 While age, in an ecſtaſy, hobbling along,
 Beats time with his crutch to the tune of her ſong.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on the board ;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair ;
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I,
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Could'st thou sip, and sip it up :
 Make the most of life you may ;
 Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hast'ning quick to their decline ;
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore :
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

BY the gaily circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask we're told
 How the waining night grows old.
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sports away.
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of care ! 'twas made for you.

WHAT Cato advises most certainly wise is,
 Not always to labour, but sometimes to play ;
 To mingle sweet pleasure with search after treasure,
 Indulging at night for the toils of the day.

And while the dull miser esteems himself wiser,
 His bags to increase, while his health must decay ;

Our

Our souls we enlighten, our fancies we brighten,
And pass the long evenings in pleasure away.

All cheerful and hearty, we set aside party,
With some tender fair each bright bumper is crown'd ;
Here Bacchus invites us, there Venus delights us,
And care in an ocean of claret is drown'd.

See there's our physician, we know no ambition ;
For where there's good wine and good company found,
Thus happy together, in spite of all weather,
'Tis sunshine and summer with us the year round.

Banish sorrow, let's drink and be merry, boys ;
Time flies swiftly, to-morrow brings care :
Wou'd ye believe it, wine will relieve it,
Drink will deceive it, and drown despair.
For the joys of wine are found in possessing ;
Its juice divine is, mankind's greatest blessing :
The glass is thine—Drink ; there's no excess in
A bumper or two with such cheerful friends.

'Tis wine that gives strength when nature's exhausted,
Heals the sick man, frees the slave ;
Makes the proud humble, and the stout stumble ;
Exalts the meek, and makes cowards brave.
For the joys of wine, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly sorrow ;
Then who wou'd refuse the pleasing task ?
It sweetens society, eases anxiety ;
Hang dull sobriety—bring t'other flask.
For the joys of wine, &c.

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and worldly cares despise ;
Thinking ne'er can bring relief,
Joys from drinking will arise.

Why should we with anxious care
 Spoil what nature's made so fair?
 Drink, and set your hearts at rest;
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Some to honours do aspire;
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 That's the sum of my desire:
 What this world can more present,
 Would not add to my content.
 So drink, &c.

Busy minds we know, alas!
 With imaginations run;
 Like the sand in the hour-glass,
 Turns and turns, and still runs on;
 Never knowing where to stay,
 Still uneasy every way.
 So drink, &c.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
 Makes the heart alert and free;
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
 Still the same thing 'tis to me.
 There's no striving 'gainst our fate,
 Dangers daily on us wait.
 Then drink, &c.

THE thirsty earth sucks up the show'rs
 Which from his urn Aquarius pours;
 The trees, which wave their boughs profuse,
 Imbibe the earth's prolific juice;
 The sea, in his prodigious cup,
 Drinks all the rain and rivers up:

The sun too thirsts, and strives to drain
 The sea, the rivers, and the rain;
 And, nightly, when his course is run,
 The merry moon drinks up the sun.

Then

Then give me wine; and tell me why,
My friends, should all things drink but I ?

LOOK up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and flap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
There's now nae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douffer folk wyfing a-jee
The byast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben;
That mutchken stoup it hads but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And lifts his faul ayond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while;
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wood;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' fight the hailstains thud.

But soon as ere they cry, Be quiet,
The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless pow'rs.

I can-

I Cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure I think, that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Tho' I go bare, take you no care,
 I nothing am a-colde ;
 I stufte my skin so full within,
 Of jolly good ale and olde.
 Backe and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go colde ;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enoughe,
 Whether it be new or olde !

I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
 And a crab laid in the fire ;
 A little bread shall do me stead,
 Much bread I noght desire.
 No frost, no snow, no winde, I trow,
 Can hurt me if I wolde,
 I am so wrapt, and throughly lapt,
 With jolly good ale and olde.
 Backe and side, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
 Loveth good ale to seeke,
 Full oft drinckes she, till ye may see
 The tears run down her cheeke.
 Then doth she trowle to me the bowle
 E'en as a mault-worm sholde ;
 And saith, " Sweetheart, I've ta'en my part
 " Of this jolly good ale and olde."
 Backe and side, &c.

Now let them drinke, till they nod and winke,
 Even as good fellows should do ;
 They shall not misse to have the blisse
 Good ale doth bring men to.
 And all good fowles that have scour'd bowles,
 Or have them lustily trolde,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or olde !
 Backe and side, &c.

ROving about, good fellows to meet,
 I met with a man upon Sal'sbury dale;
 I saw by his face that he was in good case
 To go and shake hands with a pot of good ale.

The beggar who begs without any legs,
 And has not a rag to cover her tail,
 Is as happy in rags as the miser with bags,
 If once she shakes hands with a pot of good ale.

The old parish vicar, when he's in his liquor,
 Does merrily at his parishioners rail,
 "Come pay all your tithes, or I'll kiss all your wives,"
 When once he shakes hands with a pot of good ale.

The old parish-clerk, his eyes are so dark,
 He cannot well read, the print is so small;
 But he'll see ev'ry letter, and sing the psalms better,
 If once he shakes hands with a pot of good ale.

The farmer who hedges and ditches all day,
 And wearies himself out at the plough-tail,
 He'll talk of great things about princes and kings
 When once he sits down to a pot of good ale.

If, in drinking about, we chance to fall out,
 Or any thing else doth our senses assail;
 If words come to blows, or a sharp bloody nose,
 We'll drink and shake hands with a pot of good ale.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with
 mild ale,
 (In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
 Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul
 As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
 In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell—
 Bell, he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
 With

With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time into clay had reduc'd it again,
 A potter found out in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he made this brown jug,
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild-ale :
 So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale,
 Vale, sweet Nan of the vale.

WHEN Bacchus, the patron of love, wit, and mirth,
 With vineyards had planted the face of the earth,
 Tho' nations turn'd rebels, and broke from his sway,
 Some, drunk with his bounty, resolv'd to obey.
 Derry down, &c.

He harness'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force,
 Silenus was sutler, Lord Pan led the horse ;
 The Ganges they past, came in sight of the foe,
 And a victory gain'd without striking a blow.

'Twas Pan did the feat, put their troops in a fright :
 For he sily stole into their camp over night ;
 And while they lay sleeping, not dreaming such matter,
 He drew off their wine, fill'd their flasks up with water.

Next morn when they 'woke, and their bottles pull'd out,
 The very first gulp put them all to the rout :
 They trembled from monarch to meanest mechanic ;
 From whence comes the phrase, To put men in a panic.

Ye heroes of Europe, whose martial parade
 Attracts the soft sense of each dress-tempted maid,
 Well judge of this scheme, and impartial declare,
 Cou'd you with mere water march fearless to war ?

That buck of the Greeks, Alexander by name,
 As much by his drinking as fighting got fame ;

He was sure of the victory, lads, you must think,
Who drank but to conquer, and conquer'd to drink.

By foul pale-fac'd villains, who only drank water,
Great Cæsar was dragg'd to the senate-house slaughter;
Had they drank what they ought, they'd have dropt
their design,
And no more spilt his blood, than we bucks spill our
wine.

'Tis by maxims more noble we nourish our youth;
Kept constant to claret, we're constant to truth:
On the virtues of wine we may safely depend;
He who sticks to his bottle, will stick to his friend.

Listen all, I pray, to the words I've to say,
In memory sure insert 'em;
Rich wines do us raise to the honours of bays;
Quem non fecere desertum?

Of all the brisk juice which vineyards produce,
Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em;
'Tis claret shall strait us mortals create,
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo *virorum*.

This is the wine, that in former time,
Each wise one of the magi,
Was wont to carouse in a chaplet of boughs,
Recubans sub tegmine fagi.

Let the glass fly about; till the bottle is out,
Let each one do as he's done to:
Avaunt those that hug th' abominable jug
'Mong us, *heteroclita sunt*.

He's either a mute, or does poorly dispute,
That drinketh not wine as we men do;
The more a man drinks, like a subtle sphinx,
Tantum valet iste loquendo.

How it cheers the brains, how it warms the veins;
How 'gainst all crosses it arms us!

H h

How

And makes him that's poor courageously roar,
Et mutatas dicere formas.

Art thou weak or lame, or thy wit's to blame?
 Call for wine, and thou shalt have it :
 'Twill make thee to rise, and be very wise,
Et si vim natura negavit.

No vintners deny to the lads that are dry,
 Store of wine, whate'er it cost 'em ;
 And if they don't pay till some future day,
Manet alta mente repostum.

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,
 Or sily offer to pass ye ;
 Give his nose a twitch, and kick him o' th' breech,
Nam componitur ab asse.

NOW we are free from college rules,
 From systems out of season ;
 From lumber of the lying schools,
 And syllogistic reason :
 Never more we'll have defin'd
 If matter thinks or thinks not ;
 All the matter we shall mind,
 Is he who drinks or drinks not.

Metaphysical to trace,
 The mind or soul abstracted ;
 Or prove infinity of space,
 By cause on cause effected.
 Better souls we can't become
 By immaterial thinking ;
 And as to space, we want no room,
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,
 Are learned words and rare too ;
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,
 And those that please may hear too.

A plenum in our wine we show,
 With *plus* and *plus* behind, Sir ;
 And when our cash is *minus* low,
 A *vacuum* soon we find, Sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,
 Dane Tycho's error proving,
 Declares (I don't know in what page)
 That earth round Sol is moving :
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?
 Each is perhaps a notion ;
 With earth or sun we'll make no fuzz,
 But mind the glasses motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd
 By superstition's fury ;
 And antipodians much abus'd
 By *ignoramus* jury.
 But feet to feet we dare attest,
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy ;
 For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,
 We're tumbling topsy turvy.

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,
 And different colours knew, Sir ;
 But let not us disturb our heads,
 We'll study only two, Sir ;
 White and red our glasses boast,
 True humour's rarefaction ;
 After him we'll name our toast,—
 The centre of attraction.

On that *thesis* we'll declaim,
 With *Stratum super stratum* ;
 There's magic in the mighty name,
 'Tis nature's *postulatum*.
 Wine in nature's next to love,
 Then wisely let us blend 'em ;
 First, tho', physically prove,
 That *tempus est bibendum*.

THE gods and goddesses lately did feast,
 Where Ambrosia with exquisite sauces were drest ;
 Their eatables did with their deities suit,
 But what they shou'd drink did occasion dispute.

'Twas time that old Nectar were grown out of fashion,
 Being what they did drink long before the creation ;
 When the sky-colour'd cloth was mov'd from the board,
 For making the bowl, great Jove gave the word.

The bowl it was large, of a heavenly size,
 Wherein they did use infant-gods to baptize.
 Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd they drink punch upon earth,
 Whereby mortal wits far exceed us in mirth:

Therefore our wise godheads together let's lay,
 And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.
 'Twas spoke like a god ; fill the bowl to the top,
 He's cashier'd from the heav'ns that leaves the least drop.

Away then Apollo sent two of his lasses
 With pitchers to fill at the well of Parnassus ;
 To poets new born this liquor is brought,
 And they suck it in for their morning's first draught.

Juno for lemons stept into her closet,
 Which, when she is sick, she infuses in posset.
 For goddesses may be as squeamish as gypsies ;
 The sun and moon, you know, have their eclipses.

These lemons were call'd the Hesperian fruit,
 Where a vigilant dragon was said to look to't.
 Twelve dozen of these were well squeez'd in the water,
 The rest of ingredients in order came a'ter.

Venus, admirer of all things that's sweet,
 (Without her infusion there had been no treat)
 Commanded her sugar-loaves, white as her doves,
 To be brought to the table by a pair of young loves.

So wonderful curious those deities were,
 The sugar was strain'd through a piece of fine air.
 Jolly Bacchus gave notice, by dangling his bunch,
 That, without his assistance, 'twould not be good punch.
 What

What he meant, by the sequel is very well known;
 They threw in ten gallons of trusty Langoon.
 Mars, tho' a blunt god, and chief of the biskers,
 Was set at a table a-curling his whiskers.

Quoth he, Fellow-gods, and celestial gallants,
 I would not give a fig for the punch without Nantz;
 Therefore, my Ganymede, I do command ye,
 To throw in ten gallons of the best Nantz brandy.

Saturn, of all the gods there, was the oldest,
 And we may imagine his stomach was coldest;
 He out of his pouch did some nutmegs produce,
 Which, being well grated, were put in the juice.

Neptune this ocean of good liquor did crown,
 With a sea-biscuit baked hard in the sun.
 The bowl being finish'd, a health then began;
 Quoth Jove, Let it be to that creature call'd man;

'Tis to him alone this great pleasure we owe;
 For heav'n, it was never true heav'n till now.
 The gods being pleas'd, the health went about,
 'Till Bacchus's belly had nearly burst out.

The other gods did oceans of punch swallow;
 Aëton with hounds and with huntsman did' halloo.
 The punch was delightful, they plenty did bring,
 And all the world over the fame o't did ring.

O the days when I was young!
 When I laught in fortune's spight,
 Talk'd of love the whole day long,
 And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was, old father Care,
 Little reck'd I of thy frown;
 Half thy malice youth could bear,
 And the rest a bumper drown.
 O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
 Why, I vow, I ne'er could see ;
 Let the water-drinkers tell,
 There it always lay for me.

For when sparkling wine went round,
 Never saw I falsehood's mask ;
 But still honest truth I found
 In the bottom of each flask !
 O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
 I have years to bring decay ;
 Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey !

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire,
 Still, beneath thy age's frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.

PHO ! pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
 And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
 Their face, and their air, and their mien ; what a rout !
 Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,
 They dare not confide in the juice of the grape ;
 But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
 Of puling for love, while he's able to drink ?

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
 Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes :
 Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
 The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks ;
 Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six :
 The precedent's glorious, and just, by my soul ;
 Lay hold on and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
 My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
 "May mirth and good fellowship always abound!"
 Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

Contented I am, and contented I'll be;
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a friend that will sociably tipple with me,
 And a cellar that's plenteously stor'd?

See! my vault door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
 Tap that cask, for the wine we will try;
 'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to your taste,
 And as bright as her cheeks to your eye.

In a piece of slit-hoop I my candle have stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand;
 The foot of my glass for the purpose I've broke,
 For I hate that a bumper should stand.

Sound that pipe—'tis in tune, and the binns are well fill'd,
 View that heap of Champaigne in the rear:
 Those bottles are Burgundy; see how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review;
 When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've got to subdue.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
 No *hic jacet* be grav'd on my stone;
 But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
 And say that my drinking is done.

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold,
 There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold;
 That bliss in externals no mortal can find,
 And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their mind.
What

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt;
 'Tis something within him, and nothing without :
 This something, they said, was the source of content ;
 And whate'er they call'd it, 'twas wine that they meant,

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin ;
 But, ye gods ! how divine once we get it within ;
 'Tis then, of all blessings, the flourishing root ;
 And, in 'spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting the soul is deprest,
 And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast ;
 But with wine in our hearts we are always in love,
 As gay as the linnet, and fond as the dove.

The richest and greatest are poor, and repine,
 If with gold and with grandeur you give them no wine ;
 But wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,
 He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king.

With wine at my heart, I am happy and free ;
 Externals without it are nothing to me :
 Come fill, and this truth from a bumper you'll know,
 That wine is the greatest of blessings below.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, boys ;
 Put the glass then around with the fun, boys.

Let Apollo's example invite us :

For he's drunk every night ;

That makes him so bright,

That he's able next morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian diversion,

Unknown to Turk and the Persian :

Let Mahometan fools

Live by Heathenish rules,

And dream o'er their tea-pots and coffee ;

While the brave Britons sing,

And drink healths to their king,

And a fig for their Sultan and Sophy.

WHile Britannia, undaunted, her rights still maintains,
 And her veterans conquer in far-distant plains,
 On the brave volunteer equal glory attends,
 Who protects from invasion his country and friends.

A firm band see advance, who, with ardour, declare—
 In our country's defence ev'ry Briton should share :
 Then with speed let us arm, now the danger draws nigh,
 And alone on our courage for safety rely.

Let us think on the battles our ancestors won ;
 Deeds heroic as their's, by their sons may be done ;
 For our swords are as keen,—we're as eager for fame—
 And we'll prove, that their valour descends with their
 name.

Tho' unus'd to the field, yet for action we glow ;
 And experience we'll gain by defeating the foe :—
 For can numbers the spirit of Britons e'er bend !
 Or the slaves of oppression with freemen contend ?

Then let France, Spain, and Holland, their vaunting
 give o'er,—

Let their legions appear on our oft-threaten'd shore :
 Like our own native rocks, still unmov'd we'll remain,
 And defy the fierce storm that assails us in vain.

And when Britons unborn shall be told of our zeal,
 Our example they'll copy, our ardour they'll feel :
 Still Britannia shall boast of her freedom and fame,
 And her foes, while they envy, shall honour her name.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial feast,
 Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing :
 Merry Momus, among them, was sat as a guest,
 (Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove ;
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told ;
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

“ Sir

" Sire, Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 " Grows grievously tired of late ;
 " He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 " So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter, Attraction, the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.
 Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe round,
 To see what each climate was worth ;
 Like a diamond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And she variously planted the earth :
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd ;
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear ;
 What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow'd,
 And freedom, she found, flourish'd here.
 Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root ;
 The blossoms of liberty 'gan then to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit.
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas giv'n !
 " We will while we've breath ; nay, we'll grasp it in
 " Then return it untainted to heav'n." (death,

ON Monday morn Will did adorn
 Himself for wooing, himself for wooing,
 To little Peg he made a leg,
 And was vastly cooing, was vastly cooing.
 He whistled and sung as he trudg'd along,—
 Now courage, Willy, now courage, Willy :
 But when he came near, he began to fear,
 And look'd vastly silly, look'd vastly silly.
 Then with a low bow, Miss, how d'ye do?
 There's hazy weather, there's hazy weather :
 O yes, I think so ; so in we will go,
 For the clouds do gather, the clouds do gather.

He

He talk'd of love and the gods above,
 And of little Cupid, of little Cupid;
 But to all that he said, she answer made,
 You're vastly stupid, you're vastly stupid.

He took out his knife to end his life,
 His love so proving, his love so proving:
 On her knees she did drop, and pray'd him to stop—
 'Twas vastly moving, 'twas vastly moving.

O put up your knife, and I'll be your wife,
 My sweetest jewel, my sweetest jewel;
 For to come for to go for to frighten one so,
 Was vastly cruel, was vastly cruel.

To church went they, and were married straightway;
 The parish was nappy, the parish was nappy:
 The fates had decreed, and so they agreed
 To be vastly happy, to be vastly happy.

The honey moon began in June;
 But ere October, but ere October,
 Like married folk they felt the yoke,
 And grew vastly sober, grew vastly sober.

DRUNK as a dragon, sure is he,
 The youth that dines or sups with thee,
 And sees and hears thee, full of fun,
 Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

'Twas this first made me love my dose,
 And rais'd such pimples on my nose;
 For while I fill'd to ev'ry toast,
 My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champaign
 Inflamm'd my blood, and mad my brain;
 The toast fell fault'ring from my tongue,
 I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge with sickness rise;
 The candles danc'd before my eyes;

My

My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round ;
 I tumbled senseless on the ground.

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
 And exult on the bloom that just buds on their face ;
 With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
 And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
 Men of pleasures, be mute: this is life's lovely view ;
 When we look on our young ones, our youth we renew.

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy ;
 No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy :
 From the May-morn of youth to winter's white age,
 Hand in hand with contentment we sing thro' life's stage ;
 And when death bids us stop, we end easy our song,
 Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well so long.

F I N I S.

I N D E X.

The left-hand figures refer to the Table of original Tunes.

		<i>Page</i>
	A Wake my fair <i>Barclay</i> -	9
	As near a weeping spring <i>Mrs Barbauld</i>	14
14	Ah, what is't to me <i>Cunningham</i> -	19
	As Thyrsis reclin'd - -	37
	As down on Banna's banks - -	38
9	As o'er the mountains - -	44
	At Polwart on the green <i>A. Ramsay</i> -	50
2	As Chloe on flowers - -	68
	As at noon <i>Dulcina</i> - -	72
	As on a summer's day <i>Rowe</i> -	77
3	A lass that was laden - -	90
	Ah the shepherd's mournful <i>Hamilton</i>	124
4	Adieu ye streams <i>Smollet</i> -	128
	Ah me! how heavy - -	132
	Ah, dear Marcella <i>Dibdin</i> -	145
6	Ask not the cause <i>Dryden</i> -	151
15	Aspasia rolls her <i>Aikin</i> - -	160
5	Ask me why I send <i>Carew</i> -	183
5	As on a sunshine - -	191
	Around the spacious - -	197
16	As erst to Damon's <i>P. Jodderel</i> -	208
9	Ah, Strephon! what can mean -	214
16	Ah, why must words - -	215
	Auspicious spirits <i>Bickerstaff</i> -	225
	All you who set sail <i>Foote</i> -	241
	At noon, on a sultry <i>Dorset</i> -	242
	Among all the arts <i>Stevens</i> -	252
	At Lantavre, Got blefs her, - -	264
	All attendants apart <i>Miss Soper</i> -	288
1	A tailor there was - -	288
	Alas, my son - -	308
	As tink'ring Tom - -	312
	Attend, and hear how heroes come <i>Woods</i>	331
2	A fond father's blifs <i>Stevens</i> -	372

I N D E X.

12	Behold the fatal	<i>From Metaftafio</i>	-	4
	Beneath a green shade	<i>Dr Blacklock</i>	-	7
	Bow the head	<i>Aikin</i>	-	26
	Busk ye, busk ye	-	-	51
	Beneath a beech's	-	-	89
	Blow, thou summer's breeze	-	-	126
4	By love too long depriv'd	-	-	129
	Believe my sighs	-	-	141
1	By the fide of a grove	<i>Shenstone</i>	-	163
	Blyth Jockey young and gay	-	-	228
	But are ye fure	-	-	304
18	Beneath the shadows	-	-	313
	Blow high, blow low	-	-	333
	Busy curious thirfty fly	-	-	354
	By the gayly circling	<i>Milton</i>	-	354
	Banish sorrow	-	-	355
	Come here, fond youth	<i>Mrs Barbauld</i>	-	13
	Come, come, my good fhepherds,	<i>Garrick</i>	-	43
8	Clofely pent in thickfet arbour	<i>Miss Erskine</i>	-	102
	Come live with me	<i>Marlow</i>	-	104
	Come all ye youths	<i>Otway</i>	-	132
	Come, Chloe, and give me	<i>C. H. Williams</i>	-	134
	Cupid, god of love	<i>Capt. Thomfon</i>	-	138
	Can ye count the filver lights	<i>Garth</i>	-	184
	Come, gentle god	<i>Aikin</i>	-	193
9	Come, gentle god	<i>Thomfon</i>	-	203
8	Cruel Strephon	-	-	224
	Come, rouse from your trances	<i>Burgoyne</i>	-	324
	Come, push the bowl about,	<i>Lady Craven</i>	-	332
	Cheerly, my hearts	<i>Sheridan</i>	-	339
	Come, ye lads	-	-	342
	Come gie's a fang	<i>Skinner</i>	-	344
	Contented I am	<i>Stevens</i>	-	367
17	Delia's fmile is wealth	-	-	113
17	Deareft Kitty, kind	-	-	123
12	Dejected as true converts	<i>S. D. of Buckingham</i>	-	154
9	Drink to me only	<i>B. Johnson</i>	-	156
9	Deign, tuneful nine,	-	-	193
			9	Defend

I N D E X.

9	Defend my heart	-	-	212
3	Devil burn them	<i>Parody on Shenstone</i>	-	245
	Down in yon meadow	-	-	297
	Dear Tom, this brown jug	<i>Fawkes</i>	-	359
4	Drunk as a dragon	-	-	371
	Ev'ry bliss that heav'n	-	-	157
4	Endu'd with all	-	-	165
17	Ev'ning now from purple	<i>S. Johnson</i>	-	206
14	Eliza, you say	-	-	210
12	Ere love did first	-	-	226
	Ev'ry mortal some favourite	-	-	342
12	Fair Cynthia scarce	-	-	4
	Farewel, ye green fields,	-	-	16
3	Forfaken my pipe	-	-	71
4	Fair and soft and gay	-	-	135
5	Fair, sweet, and young	<i>Dryden</i>	-	152
	Fair Hebe I left	-	-	156
8	Fairer than the op'ning	-	-	158
4	Fain wou'd I, Chloris,	-	-	182
	Fatal are those	<i>Robertson</i>	-	185
3	For ever, O merciless	<i>Lord G.</i>	-	188
12	Flavia, why surmise	-	-	207
12	From place to place	<i>Steele</i>	-	216
1	Flow joy to the souls	<i>J. Hope</i>	-	287
	From the east breaks the morn	-	-	326
	From plowing the ocean	<i>Bickerstaff</i>	-	337
	Fill your glasses	-	-	355
12	Gentle herdsmen, tell to me	-	-	63
4	Go, Yarrow flow'r	<i>Hamilton</i>	-	100
9	Go, plaintive sounds	<i>Ditto</i>	-	116
4	Go tell Amynta	<i>Dryden</i>	-	189
17	Give me leave	<i>Rocheſter</i>	-	195
4	Go, gentle zephyr	<i>Lewis</i>	-	204
	Guardian angels	<i>O'Hara</i>	-	220
1	Give me but a wife	-	-	235
	Gin I had a wee houſe	-	-	307

I N D E X.

3	Hark, hark! 'tis a voice	-	17
14	Her sheep had in clusters	<i>Cunningham</i>	21
9	How pleas'd within	<i>Shenstone</i>	27
3	How wretched the maiden	<i>Keate</i>	46
1	How easy was Colin	<i>J. S. H.</i>	67
	How oft Louisa	<i>Sheridan</i>	119
	Hail to the myrtle shade	<i>Lee</i>	119
17	Have ye seen the morning	<i>A. Philips</i>	121
12	How oft, my Clara	<i>E. of S—b</i>	147
	Hopeless still in silent	-	177
4	Had I the world	-	177
	Haste, my Nannette,	<i>Prior</i>	187
	Here's all her gear	-	197
12	Hard is the fate	<i>Thomson</i>	202
	Hope and fear alternate	-	215
	How imperfect is expression	<i>Kelly</i>	217
14	Hence Belmour, perfidious	-	226
1	Historians from Norway	<i>Miss E. S.</i>	240
17	Have you e'er seen	(See p. 121)	278
	How happy a state	-	282
9	Happy the man	-	283
	Hersel be Highlant	-	306
	Hark! hark away!	-	320
	Hark! hark the joy	-	330
	Hark away, 'tis the merry	-	330
	How pleasant a sailor's	-	335
	Hail England! old England	-	338
17	In the dark and lonely bow'r	-	15
3	I laid on the banks	<i>Cunningham</i>	24
	I am a poor shepherd	-	49
12	It chanc'd of late	-	60
	I had a heart	-	91
16	I wish I were where Helen	-	93
	If that the world	<i>Sir W. Raleigh</i>	104
9	It was a friar	<i>Percy</i>	105
4	If ever thou didst joy	<i>Mrs Barbauld</i>	117
12	If wine and music	<i>Prior</i>	131
9	I die your victim	-	158
4	I told my nymph	<i>Shenstone</i>	161

I N D E X.

	If love's a sweet passion	-	169
4	If truth can fix <i>Garrick</i>	-	175
4	I love, I doat <i>Otway</i>	-	178
4	I cannot change <i>Rocheſter</i>	-	195
	I wonder what the grave <i>Cowley</i>	-	211
	In this grove	-	231
	I'm in love with twenty	-	239
1	I am, cry'd Apollo <i>From Fontaine by Tickel</i>	-	245
1	I ſing not of war	-	266
	In vain I try	-	275
	In the month of May <i>Dibdin</i>	-	284
	I am a brisk	-	294
	It was about the Martinmas	-	295
	In Scotland there liv'd	-	296
	It is, I believe	-	309
	I am a jolly huntsman	-	327
	If I live to be old <i>W. Pope</i>	-	347
17	If the treaſur'd gold <i>Fawkes</i>	-	352
	I cannot eat <i>Sir J. Harrington</i>	-	358
	Jenny is a charming	-	138
	Jolly true blues <i>Bickerſtaff</i>	-	336
3	Kind nature had thrown	-	247
	Love never more	-	143
12	Love arms himſelf	-	179
11	Let bold ambition <i>Fielding</i>	-	204
	Love's but the frailty <i>Congreve</i>	-	219
4	Life has no real <i>Mrs H. Pye</i>	-	227
4	Long ſince unto	-	290
	Laſt Valentine's day	-	321
	Life is chequer'd	-	340
17	Let the philoſophic wife	-	348
17	Love's a pain <i>Fawkes</i>	-	353
	Look up to Pentland's <i>From Horace</i>	-	357
	Liſten all, I pray	-	361
	My banks they are furniſh'd <i>Shenſtone</i>	-	81
	My dear miſtreſs <i>Rocheſter</i>	-	124
	Li 3		My

I N D E X.

	My Jeany and I	-	136
9	My roving heart	-	148
	My soul is ravish'd	-	173
	My lodging it is	-	222
	My shepherd is gane	-	225
	Master Jenkins <i>Dibdin</i>	-	237
3	My father and mother	-	243
	My sweet pretty Mogg <i>Jos. Reed</i>	-	310
	Mortals learn your lives <i>Milton</i>	-	345
	My temples with clusters	-	353
2	Now ev'ning had ting'd <i>Dr. O.</i>	-	8
6	No more the festive	-	28
16	Near a smooth river's	-	95
4	No more, ye swains,	-	140
	Not on beauty's	-	142
	Not, Celia, that I <i>Sedley</i>	-	148
9	No more severely kind	-	180
	Never till now	-	187
4	No more shall meads <i>Carew</i>	-	190
4	Not the soft sighs <i>S. Johnson</i>	-	207
17	Night to lovers	-	232
10	Now we are free <i>Stevens</i>	-	362
	O waly, waly	-	53
3	On the bank of a river	-	73
	One evening young Lucy	-	98
9	Oh that I were the	-	114
	O Nancy wilt thou <i>Percy</i>	-	120
4	O lovely maid	-	137
2	On pleasure's smooth wing	-	142
	O had I been by fate	-	181
	One night unhappy Celadon <i>Prior</i>	-	183
	Oft have I laugh'd <i>J. Jackson</i>	-	184
	O cease to mourn <i>Lady M. S.</i>	-	189
	One morning very early	-	221
1	Of all the brave captains <i>C. H. Williams</i>	-	234
	One morning young Roger	-	257
10	Of Anna's charms <i>Baker</i>	-	279
7	Oh what pain	-	280

I N D E X.

	O George I've been	<i>Sir J. More</i>	-	315
	O saw ye my father	-	-	318
	O gin Lord North	-	-	341
	O the days when I was young	<i>Sheridan</i>	-	365
	Once the gods of the Greeks	<i>Stevens</i>	-	369
	On Monday morn	-	-	370
4	Perhaps it is not love	<i>Shenstone</i>	-	125
	Prithee fair one	<i>Sir J. More</i>	-	198
18	Parent of blooming flowers	<i>Lyttelton</i>	-	202
	Philira's charms	-	-	237
10	Platonic love	-	-	241
1	Philosophers tell us	-	-	292
1	Pho, pox o' this nonsense	-	-	366
	Roving about, good fellows	-	-	359
3	She came from the hills	-	-	59
	Sweet Annie slowly	-	-	69
9	Since robb'd of all	<i>Dr Blacklock</i>	-	94
17	Soft invader	-	-	113
	Sweet are the banks	-	-	122
6	Since Emma caught	-	-	141
	Sighing and languishing	<i>S. D. of Buckingham</i>	-	155
9	Sweet tyrant love	-	-	167
	Shepherds, I have lost my love	-	-	176
	Strephon the young	<i>Steele</i>	-	185
9	Say, Myra, why is gentle love	<i>Lyttelton</i>	-	201
6	Strephon, when you see	-	-	217
	Since lost to peace	-	-	221
	Since war's alarms	-	-	228
1	Since wedlock's in vogue	<i>Cunningham</i>	-	236
	Says Phelim, in Ireland	-	-	259
9	Sick of the town	-	-	271
	Since laws were made	<i>Gay</i>	-	291
10	Some women take	-	-	293
	Sylvia, whose eyes	-	-	312
12	Says Plato, why	-	-	346
10	'Twas at the solemn	-	-	1

I N D E X.

9	The pride of ev'ry grove I chose	<i>Prior</i>	10
9	The pendent forest	<i>Cunningham</i>	19
9	The gentle swan	<i>Cunningham</i>	22
	The silver moon's enamour'd	<i>Cunningham</i>	23
	To fair Fidele's	<i>Collins</i>	25
15	'Twas at the cool	<i>W. Thomson</i>	29
4	The sun in virgin	-	34
	'Twas in that season	-	40
	'Twas summer, and softly	<i>J. Tait</i>	40
14	The noon-tide sun	-	45
	The fields were green	-	48
	To Celia thus fond Damon	-	48
	Thy braes were bonny	<i>Logan</i>	51
14	The day is departed	<i>Logan</i>	53
	The morn was fair	-	54
14	The bosom of earth	-	56
	'Twas on the morn of sweet	-	58
	The north-east wind	<i>Grainger</i>	62
15	To silent groves	-	65
9	The rising sun	<i>Graves</i>	67
	There was once a May	<i>Lady G. Baillie</i>	70
	The western sky	<i>Shenston</i>	78
	The lawland lads	<i>A. Ramsay</i>	87
	The lawland maids	-	88
	The spring-time returns	-	92
4	The sky was clear	-	96
9	'Tis night, and on	<i>From Ossian</i>	108
4	To him that in an hour	<i>Shenstone</i>	115
	The heavy hours	<i>Lyttelton</i>	116
	Thy fatal shafts	<i>Smollet</i>	122
18	'Tis not the liquid brightness	-	127
11	Tho' Chloe's out of fashion	-	129
4	The smiling plains	<i>Falconer</i>	130
	The topsails shiver	<i>Capt. Thomson</i>	131
13	Tell me not I	<i>Sir J. Eaton</i>	133
9	Thoughtless of all	-	137
	The nymph whom I lov'd	-	139
	That Jenny's my friend	-	139
	The bird that hears	-	145
9	The fragrant lily	-	149
	5 Tell		

I N D E X.

5	Tell me, Delia,	-	-	150
12	There is one dark	-	-	151
	Take, oh take my	-	-	153
	The lovely Delia <i>Shenstone</i>	-	-	161
	The fatal hours <i>Shenstone</i>	-	-	162
9	The pang that wounds	-	-	164
	Tell me pride	-	-	166
4	To fix her 'twere a task <i>Smollet</i>	-	-	170
	The nymph that undoes me <i>Etherege</i>	-	-	182
4	The rising lark	-	-	190
	Thou'rt gone away	-	-	194
	Through mournful shades <i>Duke</i>	-	-	196
	The merchant to secure <i>Prior</i>	-	-	200
4	That which her slender <i>Waller</i>	-	-	201
1	Too late for redress	-	-	216
3	There be lovers	-	-	249
	That I might not be plagu'd	-	-	256
10	Tom loves Mary	-	-	258
	There was a little man	-	-	261
	The girls of Kilkenny	-	-	262
	Tho' in these gay days	-	-	263
14	Two ears at a time	-	-	270
	To dear Amaryllis <i>M. Mendez</i>	-	-	272
	This world is a stage	-	-	273
	There was once, it is said <i>Stevens</i>	-	-	276
9	Three nymphs contending	-	-	281
	The sun was sleeping	-	-	282
	'Tis no very lang sin fyne	-	-	299
	There came a young man	-	-	303
	The grafs had ne freedom	-	-	316
	The dusky night <i>Fielding</i>	-	-	323
	The sun from the east <i>Hughes</i>	-	-	323
	The echoing horn <i>Bickersstaff</i>	-	-	325
	The wand'ring sailor	-	-	332
	The world, my dear Myra	-	-	346
	The festive board was met	-	-	349
4	The thirsty earth <i>Fawkes</i>	-	-	356
1	The gods and goddesses	-	-	364

I N D E X.

	Vain is the thin	-	176
	When merry hearts were gay	-	2
16	When gentle Celia <i>Mrs Barbauld</i>	-	12
18	When the fond zephyr <i>Cunningham</i>	-	20
3	Where now is that fun	-	32
3	When fairies dance	-	33
	Where the jessamine	-	36
14	When the light cannot pierce <i>Brerewood</i>	-	41
14	When the trees are all bare <i>Brerewood</i>	-	42
3	When once I with Phyllida	-	43
	When summer comes	-	47
3	What shepherd or nymph <i>R. Scott</i>	-	55
	When the sheep are in <i>Lady A. Lindsay</i>	-	57
12	When western breezes	-	75
9	What cheerful sounds	-	75
	Whilst the children of fortune	-	76
3	Why will you my passion <i>Shenstone</i>	-	83
	Will ye go to the ewe-bughts	-	86
3	While frequent on Tweed <i>Logan</i>	-	99
3	Why steals from my bosom	-	111
12	When midnight reigns	-	115
16	When first upon your <i>Mrs Barbauld</i>	-	118
4	When charming Teraminta	-	128
	When your beauty appears <i>Parnell</i>	-	133
9	While in the bower	-	135
	Whilst a captive	-	144
8	Whilst on thy dear	-	146
4	Why should I now	-	147
9	Why, cruel creature <i>Lansdown</i>	-	149
	When first I saw thee	-	150
9	Whilst on forbidden <i>Dr de la Cour</i>	-	151
	Wherever I am	-	153
16	When Celia dwells	-	155
	When I think on your truth	-	157
5	When bright Ophelia <i>Shenstone</i>	-	162
9	When Chloe try'd <i>Bishop Hoadley</i>	-	164
	When Jessy smil'd	-	168
	When first by fond Damon	-	168
	While with fond rapture	-	169

I N D E X.

5	When the rough north	<i>Smollet</i>	-	171
18	Where now are all	<i>Smollet</i>	-	171
5	Whence comes my love	<i>Sir J. Harrington</i>		172
5	When clouds that angel	-		172
5	Why, lovely charmer	<i>Etherege</i>	-	174
4	While Celia makes	-	-	174
1	Why throbs my fond	<i>Douglas</i>		187
	Will ye gang o'er the lee-riggs	-		192
4	What fury does	<i>Walfsh</i>	-	196
	Where is pleasure	-	-	199
	While from our looks	<i>Prior</i>	-	200
12	Where a fair mead	<i>Lewis</i>	-	205
16	When on thy bosom	-	-	209
	While on my Colin's	-	-	218
1	What harm in so simple	-		219
15	What mean those am'rous	<i>Mrs Behn</i>		229
6	Wherever, Damon, thou	-		230
	Who'll buy a heart	-	-	230
17	Which is best	-	-	233
	When young and artless	-		238
	Wou'd you be quite the thing	<i>Stevens</i>		251
	While each love-sick	<i>Stevens</i>	-	252
1	Well met, pretty nymph	<i>Stevens</i>	-	255
	When I awake	<i>From Voltaire</i>	-	269
	Without thinking on't	-		271
14	Why will you plague me	<i>Miss Biggerstaff</i>		285
9	Who'er with curious	<i>Merrick</i>	-	286
	When first I came to be	<i>Skinner</i>	-	300
	Wha wadna be in love	-		302
9	When Delia's eyes	-	-	310
	When once master Love	<i>Lady Craven</i>		318
	When 'tis night	<i>Sheridan</i>	-	339
17	When I drain the rosy bowl	<i>From Anacreon</i>		350
4	While others barter	<i>Ditto</i>	-	351
4	Within a cool	<i>Fawkes</i>	-	351
	What Cato advises	-	-	354
1	When Bacchus the patron	<i>Stevens</i>	-	360
	We'll drink, and we'll never	<i>Congreve</i>		368
	While Britannia undaunted	<i>Woods</i>	<i>Ed.</i>	369

I N D E X.

3	Ye rivers so limpid	<i>Dr Blacklock</i>	-	6
3	Ye shepherds and nymphs	<i>Curate of Craman</i>	-	11
	Ye nymphs of the plains	-	-	17
2	Yes, these are the scenes	<i>Shenstone</i>	-	26
	Ye birds for whom	<i>Shenstone</i>	-	27
	Ye winds to whom	Colin	-	30
9	Ye verdant woods	-	-	35
3	Ye shepherds so cheerful	<i>Shenstone</i>	-	80
3	Ye shepherds give ear	<i>Shenstone</i>	-	84
	Young Dorilas, an artless	-	-	86
9	Ye shepherds of this	<i>Hamilton</i>	-	101
	Ye shepherds and nymphs that	<i>Hamilton</i>	-	125
13	Yes, I'm in love	<i>Whitehead</i>	-	146
	Ye cheerful virgins	-	-	159
	You meaner beauties	<i>Sir H. Wotton</i>	-	159
	Ye happy birds	<i>Pinkerton</i>	-	165
	You to love, and love	<i>Robertson</i>	-	186
	Yes, fairest proof	<i>Prior</i>	-	201
1	Young Strephon the artful	-	-	213
9	Ye nymphs, 'tis true	-	-	214
3	Ye warblers, while Strephon	<i>Thomson</i>	-	223
	Ye zephyrs, come flutter	-	-	224
3	Ye clouds of a dirt colour	-	-	248
	Ye virgins attend	-	-	253
14	Ye learned o'er classics	<i>Stevens</i>	-	254
	Ye critics above	<i>Garrick</i>	-	260
14	Ye belles and ye flirts	<i>Whitehead</i>	-	267
	Ye foplings and prigs	-	-	268
1	You may say what you will	-	-	274
	Ye frolicksome sparks	-	-	334
1	Ye know that our ancient	-	-	367









